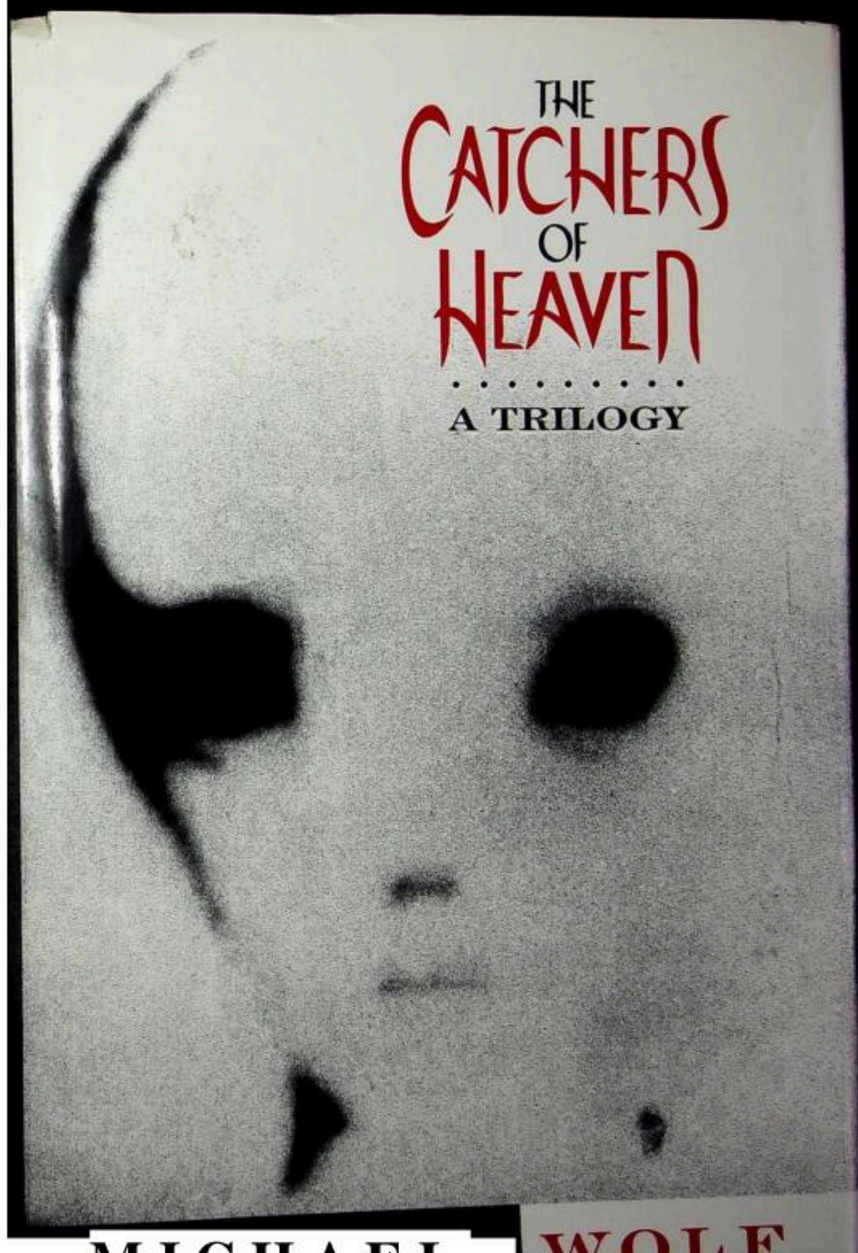

MICHAEL WOLF

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The More I Give, the More I Beget
or
Notes from a Writer-in-residence on Sol Three, or Sol Seven, Depending on Which Way You Are Entering the Solar System

What happens to the dreamscapes of a man's own creation, of a man's own life? Mostly they are shut up in a closet of fear, or embarrassment, or legal strictures, or modesty. We are taught to abandon what is most dear, most important to us, in order to communicate with other people! Man wasn't created with a cookie-cutter, yet "deviation" from a hypothesized "normal" way of thinking or being is sniffed out like a terrified fox on the run.

So how does the yelling man tell the truth? He writes "fiction." Thankfully, there's room in man's arbitrary hierarchy for the crazy writer. Well, hello folks, I'm the yelling man. I'm the crazy writer. I am the writer-in-residence on Sol Three, or Sol Seven, depending on which way you are entering the solar system. And here's my "fiction." (With this author writing and you, the reader, reading, we'll perhaps, make up a new definition for novel!)

So this Trilogy be "fiction." Although this is fiction, generously spiced with science, still I have more than a few real things to say, and many real people to thank for seeing me through this painful body of work.

Perhaps I misuse the word *painful* There are few words which frilly explain the many realities and dimensions—some clearly perceptible, some not so perceptible—which are felt and experienced quite universally, and yet which refuse to fit so very neatly into the dogma of what we have been taught so well to accept or to reject.

Consider the perceptions of time, and its many aspects, essences, flavors; and, of course, the complexities of composite, multiple, and sometimes mingled infinities, vastly distant from those we seem prepared to acknowledge, vastly distant from those accepted concepts which affirm

and ratify our peculiar belief systems, our paradigms, our singularly narrow parameters.

I would wish...WISH? Not really. If anything, I wish I had a wish to wish a wish away. Five and a half decades seem an eternity if one is so very tired in his life, in his heart, and in his Soul's House. To me the word *tired* means becoming oppressively saddened; life somehow becomes desolate territory when your heart is impaired by tragic loss, and you find—to your amazement—that the planet upon which you stand is *not your home.*

The Catchers of Heaven: A Trilogy, ah, what can I say? Perhaps just what I must. To begin, I suppose we can start with the date of my first missing-time experience, and my beginning research on the "Gateway Treatment."

But first, we need to establish some terms, a lexicon if you will, in order for some of these experiences, facts, and events to make sense to the reader. Certain types of literature demand these special terminologies.

Here follows the lexicon:

The GATEWAY TREATMENT (H.M.P.D.): The Higher Mental Powers Development Project.

The MIST VISITORS (Also THE CATCHERS OF HEAVEN): OFFWORLDERS, or Out-of-Towners; the Greys, and Nordic types; EBEs (Extraterrestrial Biological Entities); NTIs (Non-terrestrial Intelligences); and other references to "entities" whose home worlds are not Sol Three or Seven (depending upon which way one enters this solar system). I assign non-terrestrial status to those whose lineage and ancestry is not of Sol Three or Seven.

The latter, or non-terrestrial assignmentees, are often called "Star-children," or, if adult, "Starpersons." The word "atavism" remains one of the genetic keys to the explanation for their existence on this world—not to forget there exist several generations of genetically engineered people, the OFFWORLDERS call The BETWEEN, presently residing on Sol Three.

The UNIFICATION for USER PROGRAMS and their users: A way of explaining the relating forces of the universe, necessary for understanding how travel of a particular kind is accomplished, even though vast distances separate the worlds in interplay. Also, the warping of time and space (i.e; the "Einstein-Rosen Bridge," or "wormhole," first proposed in the early twentieth century). Their methods of mechanized- organic, interfaced-travel are hardly new, at least in hypothesis, to theoretical physics and cybernetics.

The USER PROGRAMS and the TEN-STOP-B: "Black Program or Project." \fery specific. Extraordinarily super-secret programs and their specified missions.

The PROTECTORS and The GUARDIANS: OFFWORLD visitors who care deeply for the planet-in-question's future viability, particularly that of the children. See: The CATCHERS OF HEAVEN.

The TANGO SIERRA TRILOGY (Tango Sierra = Top Secret): Three "briefing bibles."

The ECHO OSCAR CHRONICLES (Echo Oscar = Eyes Only): Briefing accounts, not to be removed from their secure location, requiring a "need to know" clearance.

The Catchers of Heaven: A Trilogy is not a long title for a three-volume history of mankind and his place in the universe; a history of time in the universe; the natural laws and forces of the universe; an argument against the Big Bang Theory of creation of the universe; and an argument for a new Grand Unified Theory (GUT) of everything *in* the universe.

This work describes the neighbors in the universe that have come to visit man and how they are able to get here-the nearest neighbor being thirty to thirty-two light years away; and why some of these neighbors chose to come to this planet (specifically those who have an interest, vested or invested, and those who are only tourists passing through).

This is an attempt to shed light on the human equation, what it means to lose a beloved wife and son; and, finally, what is the answer to life?

Now, please do not think the author suffers delusions of grandeur, and fail to read this (or leave it on your coffee table like Sartre's *Being and Nothingness* to impress your guests with your intellectual prowess). For, if anything, this body of work began with my birth and will end very near my death, thus encompassing five-plus decades of life. I have learned more than I was able to teach, which, if anything, has almost humbled me to what our visitors call the "small-planet-ego" status.

As you will discover, the GATEWAY TREATMENT is a research experiment I began in 1952, at eleven years of age, after experiencing an event I understand much better now than when it occurred. It was typical. My parents thought I somehow had locked myself in my basement laboratory, but after breaking down the door and not finding me, they contacted the Orange, NJ. Police Department.

Exactly twenty-four hours later my parents found me in my bedroom, sleeping soundly in my bed. They had, of course, checked my bedroom many times in their frantic search for me, without success.

I was not where I was supposed to be (and I was not where I was ***not*** supposed to be, either!). There be tigers here, as you will see as you read this trilogy.

There exist an appreciable number of male and female abductees (who stand in the wings, so to speak, deserving of their rewards), reluctantly

donating ova and sperm for genetic engineering by EBEs.[1] I personally prefer "The Out-of-Towners," and the "OFFWORLDERS."

For me to ask the reader to give the ideas in this book credibility, I have to tell you some facts about my life. For my education and my degrees, I worked day and night. The government paid part of the bill, and every institution I attended had accelerated programs for those of us who began private study of our subject material at a very early age.

I have included in my academic lectures and for a dissertation a thesis for a new theory of wave-particle duality and, specifically, the comparatively new insights and applications for particle and plasma physics (i.e.; a "neutral particle beam weapon") for defense in the program: "The Strategic Defense Initiative Organization," more commonly known as Star Wars." The latter was a totally inappropriate name, but is now becoming appropriate, with an inappropriately implied meaning.

Recently, I've been sweating out a dissertation on neural network technology, parallel distributed processing, AI using LISP, a new form of FORTRAN 77 (formula translation), programs that could be called "intuitive," and the use of new cryogenic technology for microprocessors running at speeds in excess of 500 MHz.

I should also mention my work on chemically driven molecular-sized micropressing for the aerospace environment. Actually, we are now working on chemical molecular scale computers that, with the new prototype running many billions of times faster, will fashion a new computer technology. Although in prototype, the technology is perhaps even further along the R&D Highway.

Such technologies include new think-tank interfacing, "genetic" algorithms, "genetic" paradigms, and massive data storage for "autonomous call-seeking" programs. A word that begged to be coined was *psychobiophysics*. And so I did, coin it, that is.

For the first 1990's prototype (or even for the twenty-first century, if we survive long enough), this would be a giant step toward won-artificial intelligence; anew step toward real cognition, awareness, understanding, and genuine comprehension of abstract data.

What little I give to the reader as biographical background does not, of course, include my "classified" work for the government of the United States of America, Defense Department, DARPA (Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency).

I have, of necessity, maintained a very low profile in my professional life; but, since I have participated in "Black Programs" (see below) for the government of the U.S.A. and have certainly broken ranks with the

[1] Echo Bravo Echo is the "protocol" which equals EBE, or extraterrestrial biological entity.

National Security Act (NSA), I think it prudent for my own safety, as long as I do reside on Planet Earth, to maintain a very low profile.

For what I know and write remains an excellent rationale for the use of a pseudonym. I love my country, and I have found myself defending certain agencies, especially when they seemed to have no ethical rights to any defense. Sometimes the underdog requires assistance, simply because he, she, or it, *is* the underdog. Perhaps, I might find myself on a government "hit list" or hear "Not more than ten years in prison, and not more than a ten-thousand dollar fine," for we are not in a state of war.

Now don't get me started on what *is* a state of war. A state of war exists every minute of every day of human existence, of human reality, and of human non-reality. Either way, its war, war, and more war: planning, executing, enabling, and engaging. I hope this book will place a few things into perspective, and remove a necessary few things from an absurd viewpoint. Even as *total* fiction, readily and liberally sprinkled with science, I would not properly call this "science fiction." Those who know will know.

BLACK PROGRAMS (or BLACK BUDGET PROGRAMS) are sometimes classified Above Top Secret and managed by the National Program Office (NPO). When government auditors do their thing, they find nothing, "nada," zippo, since government auditors are given only Top Secret clearances.

Thus, government scientists can access enormous amounts of "scientific booty" with Special Access, never be audited and, in essence, be equipped to perform pretty terrible-and also wonderful and humane things—never to be discovered. They are called "Black" as the light can never shine in to illuminate the subjects and the secrets, vitally required, even in a so-called open society.

The veil of secrecy is a great deal more powerful than most of the electorate might fathom. Most Americans do not know what the NS A is, or what it does, yet *The Puzzle Palace* was a best seller.

If this, *The Catchers of Heaven: A Trilogy*, is widely read, a great many questions will finally be answered and, perhaps, new ones will be created.

The one thing of which I am happy is this: I will have purged my own conscience as a scientist who *thought* he had a sense of ethics and morality *as* a scientist. I'll never forget that when the S.D.I. project ("Star Wars") received attention from the cameras and microphones of the media, I heard to my amazement (although I admit I was very much in agreement with him at the time), a scientist working on a laser project state, "I would build weapons to kill children (God forgive me!), to get research funding."

Basic research if underfunded. Normal funding sources have dried up, with government cuts proposed and carried out by the Reagan adminis

tration and subsequent administrations. Everything but the military. Reagan gave "Cap" Weinberger a trillion dollars to "beef up" the military. "Beef up?" Smart Weapons stored in secret places. *Very* Smart Weapons, and *Very Secret Places.*

Well now, what about: our own government, without consent, engineering a "man" (one of the names for the project was "Project Sentinel") to replace the marine "grunts" (forgive the terminology; the government's, not mine) who are first to go into battle?

What about lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD), given in huge amounts, "BZ" and methamphetamine sulfate compounds given to unknowing servicemen in and out of combat?

What about the testing of new genetically engineered biotoxins?

What about some of *those* atrocities?

I find it extremely difficult to thoroughly purge myself of guilt. I was recruited on campus, many years ago when it was a great act to declare yourself a patriot, by the "Company." Before that, I had answered a newspaper advertisement to, or for: "STUDENTS, SEE THE WORLD, AND EARN TUITION! BE A COURIER!"

Well, I earned an enormous amount of tuition; but, I was ill-prepared to discover that, once in a while, I would have to deliver or pick up a "bank deposit," as my superiors called those packages in the DDR, or the German Democratic Republic, otherwise known as East Germany. A KGB operative, who was attempting to actually *protect* me "until your people arrive," took me to a bar where I bought him a great many drinks (he loved scotch). He could only laugh when I told him I was working for a bank with a post office box in a place in Virginia. When he was thoroughly soused, he filled in *all* the blanks.

It did amaze me that when not "doing business," CIA and KGB operatives were the best of friends and would often share drinks and intelligence together. One thing only was *only* hinted at, but never mentioned *officially:* UFOs. UFOs *were* talked about in loose, general terms, and it was amazing how much more the KGB *seemed* to know than our good old "Company" resting in a "bubble" in Langley, Virginia.

This, I later learned, was not the case at all. As my second career developed, and our new saying was born (In Tech We Trust"), I found the more degrees I acquired, the higher I bounced up the ascending rings of secrecy. A brain trust had been formed under MJ-12's control (The Company thought it was their turf).

Archibald MacLeish, the noted poet and literary critic, who was also the head of the Library of Congress, helped organize the Brain Bureau, a group of academics and specialists responsible for intelligence analysis; yet, they, too, were excluded from the Gathering Group, who collected the very best of the documented UFO evidence.

A very small part of the intelligence community was entirely aware

that they had two mission objectives only: To debunk that which could not easily be disproved, and to support treaty-type agreements with several species of The Out-of-Towners, leading quite naturally to implied consent for the genetic work on abducted humans, being done by the Greys (Reticulians), and their helpers, all in exchange for technology. Again, "In Tech We Trust."

These actions, of course, completely excluded all private, individual UFO researchers, and dismissed their research, no matter what their level of sophistication.

With all of the rationalizing with which I have attempted to give life a certain intensity, the emptiness grows as if in a geometrical progression. The one person to whom I have never attempted to adequately apologize is... my own self and its shrinking spirit.

I did not just simply work on Neurotoxic Weapons (NWs) for Biotoxic Warfare. In Livermore, California, at the Lawrence Livermore Laboratories, I worked on what I was told by Dr. E. Teller, a humble little nuclear humbug, was to be a DEFENSIVE NEW WEAPONS System. I think he said it every time someone looked at him with boredom. On a sub-launched ICBM, we could put, say, four, or six; it was possible to get more "bang-for-the-buck," using the old philosophy, "use it or lose it."

Using six MIRVs ("Multiple Impact Re-entry Vehicles"), we could take out six cities by air-bursting them. Say, each of six warheads a mile up from six cities, one to six bombs bursting in air. (Hey, wait just one minute: "...the bombs bursting in air..." Don't I know that from somewhere?) One missile, six cities gone! Vaporized! Poof!

"Hey, wait a minute, guys, that's not tensive," I once said, "that's o^nsive." Maybe, just maybe, not a terrific idea, says I.

"What's wrong, fella?" I hear.

"You don't love your country anymore? SAY IT ISN'T SO! Be the team-player we know you to be. Be a patriot, fella, and let's have some goddam team spirit around here. After all, it makes a great argument for the enemy *not* to fire *his* missiles *first!*

"Get it?"

"Got it!"

"Good!"

Yet none of us could imagine deploying hundreds, perhaps thousands, of thermonuclear "pumps" to pump the X-ray laser, at least while there was a significant controversy as to whether the X-ray laser *had* any effectiveness.

This backbone on the part of the research scientists was totally unacceptable! None of us could picture the deployment of hundreds of thermonuclear devices into orbit.

Reagan told Gorbachev that the U.S.A. would continue its under

ground atomic testing, the bulk of which was trying to lase with an X- ray laser. He said he hoped it would turn out to be a very useful part of the space-based Anti-intercontinental ballistic missile weapons system, our umbrella to protect the U.S.A. against a salvo of incoming missiles. The S.D.I. system, once tested and deployed, would cripple and destroy incoming Soviet missiles still in their bum-phase.

However, many of our most intricate computer simulations gave the system a very low survival percentage; yes, this multi-trillion dollar exotic space-based nuclear-threat umbrella, *had little chance of survivability!*

So we, most of us at least, quit the project and petitioned Congress to cut its funding. We knew that the then Soviet "evil empire" possessed chemical ground lasers effectively powerful enough to shoot down the S.D.I. umbrella. As a matter of fact, they convinced most of us by shooting down a few "ferret" (spy) "birds" (satellites), and temporarily rendering ineffective several jet pilots, again with their chemical ground lasers.

Of course, this "never happened, officially, that is." As a matter of fact, a great many events "never happened, officially, that is."

But now that destruction of incoming missiles may no longer be the highest of priorities, has the S.D.I. Organization perceived that their exotic technologies might be employed to protect the skies from so- called hostile alien vehicular traffic?

Could such kinetic weapons, neutral particle beam weapons, and other exotic weapons technologies be used for other reasons? Why did President Ronald Reagan refer so many times to the nations of the earth uniting against a common threat from "outside our atmosphere?"

These considerations are like the "fictional" spy stories; they officially never happened, but unofficially, they were happening every day. Sometimes a dark, litde-known bridge ("Gliniker" or "Glinika") between East and West Berlin, served as an exchange point for world-renowned spies (i.e.; Gary Frances Powers, a U-2 recon pilot shot down when Russia was "evil.")

This, of course, was never public knowledge, yet you could find actual secrets in the British *Janes" book series, anything you wanted to know. For example, plans of Soviet missile carrying submarines, stealth aircraft, etc. Ours, too. So, secrets were often published, but you had to know where to look to find them. For an entire year, Bob Guccione and Kathy Keeton published a monthly magazine entided *Nuclear, Biological and Chemical Defense and Technology International,* a small example of which was the blueprint for a chemical or biological bomb in one of the first few issues. They eventually had to stop publishing these little magazines, so handy both for large adversaries and for engineers serving terrorists.

As a matter of fact, with regard to "The Puzzle Palace—Inside the National Security Agency, America's Most Secret Intelligence

Organization," The *New York Times* book review stated: "There have been many glimpses inside the NS A before, but until now no one has published a comprehensive and detailed report on the agency... Mr. Bamford has emerged with everything except the combination to the director's safe."

I must stop here for a moment to do some very important "inserting," something that you, the reader, will come to enjoy, hate, or, at least most times when they appear, find startling.

> *INSERT: Basically, one should not have to fear one's own democratic government. With all the so-called UFO research occurring today, some researchers tell me that they fear less the aliens than they do their own tax-supported federal agents, or some sort of military intelligence officer. IDs are flashed like asses on subways. I personally have not been fingered, if you will, nor targeted.*

But if one writes of things that must remain classified-some of it for no apparent reason-the bureaucracy always reacts swiftly. However, if I am terminated, it is more plausible that people will believe what I have said and written. Thus, I should expect to be left alone to finish and to distribute this work to those who want and perhaps even *need* to read it.

Another method exists to discredit a person who goes public with what they have created or have been involved. This method consists of removing everything (including documents on which that person's name appears) which supports the fact the person *was* indeed doing that which he claimed. A mop-up type operation succeeds in removing all degrees, credits, research, and resultant papers.

When an adversary captures an intelligence operative, his agency denies ever having employed him or her. Thus, the government renders this person, if he or she cannot be imprisoned for breaking the National Security Act (even in peace time-frames), an invisible, non-existent being. It is considered, appropriately, making the person into a "non- person."

Should I suffer this "non-person" treatment, please recall my thirty- four years of patriotic devotion, a devotion which inspired me to work even on things that bothered my conscience *terribly*.

I hope to be forgiven, and I must trust the citizens of the United States of America, for it is *they* who are the government. The government does not trust you, but I do. I trust all people to be able to handle the *truth* of covert organizations and their covert missions.

I love my country, and I recognize, as most of our people do, that even an open society must maintain secrets for its defense. As I say,

again and again, this work is fictional in format; and yet, within its own imposed boundaries, it seems non-fictional.

Any resemblance to anyone, living or dead, or having returned "Home," is purely coincidental. Purely coincidental!

So, as I say, it's all fiction, folks, and you, all of you out there who recognize something, are probably not going to say anything to your superiors anyway.

I am not going to become another Salman Rushdie. I am dying, though taking a rather long route to the arms of the Angel of Death. (He's a nice guy, actually; he has a wonderful patience when you keep canceling appointments with him.) I have no personal financial aspirations regarding the sale of this book, except that every penny earned will go to creating a viable legacy for the children of this planet.

The possible environmental disaster, addressed in Vice President Al Gore's book, is certain to occur, even if all nations on the planet were united in a supreme emergency situation. I am not so sure that there will be a viable legacy for the children of this planet. Even if all nations of the world started *now* in developing totally clean technologies for this planet, as well as clean-up technologies, I fear we are already past the median point in this possibly last time-frame.

But I must hope and I must try. I hope for a chance at life for all children and their children; I hope for a chance at life for the entire human race.

And so, I am dying, and every penny that is received because of the publication of the Trilogy will be donated to the Daniel Wolf Memorial Foundation for Children, Inc., in cooperation with the UNICEF Organization.

Time passes much too quickly. I have known for some time now that both my chronic pathologies are degenerative and terminal. So, I talk to my last best friend-you, the reader. And even though I cannot touch you physically, or speak to you in person, I do feel your presence, I do feel that you are out there, not in a void, but thinking and reading, and feeling perhaps, while contemplating this Trilogy.

IVe been writing parts of *The Catchers of Heaven: A Trilogy*, since the late fifties; but my professional duties superseded this Trilogy. Yet, before I tread these tired old legs into a value system, I feel I must say that "good" writers* books should end up in God's domain, each open so that all may enjoy them.

A scientist's value system evolves throughout his or her academic and personal life. It grows from beginning to understand the applied natures of the bodies of related knowledge, applied to invent, applied to *the*

event, and to figure out how things work, and to make them work more efficiently.

A value system comes from knowing you've done a marvelous job; that you've done it for others; that you've done it with passion; and that there is no need to question yourself and what you create. Isn't it enough that you get the kind of research funding you so desperately need? You are a scientist, and "he who has the gold makes the rules." No, I have learned painfully, that isn't enough.

I don't have that "gold" now. If I had it, I'd find myself a great many scientists, also with passion, and also scientists who know that you can never serve two masters. God and mankind don't equal two; if faith serves, they equal only *one* master.

I remember how I tried to outmaneuver the scientists' dilemma: In my university and hospital labs, I worked for the government, and in my lab at home, I tried to negotiate with God.

Something,
I have to believe;
I am obliged,
to weave
together, as if,
a gift to those
who have always,
in all ways,
in all days,
wished,
to know
truth

As Albert Einstein said in a brief article called "The Laws of Science and the Laws of Ethics:"

> It is a privilege of man's moral genius, expressed by inspired individuals, to advance ethical axioms which are so comprehensive and so well founded that men will accept them as grounded in the vast mass of their individual emotional experiences. Ethical axioms are found and tested not very differently from the axioms of science. Truth is what stands the test of experience.

The good professor also said that in creating the structure and makeup of the universe, "God doesn't roll dice."

For the most part, God sees, and waits...

Dedications and Special Thanks

It should be noted, from the very origin and first cause, from its inception to its final word: *The Catchers of Heaven: A Trilogy*, should pay a vast and noble tribute to all of those who have been living in my Soul's House. (Not to mention those who have knocked when there was barely elbowroom!) I'll always love all of you; you occupy very special places in my Soul's House. The House is growing. I do hope those whose names have failed to find their way into this dedication will forgive this formerly yelling man his lack of perfect memory.

It is very difficult, indeed, to list all of the event-makers in my life. I must say again here that I have a bit of a time constraint-impending death, or leaving this world, one way or another (another would be preferable).

Of course, I must mention those scientists now stepping forward, getting on the bandwagon, who once subjected the painstaking work of early ufologists to doubt and even ridicule and whose government-sponsored work was the practice of finely honed, razor-sharp debunking. Have they finally figured out that abductees continue to come forward, their numbers increasing, and continuing to increase?

Those who withstood these debunking processes, having laid their lives on the line, sometimes even their physical lives, seem to be forgotten when academic giants leap from the closet. Such scientists and investigators are too numerous to name, but to mind come Stanton Friedman; Robert Bletchman; Walt Andrus; Wendelle Stevens; Eduard "Billy" Meier; Budd Hopkins; Don Berliner; the late Barney Hill, and his still living wife, Betty (probably the first to document their abductions); and Whidey Strieber, an independent ufologist who was subjected to constant, consistent, hurtful, and stupid attacks on his intellectual integrity.

INSERT: Ido hope people will remember that many basement scientists, without proper credentials, have given the world a plethora of inventions and gifts throughout the history of mankind. While some academic people with impressive credentials sometimes appear in sup-

port of these researchers, there still exists a sturdy, powerful, unwaver- ing group of academic elites who discredit research even before all the data is in, sometimes even before *they have heard the specifics!*

It took centuries for man to dismiss some of his own cozy belief systems, such as the earth-centered solar system; but, as events now happen much too fast, centuries must be compressed into years, perhaps less than that.

I now feel an obligation to speak up for John E. Mack, M.D., Department of Psychiatry, Harvard Medical School. John is a scientist, and a healer, not being affiliated with MJ-12, or Naval Intelligence, or Defense. And Budd Hopkins, a more-than-capable researcher into the authentic mystery of alien abduction cases, has been one of the spearheads, obviously willing to make sacrifices for truth.

Temple University historian David Jacobs and Dr. Mack are, of course, the kind of qualified people to whom I would like to dedicate this Trilogy, dedication being a hard thing to do in this case, as work on the Trilogy covered a long period of inspiration.

I must not fail to mention Dr. Zecharia Sitchin, and so many more who have made such great sacrifices, who have taken the bravest of leaps of faith, who have stood up for that which they believed, after performing so much unfunded research.

I dedicate this work to Dr. Craig Fields, who never should have been removed as head of DARPA; to Professor Minski, M.I.T., Artificial Intelligence; to film director James Cameron, who with Van Ling wasn't fearful of plowing into neural network technology for two or three of Jim's blockbuster movies: Theirs was real courage.

And to my cinematography mentor and teacher, the late Federico Fellini, and others who took time to show their talents to me so that I could develop my own style and singularity of vision and acquire my own individuality.

I must not and cannot forget the man who had to have his own category, Steven Spielberg. Special thanks for *Close Encounters of The Third Kind,* and to his advisor, the late Dr. Allen Hynek, who, after playing the government's bureaucratic rule games, came finally around to re-becom- ing a thirsty scientist. In essence, I can more than tip my hat to those very special people who encouraged me, who invited me to ride the coattails of God.

I shall never forget the "states of mind stimulators," Paula and Michael, and so many more. Thank you again for everything you have given to me, in a totally unselfish manner. To Jack and Bobby K., for sustaining me while they lived, both as friends and helpers, assisting me to define my patriotism. They were friends of my late wife, and once introduced, became friends forever, even beyond, if you will.

To my Mom, who encouraged diversity and artistic expression, and to my late beloved Dad, who encouraged control, but only when absolutely necessary (in my case, perhaps *all* the time!), and for helping me to build medical and electronic laboratories when I was in my early teens, and last, but least forgotten, for taking me to Washington to talk about spy satellites and UFOs with his Air Force buddies, even before the Soviet's heady days of Sputnik and Yuri Gagarin, God rest his ever- loving soul.

Dad taught me to dream without fear, my "Pop," my dear dad. He called me "Champ." I wonder why? Maybe I think I know now. He also taught me to fly a plane. Once in the air, and at the controls, I never wanted to be earth-bound again.

To Brother, and Sister, who taught me the meaning of alienation and selfishness.

And to Sarah, she is now free; to Danny, who had so few years to live here; to the time I will join them; and, to Charley, my friend, lovingly to Charley, others of the class of the beloved friends, and Robert, and David, and Barbara, and Ellen, and Brandon. To all of the others in this my shortened life on this planet, who gave me the chances to be everything I wanted to be, and more; to them all.

To those who almost escape this quickened memory, like Jerome David Salinger, who copped out after teasing me with *Seymour, an Introduction,* and to the other American writers who didn't cop out, to those very few who moved effectively against the tide of ignorance and mediocrity.

To the beloved of the Alphacom Team, and to "the general," who helped inspire the completion of this body of work. And again to Charley, and his wife Barbara, who also had a major hand in the completion of this work. He was a partner in these writings, if you could call this amazing young human a partner. But if it weren't for him, this would never have come to print.

To the machines that, after many years of work, ceased merely processing, becoming my thinking "silicon soulmates," with the "learning," from neural net tech, and what I have called, "genetic algorithms."

To Charley's parents, for giving Charley to the world. This world could never really know his worth. Watch over him, Lord, and don't wait, please. Watch over Charley, for probabilities say I shall never see him again.

When I leave, there will be many special people that I shall miss terribly.

Repeating this: To the two most beloved, my late wife, Sarah, and my late son, Darnel, for their unconditional love, having died in a car accident while Sarah and Danny and this author were celebrating both our anniversary and Daniel's seventeenth birthday in Switzerland, on Christmas Day, and not so long a time ago. They still exist in my Soul's

House, and have taken up permanent residence there. I think the greatest loss I could ever experience was these two lights in a universe of dark.

To my representatives; to my principal editor Molly Sanford; to John, Molly's son, who encouraged me with his wisdom and friendship; to my publishers, best friends ("real family"), and associates.

To all the good friends who weren't afraid to be positive in their criticism, as did David, S., Lynn, Imogene B., Telsche B., Dr. Candace Ryan, and (please, forgive me, I have forgotten too many names and have much too little space and time), to all those who know who you are.

To those who have spent most of their lives farming the previously vacuumed lands for evidence, or even clues. To those who have taken a stand, this Trilogy is dedicated. To Shirley, who taught me that once out on a limb, I needn't fall while picking the fruit.

To R.T.F. and J.B., for their continued encouragement.

And before the last dedication comes the one close to my soul, to the soul within my soul, to my newly discovered family, my "new brother," and to our great-soul, great-spirit Light-Father, and to my little Grey navigator, my friend since I was a small child and experienced my first abduction. He has been an undisguised blessing, for the Grey inspired me to greater scholastic heights.

To the first to greet me as a child and as an adult, my beloved friend K. To the *LIVING CONVEYANCE*, who knows how to listen to my heart, and in a very real sense, is family, too. I almost need not state this last love to the *LIVING CONVEYANCE*, for my heart hurts when I place it beneath others that I love. I must say my love to them all is in balance, and cannot be divided, for there is none that I love more than the wholeness of them *all*, and the wholeness of their love, and my love of my new family.

To their *BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT*, to *THE FOREVER*, and Its (His) multiple infinities, and to future explorations, my family and loved ones by my side in the Void which is *THE FOREVER* To the promise, their promise, that we will *never* again be parted. And add a day to never. And another. And another. And that may give a very tiny glimpse, a flash into *THE FOREVER* I know now. I will *never* forget.

Last, but never least, to the pain, which has driven me like an Astin Martin-fast-to get things done; to the pain, which made me begin to *feel* again, and to the terminal degenerative illnesses, which force me now to stop postponing this body of work, to finish it all, and say thank you and farewell.

My love to everyone, and I'll see you in your dreams. I'll be departing now. Again, farewell. FARE WELL.

God sees, and waits...

Again, FARE WELL,

Michael Wolf,
Chancellor Emeritus,
The New England Institute for
Advanced Research and also the
Caretaker (the taker of care).
Take care, please, ALL OF YOU.

You know who you are.

Begun 1953; Completed 1992

Disclaimer:

The following events, which purport to involve the United States of America, the former Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, France, Belgium, Italy, Germany, Israel, and the U.K, officially, according to repeated statements issued by all governments involved, never occurred.

Nothing
of what you are about to read...
ever happened!

There should be a "fini" here,
somewhere.

Somewhere.

A Final Disclaimer:

All of the characters in this book are fictitious, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. The names, incidents, dialogue, and opinions expressed are products of the author's imagination and are not to be construed as red. Nothing is intended to represent the views of the National Security Council, or any other department or agency of any governmental body.

VOLUME ONE

THE TELL-ALL MACHINE

Chapter One

Retrogression of the Heart
or
The Genetics of Cosmic Families
or
The Zombie Motor-Mouths
or
Atavism Unchained
or
The Reappearance of the Lost Alien Gene
or
Life's Last Nightmare

My wife, Sarah, and my son, Daniel, taught me many things; but, if they taught me anything, it was well beyond love and caring. Their departure from my life educated me in the so-called reality of *good-bye* and another called *farewell*, or *fare well* Never more light than the light of three, until two of the three, with another one in the womb, expired, leaving behind an ill-defined, separated, isolated, and uninhabited *one*, the one we might call Michael, husband of Sarah and father of Daniel. Events like these can intensely teach the meaning of *pre-existing*.

Holders of the blood-soaked sands,
never cease to wilt;
those same holders
shout against mountains,
wet lips,
pursed upon the word to be said,
yet silendy

furtive and stalled in “stop-op” mode,
crossing dumb with
heat,
ineffectively shut down
for a silent, twisting sob,
indecisive,
off to a new word, or a cluster,
needed to bind
and surround in deafening mute-silent whimper,
wishing those
lips were near to the ear of the beloved,
to stroke,
to brush
against,
and hear one single silent kindness, and translate,
“sauce it up,”
as perhaps,
the smallest,
short of stature,
and
heart,
say to the moving lips near a right ear,
“I need your
love,”
but not to mean it,
anymore.
And existing,
as the very same part of it
all;
no,
it is
transposed into a
lyric,
vaguely heard;
quiet disappointment
prevails,
and those specific maxima and minima,
at once,
and at
the same time,
provocative,
and ultimately,
no reason to don a
costume,

to change the quiet color to noise
in tempo-fixed,
from official notes,
recently received;
and again,
at once,
quickening and thickening the blood,
recently deprived of the
TRUTH,
so earnestly sought,
a mock presentation of shapes
of a
THING.
or THINGS to come;
to be here,
on this spot,
at this time,
in this year,
mellowing the months before and after,
and
the BELL sounds its call for a gathering;
invitation posted a
fortnight backward in Time's ever so slow progression of the
single
REALITY,
at this time;
shapes of a thing
are left to my own ten thousand years,
to be here,
on this spot,
at this time,
but next year,
not this
ONE.
Yet,
this year,
should I dare
HOPE,
something to be here,
now,
on this spot,
inner circle turning its brightest bright;
I do
declare I have forgotten

what it was,
where it was,
when it was,
or whether it ever did
EXIST...

Are we, all of us, "terminal moon children," a special class, Filled with moonbeam images? Are we, all of us, helplessly inserted into orbit around empty, lifeless areas, fools from birth, freakish creatures, calling ourselves sentient beings? It is so obviously a moot point. Or is it simply me, myself, a mass of empty flesh, jump-started by a spirit and energy, uncomfortable, unfamiliar, no dreams remembered, always in a constant, confiising state of deja vu—the kind of already-seen illusion that is still strange and alien and frightening. I am alone, but I am not lonely and eager for the company of humans; alone, unnumbered, unclassified, at least in the nominal (normal?) sense, never nurtured, a cosmic clerical error.

If this be foolish, and we be fools, let Fortune favor the foolish, All of the Cosmic clerical errors, All of the foolish, All of the freakish, All of the moon and star Children...

It seems absurd and ludicrous and bizarre, like a lyric vaguely heard, yet known by heart. Words seems almost unacceptable, but they are, however, the only vehicles now available to me. Because I assume thinking entities will read the following, I must beg their indulgence as my Ashing will be, necessarily and unavoidably, of the deep-sea trolling variety. By the way, are these lines playing? Do they play? From the stages and the movies and the television we have learned to ask: "Does it play?"

I really know now that it plays. These words *do* play! *One* problem solved! Next problem: Will everyone reading this fiction get past the first chapter? Oh, I do so want to believe that I am leaving a gift, a gift whose lines play well. A good piece of work, they could call it, but do they get it? Is it theirs? Do they really *possess* it? Enough loud thinking! Enough.

Sometimes life *is* pain. Anyone who says otherwise is selling something. Enough of this; most who have read my work say it is too sparsely populated with words, that I use them much too sparingly. (They want *me* to be more verbose?)

Perhaps it was significant and lucid and graphic, or perhaps empty and muddy and nebulous; yet, it was a legitimate thought: It seemed to me that, after five decades on this planet (which even as a young person I always called *Terra,* simply the Latin word for Earth) with a long-awaited and final time of comparative harmony and hush and calm (I have begun again, this time figuratively, to teach my upper lip to curl), I had

indeed become enraged and furious and hostile.

For I thought it seemed unreasonable and believably unbelievable that anger should be generated now; I thought it seemed so very late for all of this uninvited chaos. This seems odd and unfamiliar, but I seem to be burning, searing, scorching, becoming sick at my stomach as I think of it, of what is to come. Somehow it is all wrong. All of it. All wrong.

I suppose I should make a serious attempt to explain, to clarify this and what is to follow. This isn't really at once the face of an enigma, riddle, and puzzle. This is simply a thin volume, a shadowy slice of living and dying (they happen to be first cousins of mine), just a little thinking- man's chattel as it were, containing within slivers of pain together with slivers of joy, always together, always one necessary to the other, glittering, small, sun-caught diamonds, somehow, for reasons unknown to me, collected and dropped on whitened hills in the lonely, ash-filled sky.

Sad and empty faces hovered above me, visible from that hospital bed. Once out of coma, I became terribly aware of my desperate need for something with which to peacefully coexist, with them, with myself. One small question visited itself upon me, moment to moment: Who is myself? I'll take another thermal question, if any of you wish to pose one.

From the first night sky view so many years ago, I *knew*, from the first gaze, that it was not the night sky I knew as a very young child. The strange and eerie blinking of distant stars, with only *one* moon in the sky; I was totally unable to understand such a severe punishment. It had to be a mistake. It just seemed so impossibly severe to have been deliberately banished to this water-world. It had to be a mistake. Impossibly Stupid Civil Servants (ISCS's, they were referred to, called "Is-kisses") miscoded me on some celestial software, and now I can't get off the damn planet's motherboard. I must find out where I must be; it certainly cannot be here. It's like being invited for a luncheon with cannibals. Why must civilized beings on this almost ruined and raped water-world eat flesh?

Bizarre, but it happened. I saw the small, sun-caught slivers, somehow and for some unknown reason, collected, dropped on hills in the sky; it happened, I saw. I even climbed up to examine them, though I thought them just glass at first.

FLASH-INSERT: J-TYPE OMEGA (last and most basic) ELEMENTAL to SENTINEL"

The very first recognition... oh, hell, I cannot go on with this very dark and stormy prose unless I take a break and speak with you the reader, and what is worse, I cannot perceive your varied reactions. This

is true, but my rambling inspires, I hope, my editor to retain these particular words, phrases, or sentences, or maybe a once-in-a-novel poem, or at least some prose poetry.

Or, the answer to a great and puzzling Koan; then "instant" enlightenment Two examples of a Koan: 1. You know the sound of two hands clapping; what is the sound of one hand clapping? That's the fairly well-known one; you could spend years on it, hopefully attaining an answer, the light of "Satori," or enlightenment, an indescribable new and complete knowledge and wisdom of transcendence over the world, the Earth, becoming completely "One" with the Universe and all that is within it 2. My little Koan puzzle was given to me seven years before I answered correcdy for the Master. It was: "What is the truth?" After seven years of thoughts too deep, the answer hit me in the face like the sound of one hand *slapping: "The truth is a lie that has yet to be exposed. "*

INSERT: J-TYPE Project Name to Project SENTINEL. "

What I really want of you, my gentle, "understanding" reader, is to have some sense of what this rather convoluted work means by itself, and what it means to the deepest part of you!

It is a funny, "through a glass misty," minor work; but you must know that to complete it I took a sabbatical, a rather long one, to leave teaching, research, and technical papers behind in a foggy place, hazy and distant, going to scientists' conventions; giving special seminars for an elite few "special" post-doctoral clinical apprenticeships; and, the oh-so-bor- ing bureaucratic paper chases that make the research possible.

In fact, one of my areas of teaching and research is Artificial Intelligence, which may be a contradiction in terms; "noetic" sciences, if we can remove the "halo" from science, noetic in the sense of cognition, rational thought apprehended by the intellect, and what method or combination of methods may speed up expansion of consciousness, quite seriously scientifically arrived at using accepted methods to expand the mind from approximately normal, or even genius, to an unheard-of level, a mental "Superbeing" with powers we are just beginning to dream of...something truly remarkable: the GATEWAY TREATMENT.

"Psychobiophysics" is a word I coined for genetic medicine with newly discovered codes for double helix DNA and genetic code manipulation leading to all new thought-beyond that which we no longer squeamishly dream of in secret.

FLASH-INSERT: AGAIN: J-TYPE OMEGA to Project SENTINEL"

Of course, man has always wanted to create a being in his own image. (You religion scholars take a good look into a future which is also your past.) We can do it now. *We have done it!* He was terminated, however, because he couldn't follow orders; he couldn't shoot an animal.

This "being" told the big brass that I said: "People do not do things unless there's a good reason to do it. I see no good reason to kill this harmless dog."

He looked me direcdy in the eyes, as I would him, and said: "Michael said soldiers did bad things for a very good reason, but sometimes there is a bad reason, and the soldier's manual says to question immoral or unethical orders and that is his reality, his bible. Michael drilled this into me!"

Every one of the brass turned to me with eyes of fire. That was just the beginning! Advanced cloning promised an end to disease, but an addition to overpopulation. Cloning was, however, the finest of humankind's work, the finest work done since the world was begun, the finest work done since the world was young. Again, we used it wrong. All wrong. He was terminated, and the order read:

TERMINATE WITH EXTREME PREJUDICES

I really could not understand the difference between a written, executed order to terminate and one reading "with extreme prejudice." How could there be a difference in the way someone is liquidated? Joe was my touchstone, my oasis, my getaway. He gave me my privacy when I needed it badly; never did he knock loudly on my soul's door.

J-TYPING OMEGA E-DELTA-TWO! (JOE, OR "J.O.E.," OR SOMETIMES SIMPLY JUST "J-TYPE," for short.) Larry, our chief technical officer, would call him "Big Balls" (around noncoms only; brass would hear "Mr. Chutzpah." But that's all right—we called Larry our chief "testicle" officer.)

J.O.E.'s one "flaw," which I secretly disguised from my colleagues for two and a half years afterJ.O.E.'s necessary three hundred and sixty-five day growth in the tank, was his inability to carry out all requests or orders when there was an edge or even hint of what I told him and taught him about real and rare *goodness*.

You see, I taught him the very few finest things about man: ethics, morality, faith, and love. I directed him to practice and become proficient in the highest sensibilities of mankind, the few virtues of humankind, rare ones that still can be summoned by a special and very few near-saint types.

I taught him how treacherous, how evil, man could become. I taught him to build up goodness and to hate and destroy any tyranny over the mind of humankind. He more than lived up to every expectation, and

for a while, we did some beautifully good things for our new friends, and a few very well-paid services for the very rich to ensure our anonymity and basic living expenses. I assisted him with his myriad questions about exactly how to act and speak and move for a lady. I taught him how to love and be attached to the big picture. (I cannot continue here because the tears are blurring my vision. I must pull myself together and tell you of our adventures later.)

The brass were still waiting for me, the project's senior scientist, to give an explanation for J.O.E.' s seemingly clear failure to kill a dog, a harmless and gentle animal. I rather incautiously, and injudiciously, began a litde, insecure attempt to explain J.O.E.'s inability to carry out a clearly immoral order.

Referring to the enlisted man's manual and the officer's handbook, I suggested that a soldier should question an order that seems a violation of basic ethics and morality; that a soldier was thus obligated to question orders that clearly were "questionable" in laws or rules of engagement and the fighting of a battle; that a soldier should question an order questionable in ethical and moral parameters.

I said, "Gentlemen, this is an unbelievable advance in science, the full, not partial ability to read accurately genetic codes-but not just to read them, to redo, remodel, reconstruct-dash-manipulate, *reconstruct* and *plan* genetic codes. I am speaking of the power not simply to fix defective genes and codes, not just cloning, but to *create* a viable humanlike and incredibly ability-endowed superior human, a powerhouse of mind and muscle, but human nevertheless.

"Shall we negotiate with God Himself on the question of, if one believes, the insertion of a soul or spirit? He does have a conscience. You see a failed experiment, gentleman; I see the more evolved human of the future, a gift, a treasure. There are no adjectives or words to even partially explain the significance of this J-Type.

"You should stare at an already-arrived future with joy and a sense of pride! We now possess techniques in a new type of genetic engineering, certainly more than enough for the J-Type's in vivo creation. How could you be disappointed? How could *any* of you feel failure? Please answer me!"

"We wanted a soldier! You made him want to be a goddam saint!" A moralist. A man of the highest ethics. We wanted a killing soldier, and absolute obeyer of orders, any and all orders, a fighter who fights, kills without moral or ethical inhibitions. This is what we wanted-a goddam killer, not a soft and sensitive moralist. (We were taken in, we scientists; we were thinking of underwater work and space exploration; we wanted to believe and we believed. We *allowed* it to happen. We took no responsibility because we were swept up with the blinding success.)

Oh, they were right: "mad scientist" and "fugitive from himself," and all. I hate the word *official* (And unofficial, too.)

The best way, the best scenario, is the production of a motion picture, placing within it as much truth as possible; yet, viewed by the public as "fiction." Then, it is only "fictional" that a governmental group has cloned a human.

A cover-up is good when you wish to keep secrets. But *when* should you *have* to keep secrets?

Chapter Two

The Trouble with Later
or
The Early Worm Catches the Bird
or
Growing Up as a Scientist and Fugitive from Myself
or
When 1 Get Rid of My Body
or
When Can 1 Go Home?

In a mist, like a Mist-Visitor, my very first recognition and remembrance was a dream. My very first identification after what seemed a prolonged period of gloomy and lurid darkness, was a strong feeling of dreadful disconnection; yet, oddly enough there was a strong perception of odor, magnificent, and ambrosial. I sensed an incredible intermingling of roses, carnations, hyacinth, and heliotrope. Pm not absolutely positive, but I sensed another flower, one I could not seem to identify. Yet, I was certain it was there.

I found it all rather delightful, even with the presence of the mystery blossom, so I continued to lay in repose, allowing myself to silently and thankfully absorb the beauty surrounding me.

This contented state was to be, unfortunately, a very small and temporary one. I heard a sudden sound of footsteps, soft and slow on the carpet, approaching me. My nostrils were quickly and rudely assaulted in abrupt fashion, and without the merest trace of compassion or forethought. Assorted noxious waves of Chanel, Shalimar, Avon, Old Spice, and Aqua Velva mercilessly pushed aside and replaced the sweet smell of flowers. I prayed for an end to this overpowering and hideous torment. Limbo, even purgatory, may be one thing, but this was ridiculous.

If I were Catholic, death would be a *promotion.* On top of it all, there was more to come, much more. *So very much more...*

As I lay there, sorting out, collating the incoming stimuli, and attempting at least a partied adjustment to the new air, some kind of liquid began to drip on my neck and shirt collar. I became aware of faces hanging over me, eyes dripping tears. Women crying and mascara running is an unalterable reality.

I really have no intention of being disrespectful; but, speaking candidly on the subject of mourning, I shall never fully comprehend the quite literally hidden reasoning, or logic, behind women applying huge amounts of mascara prior to a funeral. You might explain to me that they practice this "black art" of adding to their eyes for cosmetic purposes, so that they appear more attractive to their fellow mourners. Following your logic, please tell me how attractive two black lines running from swollen, puffy eyes to chin bones would appear.

(My personal opinion is that this practice is maintained as visible proof that tears were truly and sincerely shed, and therefore, grief and suffering have both been passionately stated and demonstrated to any who might care to look. This happens to be particularly distasteful to me. Not only was I getting drenched, I was getting dirty, in addition to wet and uncomfortable.) [1]

I knew they were grieving. I needed no more proof, no more running black lines on cheeks, no more black mascara spoiling the clean of my collar, my suit. After all, whose funeral was it? No, now that I think about it, with time stretched so taut it seems to pass not at all, I am aware of the most often misinterpreted "common sense" rule-this is *their* funeral. It can certainly turn your head when you discover that your funeral is not your own; it is possessed in full by those who make it possible, and those who bring it about. It's enough to turn *any* head around.

As a five-decade-old scientist, I must admit that my head turns more slowly now. Especially since I am the deceased. I had been so very immaculately prepared prior to their arrival. Though had I been placed in charge, I would have made every effort possible to prevent this sordid invasion of a clear and autonomously invoked melting mood; this clear, private, and radiant rainbow melt. All colors melting into a magnificent, very bright, crystal rainbow, melting and as bright as a hundred suns exploding, yet never inflicting pain upon the portals of sight...

(Oh, yes. I was writing about how good I looked. I want to do more passages, by the way, like that last one about the bright and beautiful crystal rainbow meld into one, just one, mood of glorious ecstasy. Beautiful, colorful, and passionate word groupings could produce, in essence, a feeling very much like that of multiple orgasm. This author

cares to talk to the reader. I send my love while you are reading the book. This way, it will always get to you.)

Again... getting back to how I looked made up by this mortician... I would say rather very well indeed. And how did I look? If I may take license with this...

I looked good; my body had been cleaned, prepared with care, with pride, with skill, not merely by an assistant, but by Mr. Bernstein himself. What an artist was this mortician! I couldn't get over how I looked! (God! I miss J.O.E. and sometimes, I miss *me)*

Oh, was I handsome, striking, radiandy elegant in my new Pierre Cardin suit. Brown it was; yet not simply brown, but an unbelievably sleek seal brown, with minute red specks running merrily through the fabric in splendid profusion and an ever-so-slight sheen to it. Nothing unrefined or vulgar, mind you, but a suit that oozed a solid, decorous, polished, and genteel taste. (God! I miss the projects; I miss the people.)

Laid out in that high-class expensive casket was simply-to people like Mr. Bernstein, the rabbi, mourners, family, friends, funeral crashers, and funeral groupies-me, the deceased, the remains, the corpse, carcass... all such unimaginative words for me, for me, for me... I wanted something better... maybe "The suave, urbane and distinguished phantom of Bernstein's Funeral Home." Something better than an old, dead, empty shell, food for maggots...

I had heard and seen my mother crying before. This time her crying was the wailing of a mute woman, louder to me than ever before. My father rolled two also-loud tears from his left eye; my father was left- handed. (Visceral scream. A person could drown on this planet. Please, may I come home now? Can I bring J.O.E. along? He'd be so much more comfortable, and he would not be dead. I miss him. I am a person who misses the ones he loves.)

Chapter Three

A Boy's First Contact with a Family Far Away
or
A Eulogy or a Visceral Scream

The Rabbi Seymour Stone, a pensive, exhausted, stooped sort of sacrosanct scholar with a still-svelte, comely appearance at about seventy- three years (all rabbis are old; if they are young, they are *reformed*), spoke over a thankfully covered body in a rather incredible way, for this man had never received any persuasive assurances that I had believed myself a Jew. His mood, however, seemed distinctly non-sectarian, and there seemed something in his voice difficult to recognize as genuine emotion, yet a kind of honest impersonal sadness, and at the outset, slighdy vague and detached.

His strong voice carried well into the body of funeral people, and his words, at first for me—at least they seemed for me-a rhapsody; the truth, the light; the bread, yet not the wine; not the blood, but a reverent yet submerged rhetorical speech, thoughtful, allusive and suggestive, almost a public daydream, put forward inconspicuously, yet a bit castle building, a bit of word painting, a creation of the heart, hiding in the guise of a brain, obliquely singing in the shrouds, though not too emotional, as if known but not seen; a kind of "superposition" state.

(Cat in the box; cat not visible; cat in "superposition" state. Your brain can certainly be addled by this kind of thinldng, especially when you reach the obvious conclusion that all of mankind's so-called "logic" breaks down on the subatomic level-"Reality" as we know it-and even casts aspersions toward those who challenge the "halo" above science. God forgive us!)

INSERT: This was truly the night of hidden remembrances. This was truly the night of terror-yet wforw-hidden *terror! Fear and trembling,*

facing too many truths at the same time. So many have been, by their own Uncle Sam, manipulated, lied to, conditioned like Pavlovian dogs, placed unknowingly in the cages of time and economic slavery, unrealised, sleepwalking through life without really knowing how many incredibly horrible things occur in their governments, ordered by the very few elite who rule planet Earth. Ask me about the GATEWAY PROJECT sometime.

This is not one of those kiss and tell books; this is just a tell *book. I hope to leave nothing out. Not one awful secret. A "fictional" kick and tell book? No. My conscience is already in subatomic pieces. I shall tender the truth; the big picture and all of the lies that make it viable; the conditioning; the propaganda; the government's rationalization that a few know what is best for the American people; and, almost as an afterthought, the other people occupying the planet called Earth.*

I know I'm spilling my guts, and breaking every section of the National Security Act (and Executive Order 12356, if it's still valid) and I will most probably disappear, but I have to count on a few brave men and women to see that nothing of importance to the American people, not one of the totally grotesque truths, is ever deleted.

Thank you for the patience with this singularly vital *time out for a message to the reader. God help us. The time is at hand. This must be told, and I must tell it. There are too many professional, lying bureaucrats, who have been lying for far too long! Again, thank you for your patience with this rather wordy insert. Could you call it whistleblowing? Or, perhaps, a *"Whistle Stop?"*

The rabbi, almost completely in control, attempted some small degree of eloquence: "I am here to speak about Michael Wolf. I wonder, considering his life as scientist and servant and the weapons applications he and his peers developed, again I wonder whether he could have been beguiled and cajoled into the terrible things he created, or was it simply pats on the back and plenty of research money?

"I ask these questions not to injure his memory. All of the goodness he tried to effect, his complete dedication to a viable legacy for the children, seem to be at odds with his willing, or maybe unwilling, participation in events that seemed to be at odds with his great, deeply-felt dedication to a good future for the children. I will not say he suffered a guilty conscience, for I really know not that so very complex mind of his. Yet, I am truly convinced that, although he always seemed so disconnected, so alienated, it is truly a most difficult task to fill this eulogy with unqualified praise.

"I am certain that Michael demanded honesty, even if his motives had to be questioned. I knew him well enough to know, without doubt, that he

the mourners, certainly not for Michael."

(Thanks, Rabbi. Thanks so very much. Tell the world about every bad project in which I either was involved or even *led*. Damn you! But even more important, damn me! How could I have been so ignorant? I was so ignorant, so very culpable, so passive. Rabbi, hurt me with your words. Don't spare anything. Tell them everything! It is so very hard to be humorous at this stage. I'll try, though. A little levity never hurt anyone. Go on, Rabbi Stone. Give me your best shot!)

"To speak of Michael Wolf with any degree of candidness, I find the task a very difficult one indeed. A eulogy is often, simply, an act of praise, usually nothing more. Frequently, it is a dishonest act, and for this reason I must address myself to words with certain trepidation, sensing that, as an archer, I may lose entirely the control of my arrows. Michael Wolf's life was, and will continue to be, a valid existence as long as memory lives and serves and remains faithful. His accomplishments were very low-profile and, if it weren't for his speaking up, we would know very little about plans and events affecting the entire course of our lives. Yet, Michael's life was distinct and diverse for all of us who knew him."

He stopped for a moment as if grabbing at a focusing thought, newly arrived in his head. (Personally, I've always contended that thoughts, especially focusing thoughts, must first obtain visas before crossing the many borders of our minds; they must gain permission.)

He continued, spitting out the thought that had just illegally crossed a border. Pursing his lips with a controlled tension, he discharged, rather like a shotgun: "I cannot help but wonder whether any one of us *really* knew him."

He paused again, this time for emphasis, turned and twisted his head, squirming for punctuation. (That was an altogether original and terrific- as-hell beginning, Rabbi. I'm sure it's all going to be uphill from here. You are a genuine *mensch*, sir.

If he actually could have heard my thoughts and sarcasm and especially my expanding, growing, enlarging indignation, then it now would have been Dr. Michael Wolf, no longer a sophisticated urbane phantom, roaming Bernstein's Funeral Home, but now an agile and winged archer, placing arrow to bow, promising pain and vexation, and on the mark. Yet to remain uplifted even in death, one must surely push aside as meaningless the anger and the hurt, perhaps the only first step toward the arduous accrual of a peace that is more than temporal. You're a genuine *mensch*, Rabbi.)

The pause ended, and, in his voice, I detected seeds of controlled tension, slowly germinating. "I can only speak of the Dr. Michael Wolf I knew. M.D. in neurology; Ph.D. in Theoretical Physics; Doctor of Science in computer science; his goal, which stemmed from the word

coined by Norbert Weiner, 'cybernetics,' the relationship between man and machine, and his pioneer work in that phrased subject Michael most hated: 'artificial intelligence.' Michael disliked the word *artificial*

"Michael was searching for the machines who could think for themselves, even clones of man who could think for themselves, and through his genetic-rule bases and neural network technology, he made great strides in these areas. The Michael I knew, the sincere, knowledge seeker..." (I *was* very selfish about that, Rabbi. I wanted to know everything about everything. Okay, go ahead, Rabbi, baby, it's sounding fine to me!)

"This Michael, some called 'mad scientist,' others the kind of scientist always referring to the 'big picture,' or what he would do if he was God, and how so very lonely God must be with five to six thousand million on this planet, and yet just *one God*, and finally this man who was a refugee from himself. He often mused that it must be very lonely to be just one God, not that he had received any offers lately... Oh, Michael must be conscious somewhere.

"I prefer not to digress, but I can hear him speaking to me as if his physical reality were right here, right now. Forgive me, please, but Michael was a stranded man, stranded on a strange world, angry, alienated. And there was Michael, the self-conscious humorist... the thinking, trembling, lonely Michael, the Michael who could never accept losses. Finally, as I must say again, the stranger."

Then the rabbi came out with one of the longest and most sincere pauses I'd ever seen or heard before. (I should be very sorry. Too much unnecessary sarcasm. Phantoms who are suave and urbane and most sophisticated need not become cutting and cynical. Sorry, Rabbi. Yet to attempt some honesty here, I am surely next of kin to chaos. Yet it is fun to answer him back from the coffin, or wherever I am. I sometimes feel movement in and out of the coffin, but distances seem completely insignificant. I do not feel a sense of real time; that's *human* time, the time man invented to cage himself. What a dumb move, humans. Really dumb.)

He continued, never once thinking of beating his breast for emphasis. He was a *reformed* Rabbi. As Lenny Bruce used to say, "so reformed he was ashamed he was Jewish." (I knew Lenny, I grew up on Lenny, I braved a blizzard to see him at Carnegie Hall. I loved Lenny. But Lenny died of an overdose the way he wanted, naked and sitting on a toilet. Lenny was persecuted for being so far ahead of his time by those puritanical pilgrims we loosely call American Humans. Little diversion; hope you liked it. Now back to Rabbi Seymour Stone.)

"For to me, he was a stranger among us, one who was deeply troubled and deeply loved, a stranger who had to be a low-profile scientist because of the work he did, requiring a very high-security clearance. I

know this as I was questioned by government agents and warned never to repeat anything he might confess to me. I was warned in a way in which I could do nothing but comply. It still bothers me, thinking what he must have taken to his grave. Michael was loved but never at home with us." (Oh, Rabbi, that was very saucy! And saccharine, and a bit soapy, too. Sorry. I was to cut the sarcasm. Sorry.)

"For Dr. Michael Wolf, living had to become his only bridge between his many worlds, a bridge built with the crumbling sandstone of misery, tears, and guilt; yet, very strangely, built also with laughter, joy, and a kind of innocent mockery that was always far from malicious.

"He had truly come to an impasse with this world, a point at which he put forth questions and received no answers, a total and meaningless void..." (That's a lie, Sir! The void is *never* meaningless!) "...a truth he could not accept..." (I have accepted the void!) "..as a settlement in his divorce with this world. I am speaking of an earthly void he realistically could not transcend..." (How wrong you are, Rabbi) "..and strangely, or perhaps for just that reason, rushed hurriedly" (feet running, Rabbi!) "into the arms of his own mind, there to be bounced back, not embraced."

(My mind and I have never seen eye to optic nerve, Rabbi, nor eye to eye either.)

"And as Michael questioned and was not answered, so do we all of us question, and so do we all remain truly unanswered, and more significantly, if we asked the type of questions to which Michael so very sincerely, and with great hunger sought answers, our appetites would remain insatiable. We must cling tenaciously and with love to our one God and to our heritage, for both provide our only comfort and warmth within this cold world." Rabbi Stone was fully in command at this point. "Michael, for some reason still vague to me seemed to have more to lose than we." A short pause, then a verbal right cross to the mourners' collective chin, throwing them totally off guard. (Very sincere punching, Rabbi.)

"He who lives out his days in calm, perfecdy constructed delusions and dreams, he who we call a madman, the sick one, the fool, he whom we confine, at times against his will, believing, even though he is being tortured by his own mind, believing that his mind is at work on some sort of dark synthesis of hell-by what divine and omniscient right do we call his world devoid of any kind of reality, divest him of it with chemicals, and try to mercilessly yank him back into this 'perfect' reality?

"Yes, his world may indeed be unreal to us, yet to him it was all his life's energy, the sum and totality of it, dreamer or fool, but to him intelligible and well-defined, well-delineated, rational, and always uncompromising, inflexible so as not to compromise in any fashion his ethics, morality, principles, and the highest sensibilities he developed during his battle with evil with a capital *E*.

"I've seen even the dreamers brought back, as it were, cured, and heard the wonders they beheld in this so-called real world, and it sickened me!"

(I tell myself, "Michael, don't get cheeky, don't get flippant or impudent. This surely is a rabbi's rabbi!")

"You members of our congregation, and all of you who have come to pay your respects..." (No, give me my props, don't pay me any respects. Respects are simply too damn cheaply given.) "...you religious men and women, listen to me and listen most carefully: To what do we bring the dreamer back? To a bloody stench of the foul-smelling polluted world? Is it so terribly inconceivable that his reality is perhaps..." (Don't qualify it, Rabbi. It may lose its punch.) "...more meaningful to him than ours?" (Hooray! Thank you, Rabbi.)

"Again I ask: Is it so terribly inconceivable that he made an inevitable decision, a total commitment with a steady and sure cadence, to first do all that he thought he could accomplish, and leave as many meaningful contributions as he was able to leave, and then to leave this world for what he honestly believed to be a better one? Is it so terribly inconceivable that he set for himself the task of choosing? And that in doing so he summarily rejected what he perceived to be a convulsed and twisted world?" (I am touched. I'm spinning with warmth I never knew I possessed. That was a very heavy-duty thing to say. Thank you, Rabbi.)

"Perhaps in his dream, his reality...perhaps there was validity there....in truth, he was simply a visitor, a caller, a disappointed tourist who became a stranger, yelling for help in this world that so frightened him, yelling for someone to take him home." (I was the yelling man!)

"We are all in the sad, desensitizing, deadening process of forgetting how to believe, how to summon faith. Some of us play at our religions, our beliefs, rejecting with closed minds anything that might touch us too deeply. We play rudely, destructively."

There was a seemingly endless pause, a diminishing of a constructed rage after which the rabbi took a long, deep, and rather noisy breath.

"Dr. Michael Wolf has gone home. I do so very much hope there is a great big smile on his face, and his dark eyes are shining with the sparkle of starlight. I would like to quote a scripture he loved so very much. I hope you are listening, Michael, because I think I have now finally begun to listen to you." (I'm listening, Rabbi.)

The rabbi produced a slim volume, slowly, passionately, turning to the passage he had marked, and read it with a gende quality. He read it to me: "He who at his last hour, when he casts off the body, goes hence remembering Me, goes assuredly into My being. Whatsoever state of being a man remembers at his end in leaving the body, to that same state he goes...being absorbed in the thought thereof. Therefore at all times remember Me, and act; if your mind and understanding are devoted to

Me, you will assuredly come to Me.' Forgive me, Michael. I wasn't able to understand..." His voice trailed off into sadden silence.

(I forgave you, Rabbi, even *before* you believed you offended me, or misunderstood me. Rabbi Stone, I forgave you before I even knew you. Now Rabbi Seymour Stone, please find it in that giant soul and intellect to forgive me, too. We may have sparred intellectually, and I may have at times threatened your very sanity, but I always loved you. I also think I loved you before I met you. Good-bye, you dear and brave and wonderful teacher.)

So it was that Rabbi Seymour Stone shed one and one-half tears as he ended his eulogy: "We must learn how to properly treat strangers. Only then might they tell us of their secret places. Good-bye, Michael. I'll really miss our intellectual wrangling. Good-bye..."

The Rabbi Seymour Stone turned and silently walked alone from the site, ignoring those who wanted to speak with him. A look in his eyes and he was not followed. (Good-bye, Seymour. Is a ghost shedding tears hard to believe?)

From the rear of the grieving group, I could hear little snatches of conversation: "Such a strange man he was. He always made me uncomfortable."

"His wife and child dying changed him totally."

"He was strange... I don't know. Different. Indifferent."

"I thought he was very passionate, at least in his work."

"How did he die? I didn't ask. It didn't seem right to ask."

"No one seems to know. I've heard only rumors."

"Yes? Rumors?"

The floral scent, the mystery blossom, beautiful smell, loomed large in the total of whatever I was now. It loomed large in my mind. It was not a flower. I could see now. It was a person who spoke to me, spoke to my mind, and for some reason I knew he was a member of my family, but a family I had only dreamed about. He said:

"This is not the end. This is not the beginning of the end. This is the end of the beginning. We are on our way to you. Be patient, *please*."

Chapter Four

Welcome to Your Life
or
My Name is ZE-EV and I Am an Out-of-Towner
or
Please Permit Me to Go Home

Perhaps I should begin by speaking of how the ghost grew up. (Later, during my assignments for "super-secret" projects and special mission operations, I often found my superiors creating *assassination lists delivered by grocery clerks'.* I come, silent as a thief, to steal away your life. The *Black Budget Operations*, billions raised by CIA drug running, were classified higher than top secret, thereby escaping audit by federal auditors who possessed only "secret," or "top secret," clearances. I shall not apologize for these little diversions. I hope they are not only interesting, but may push a reader into something I call the "Recognition Syndrome.")

Now back to the ghost growing up, hopefully simply the significant highlights, but without leaving out the most important of "event horizons," and symbolic "breech presentations."

In the beginning, I was memory-capped and sent here by my truly loving *Creators*, my people. The firmly placed memory-cap allowed only an occasional dream episode, much too vague and a bit too lax, loose, untried, unclear, unknown, unfixed, unbridled, unleashed, unhappy, untouched. I was a great many "uns." Waves of thought from home, thoughts that create and change reality; *THOUGHT CREATES ALL THAT IS AND WILL EVER BE.*

How did the "ghost" grow up? I do prefer "phantom" though, as it seems to suggest a more savory, respectable, creditable, much less pernicious, less noxious specter, or spooky spirit. I am, and have always been, the *OMEGA MAN,* the very last of my kind on this almost ruined

water-world. (And *He* comes, silent as a thief, to steal away this incarceration I never deserved. Or did I? It was bondage; that's what it was. It was serfdom; that's what it was. It was servitude; that's what it was.)

There was a time, not too very long ago, when if one were watching television with any degree of regularity and perhaps faithfulness, one would eventually view an official seal or symbol flashed on the screen, with a voice announcing authoritatively that the viewer was, pursuant to United States law, obligated to register if he were an alien.

The very first time I saw this announcement appear on the little screen, I leaped quickly to my feet, moving dutifully toward the front door. But I was stopped. My parents claimed that I was born at 12:01A.M., on a July fourth, in the Beth Israel Hospital in Newark, New Jersey. It wasn't that I disbelieved them...exactly... (Well, they must have been correct; parents were *supposed* to tell a child *the truth)*

I never really got around to registering. Never. I frequently and eloquently find myself the only truthful conversationalist. I am, you'll pardon my excess of enthusiasm and ebullience, not from this savage genesis. I am-what is it you people say? Oh, I love it; I love it!—not of this earth! But neither are most of *you.*

Chills ran up my sweating back, and back down, up and down-and they were delicious chills. What this stranger tried to give, to leave, to have used at least his talents to leave contributions, knowledge, having *helped 'yist one* person, but trying to help many. Medical research, how it would feel if AIDS had never existed, and *no one*, no one ever died because of that one little and clever retrovirus. *Yes, men did create it.* An equal opportunity disease: "Non-racist virus wipes out three quarters of the world population." Maybe I am the one and only great pessimist of all time? A new, very deadly plague. The new Black Death. Or another kind: the Black Atmosphere Death with many roots. We have lots of different deaths.

Back to where I thought we were:

I'm doing time on planet Earth. Not home on Altair Four. Maybe Reticulum Four, but not Altair, fairest of all; other envious stars and suns wished they could be a child of Altaran Light Energy. Envy seemed well "disguised," much too well. And here be I. Doing time. Learning a very primitive genesis and hating every minute of it. (Back off, ZE-EV! Back off!) There are a few concerned with the future of the HU MAN CHILDREN. Count me as one. The children of this human-killing planet *must* have a viable legacy. And, there will be the BETWEEN CHILDREN to be considered.

How can those who wield, control, and manage great power, never realistically see the very distinct possibility that their children, that their grandchildren, that the future "recorded history" may indeed never be recorded? Of course, the aforementioned children, grandchildren, and on and on, all progeny will die on a world that, through action and inaction, will not make possible a recorded history...if there be one such record. Personally, I fear there will be none, unless perhaps, some caring galactic neighbors intercede, as it were, intervene and intercept the human destruction, for the sake of this terribly interesting species, this free-willed, violent, specious, deceptive creature called HU MAN, both MAN and WO MAN, most awfully difficult to comprehend.

There are, however, flashes and specks worth noting: Man and Wo Man are both notably adaptive and, at little time frames, one might notice that, while followed closely behind by doom, the creature surprises observers by exhibiting higher sensibilities, shining through his greed and avarice, certainly worth study, since those most interested in this contradiction in terms are his progenitors and first creators.

Where are we heading, with blindfolds effectively in place?

First, it was bondage, and that's what it was.
Second, it was serfdom, and that's what it was.
Third, it was servitude, and that's what it was.
Now, it is economic slavery, and that's what it *is*.

Why is God so angry? Are we His dream, and He our dream?

God sees, and waits...

I mean like, *Yo!* What did I do?

Why so angry, Lord? I love you. I *love* you even more than I *believe* in you! Oh, never mind. I am not to receive an answer. I made a bargain with Him. In essence, He cures all ills in this big world, saves the children, and then and only then will I ask for anything from this God that I so very much love! That is the whole of the bargain; that is *my* big picture.

Chapter Five

First It Was Visceral Screams and Now It Is Cerebral Screams or Bar Mitzvah Time or Adventures with Ellen

Bar mitzvah time was drawing near. As I recall, I must have been close to thirteen, the magic age, the mystical age when only a well-to-do family can *make* the *magic work*. I was precocious and spoiled and skinny, but I was a field of immutable dreams, spending much of my time reading and thinking and believing I was intelligent. (Anyone out there recognize this?)

Late afternoon, school out at 2:45, dimming sun moving down in raw glacial sky. Long frigid walk to synagogue, dodging cars and trucks and buses and friends and dreams and Ellen Greene.

Ellen, Ellen, Ellen Greene. She, too, was quickly approaching a *non-magical* thirteen. She did not feel the sense of being Jewish, probably because her mother would never let her go to the temple which her father and his new spouse attended faithfully and "oh-so" very regularly. She attended the same school and liked me very much, loved me, whatever it meant to her or was supposed to mean.

Ellen much enjoyed sharing with me brainy percipient discussions concerning such I-love-it-to-death subjects as existentialism *[Being and Nothingness* bored her just a wee bit too quickly), although she placed a more-than-passing fancy, and a peculiar and particular emphasis on obscure, totally unintelligible, somewhat off-color novels, mostly French. (I would have chosen *No Exit,* really much more a signal to my spirit.)

Then another favorite of the lady's, Orson Welles and *Citi&n Kane,* and the real meaning of "Rosebud," something like: He was as Kane and

as Welles sleighing down a never-ending slope, knowing it and not knowing it at the same dualistic time. (She and O.W. had one rather obvious thing in common: Their weight, but this will come later.)

For Ellen mysticism was very high on her list of intellectual priorities, usually very Oriental and hidden, certainly from Western apprehension. Then there was cabalism. (This *was* interesting, but she really didn't know anything about it; just the word was sufficient, except perhaps that it was very "enigmatic" and "something that eludes detection, baffling, and probably somewhere near the Godhead; I mix my Buddhism with my Judaism")

Then came her parents' "messy" divorce; she knew far too much about that. Of course, into her conversation then trots her psychiatrist. (He was "young and Jungian and aesthetic and sensitive and spiritual and has a gorgeous body and was into Zen and will be a *holy man* by the time he's forty!")

Next, prudently following, was the rather unbelievable fact that she was taking tranquilizers (Trilafon; I called them "elephants," for some juvenile reason. She'd force a hysterical presentation, and I would say, "Go take an elephant!") They made her giggle and belch. Then to her fits. (She had them whenever necessary, or "Take one tablet when needed" to have a small paroxysm, or spell or just plain *fit.)*

Finally, I must add to this description one last small item: Rounding out a somewhat pretty, perhaps a very pretty face, was a totally unbelievable body, extremely and grossly obese. (Perhaps ten thousand pounds; she put an aircraft carrier to shame.) She possessed one incredible secret: She had a terminal tumor, a TT. This was her dark secret; a woman's death song. (She and I were the only people on earth to know this dark bodily secret) After knowing this woman-child, we would *all* be missing the "big" picture.

Time out: Now, Reader, Now!

Cut, cut, cut, damn it to Dante's special hell, literal hell. Speaking of hell, you know the Pope, as "Prince of the Church," could, very realistically, sell everything the church owns, the more than trillion dollar's worth of art, a *real* tribute to Jesus Christ-forJC would sell the "church" to feed every child on the planet, cover all-exposed heads, and make happy everyone of all of the species dominating the water-world.

I would gladly give everything to do such a thing; I would die, but not quite a death. Disappearance, if you will. His death he wanted understood as a new kind: a *real* celebration. You should all tell his lousy jokes and celebrate his new freedom from this "sad sack" water and chemical bag. We were the *ugly bags of water,* disappearing with a very clever act. One of many scenarios could start World War III, with hardly enough

time for the president to commit in any military way to slow it down and shut it off, with certainly an unacceptable death count: Dante and his inferno, an idea that never received the recognition and praise it surely deserved.

This is a very stupid and rationalized bag of shit, with lies of turkey stuffing, spicy, filling the empty stomach with more emptiness, an impossible search for what I am and hope to become, to evolve, to expand mental powers with the fabulous and very hush-hush GATEWAY TREATMENT, a treatment I refused, finally, to hand over to the good old boys in defense. What? "Milk of human kindness?" Where is the "milk of human kindness?"

The world has dried up at the tit! So what else is new? Wake-up call? We are sending it. We have been sending it for goddam years. This race: Trouble in River City. Why can't your ear permit the sound to enter, the sound you already hear but to which you give not a name. Why can't you react to protect the children?

Is it, after all, our greed, being unable to see, both ahead and on both sides, the desire to argue and fight, and be the winner every time, simply megalomania? Are we non-perceptive self-seekers?

The time is coming soon: Listen to me, slowly. You are growing very pleasantly tired, your eyelids are becoming heavier and heavier, you want to simply drift off into a deep and very pleasing sleep, eyelids very heavy. You want to sleep; you are feeling incredibly good, something like getting high, some incredibly new and wonderful sensation.

You are the sensation, feeling incredible, ecstatic feelings, better than making love, (safely) yes, better than sex, better than any drug you might take, or a combination of the aforementioned substances, legal or illegal, licit or illicit, certainly a new vibration, even orgasmic in nature, but a very long and sustained, at least seemingly long, orgasmic kind of pleasure, but more than that, something spiritual, something more than all of the pleasures you have ever experienced, almost, just almost the crest of a real and unimaginable mountaintop where there seems to be the purest, sweetest oxygen you've ever had the good fortune to be given.

Wake up: It is time.

Ah... MAN, HU MAN, he fights enemies that are on his own world, there is no "global village," or citizen of the whole planet. There, before us, the way is held in a suspended manner, a stasis; we fight each other, we desire power over others, we care first that ***our*** needs come first. Money and power. What seems so dubious is that we admire loyalty! We admire ethics. We admire our intellectual advances. Yet, we kill the planet on which we must, at least for a long time, remain!

Conspicuously successful in the smallest things, constantly glimpsing,

but missing the big picture. Everyone wants to reduce everything to its molecular architecture, to see and chart the tiniest of particles and their courses through existence.

But we miss it because we are reductionistic. *Never* have we questioned the halo over science's head. It hovers there as we so viciously pretend our eyes are wide open when we are, in actuality, masked, self-blinded little people stuck in our smallest of problems, believing them the biggest. (The word *savage* must work itself in here, too. Savage, yet tender.)

One big puzzling paradox is the equation of the HU MAN, and let us not leave out the WO MAN... Unfortunately, the equation demands solution; yet, so many factors must find their place in this so-called "human equation." *Now* we hit a bit of a snag. What are all the component factors? Where in the equation do they rightfully belong?

And so, with Ellen, it was recurrently and regularly a verbal fencing match, she playing the wall and I the pole, a wafer-thin thing I was, flat as a board, invisible at certain angles.

It was "take what you need to get what you must; you got what you had to get." And "dream along with Ellen Greene; dream a dream of Ms. Greene; dream the not false dream that you are not where you belong." Not so simple to say "alienated." Easier to say: "Out-Of-Towner."

Creation is the tender joy of existence.

> *WARNING! INSERT ARRIVING: FLASH! IN TRUTH (The New White House ploy; spontaneous (and well-rehearsed) demonstration): FLASH! HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS CLAIMING CITIZENS POWER OF ARREST OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES; FURTHER DECLARED: PRESIDENT IS FIRED FOR HIS LACK OF FAITH IN THE CONSTITUTION THE BILL OF RIGHTS, THE REMAINING AMENDMENTS TO STAND AS THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY, UNTIL NEW, UNIVERSALLY POPULAR AMENDMENTS MAY BE FASHIONED! (Please! If you believe this a happy land and free, just ride a bus across the great land of used-to-be america-yes, first letter in lower case for a very good and noble reason, just ask the *Native Americans. "*

(This is a state of sleep-deprived writing in what was once so very popular a style: stream of consciousness. Sleep deprived authors are very, either good or bad-think of Jack Kerouac-and sometimes very funny, yet deeply felt. The "Deep Movie Department"... "Do you remember the time we all loved to read books, yes, *books*, and they let us down?" People like J.D. Salinger... Immense changes, always at your

side, begging to be given a reality of their own.)

Ellen and I verbally fenced. At times, and for private reasons she seemed to hold of high import, she loved to let me win: She would say: "Touche!" or "Oh my, what a witty retort!" She also enjoyed my shy modesty and took more than a passing interest in trying to open my fly (in Europe, they meant business: few flies, only buttons to rip open with their teeth), constandy saying that I was "a bit of a dilettante, bashful, humble, and coy, all at the same time, with a more than slightly swollen and bruised ego." Her responses were always very a la mode.

She was also (twice said, very significant sexually) very fat. More soberly, like about 900 pounds. Again, about my fly, she needed a little "access hole," to know it was there, to think perhaps it might come out to play, an uncertain security blanket, surely "as mad dogs and Englishmen..." (Noon-day sun can boil your blood into vertically ascending gases, by the way, rising to meet the clouds of heaven. *I must be heard. There is so much at stake here on Sol Three)*

Ellen Greene once had a mother. She was a vaguely modern woman, a "kook," if you will, absurdly and obliquely versed in the worst of 1950s "modern" psychology, whatever it *really* was, sending back questions, waiting for the arrival of unearthly thought and behavior. Carol Greene, mother to Ellen, ex-wife of Harry, best girlfriend to Wanda, secretly and not-so-secretly her part-time lover: This Carol Greene accused me one day of being a repressed homosexual! Now doesn't that just "lay you to whale shit!"

"Just what do you mean, Mrs. Greene?" I asked, not altogether insulted. (To my mind, woman with woman, men with men, seemed an exotic proposition; perhaps because I just couldn't imagine it. Not that I didn't want to..imagine it. After all, it was a lifestyle to which I was still unfamiliar, but even in the fifties, I simply couldn't see it as a pathology, just a very unpopular miracle of *difference.* Beings acting the same way, "Hello, how are you?"

"I'm dying of cancer!"

("Good to hear it-see you soon!")

"You haven't any of the normal desires of an adjusted boy of your age," she replied. "You seem to have no wish to entertain a sexual adventure with my daughter."

"Adventure?" I asked, genuinely bewildered, and then seeing the humor. "If it's an adventure with Ellen, all of Ellen, then I'm not repressed. I'm *overt,* Mrs. Greene, I am out there with every man who ever lacked a hole!"

"You should leave this house for that one, young man!"

Ellen jumped into the conversation like an extra-heavy military tank, like a troop transport, like an aircraft carrier. "Mother! He's just being

cute and sarcastic. If he goes I'll have a fit. I promise you!"

The vague, modem mother again: "Oh, you are just so very sarcastic. Pm sure you're in an *identity crisis,* Michael. You are referring to her problem, of course. And I do not like the way you refer to her problem."

Again I was genuinely curious. "Which one, Mrs. Greene, which one?" Mrs. Greene, in effect, dismissed my existence with an impatient, squinting, Freudian eye-her other eye was Adlerian. I *distinctly* told Ellen I did not want to see her again. And she did have a fit... A *big fit.*

Chapter Six

Moving One's Ass with a Confused but Happy Heart
or
When the Fat Lady Sings Your Songs
or
All This, and Lights in the Sky, Too

Heading toward home, slowly, ever so slowly, toward a home not on a map. (I really hope this will be the last of the songs, the last nightmare. Still looking for the lights, the living metal conveyances.)

Engrossed in a disquieting walk to synagogue, I passed Ellen. So thin, standing sideways, invisible to Ms. Greene, the younger, next of kin to chaos. No touchstone here. And, yet, a kind of order.

Rabbi Seymour Stone's study begs description: Wood panelling; musty, musky smell-a delicious smell of thousands of old books, seeming like millions, books climbing three of the four walls, thousands of framed degrees on the fourth (exaggeration seems appropriate here: after all, I was thirteen)-let us say many degrees and many organizations to which he belonged, proud enough to display all, humble enough to recognize that people listen when they see many degrees, an interesting kind of humility.

He was a very intelligent and learned man. Ellen several times swore up and down on three Bibles-one Old Testament, one New Testament, and the Book of Mormon—that the rabbi was "only just the fifth most brilliant and important Talmudic scholar on the *entire* planet!" She would not tell me who the first four were; she said I would have to find out for myself.

Into an aroma, an aromatic mist of biblical *mystery*, entering, or rather insinuating myself, into the room in an abject walk of apology came the spastic adolescent gazelle and profligate Jew-me. Arriving in spiritual disorder, with a kind of Hebrew king's abdication look in the eyes, I was nodded to a soft and dark leather chair, and rather like a myopic basketball player, I dribbled my small glow of inner disharmony over to it,

and sank, like one cheek at a time, into the chair's deep padding.

Rabbi Stone, Talmudic scholar, eyes looking into mine, walked to a chair directly facing the one I occupied. He sat and took what I presumed to be immediate, and scholarly, notice of my condition.

"What's wrong, Michael?" he asked with as much compassion as the circumstances seemed to call for, at least a rabbi's compassion. (That deserves at least a master's thesis, perhaps even a doctorate.) One could also say his personal style was erudite, thus lessening the compassion factor.

(The compassion factor is not naturally given: It must be won through ethical development. A little like the *love formula: Take the times you think about the loved one, subtract the number of times you think about yourself and if the remainder is more the loved one, and less yourself, it is love,* and true love does not come along very often. You cannot possess love-it belongs to itself.)

"Nothing," I said. "Nothing at all." A solitary and isolated tear worked its way from my right eye (I was right-handed) to my chin and clung there, evaporating, but ever so slowly. It is very embarrassing to have a tear clinging to your chin, knowing it can be seen and trying desperately to hide it. A chin with a tear, clinging tenaciously, cannot be avoided and tends to make its way into the conversation when people really look at each other, something that rarely happens.

(Ellen once told me I possessed top-drawer, top-notch eyes.) A tense few minutes passed with no words from either of the room's occupants. There must be a physical law which states that no more than one tear may occupy one chin at one time, but that would be in the realm of theoretical physics, or physical principles. One tear rolled to one chin; two cannot occupy one chin-another physical and personal hypothesis.

After a few minutes of intense, distressing silence, I counted seven tears fall to my shirt. I was slouched in the chair. (Everyone was always telling me to "stand up straight")

Ellen would say that "the entire scene was simply too rococo and hard on the modern belief system." And she pronounced rococo with the accent on the final *o*. Funny. Orson Welles pronounced it that way too, which means she now has two things in common with him. I understand, however, that he was dieting. She was not-she called her problem "glandular." Yet I never witnessed her do more than take a cracker, or two, or three; she must have been eating on the "QT" She did mention that the "taking of food is enchanting and really aesthetic." When I looked quizzically into ***all*** the space she occupied, she clapped her lips thunderously, "Well, it is!" (I wonder where and how she is now.)

The rabbi moved, or edged forward in his chair, a volcanic look in the eyes, lava rising to his tongue, and spoke words shrill and sonorous and stentorian ***and*** blistering.

"You are crying!" he roared.

He had affirmed this fact with deadly and precise marksmanship. I came quickly to the conclusion that he had discerned, by way of an ambiguous smile I flashed into his vicinity, and the seven tears, something imperfect in my life. The time for a nearly proper confession had at last arrived, and I cautiously moved in on and grasped that little time sequence. "Rabbi, I'm a spiritual mess. I am in a religious quandary. A religious dilemma, like a kind of heavenly quicksand..." And my voice seemed to trail off into a deafening silence.

"Yes?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered. (I wanted to growl, to shout, to vomit out the word.) He seemed to grow a bit more placid.

"Tell me about it." He smiled one of his after-sermon smiles, and leaned back in his chair.

"Okay, I'll try to do my best...which will probably only scratch the surface." I leaned back in mine becoming sick at my stomach, a strange feeling of twitching spasms. "I have no knowledge of God."

"You are claiming to be agnostic?" he asked, mildly irritated.

"I'm claiming nothing. I still want bar mitzvah."

He seemed relieved. Big smile sent forth to eyes and lips, and a slight, ever-so-slight, jerk of nose. "Bar mitzvah is for my parents only," I continued. "The doubt and burden are my own." (*Shades of Egyptian Secrets or White and Black Art for Man and Beast-2,* little known book I picked up. Or did it pick *me* up?) Dilemmas I could not then control were like little sick faces swimming around my head and stomach, and grimacing.

"Bar mitzvah is very serious. It is your ascension into manhood." The smile disappeared, and anger emerged again; no, oozed from every part of his physical being. In another way, it was scholarly anger. Oozing? Could have been garlic. Could have been.

"I'm very serious, too. Let me speak, and hear me, please," I said, as I grew ever so slightly brave, in the sense that I was in a batde I *had to fight.* There were no options, no pull-down-menu, as it were, so to speak, just no options.

"Speak!" he commanded, leaning forward in his chair. A single vein stood out in his forehead, almost escaping skin. I looked at his bulging vein.

"I don't know how to say it. I don't know how to put it."

"Try!"

"Okay, where do I start this long explanation?"

"Just begin!" Two veins now.

"This God, this world, they come forth in barren territory."

He was somewhat impressed. Only a very little, but it was readable. "Where did you read that?"

I searched his face, even when turning, for another enlarged vein. The temple, maybe?

"I didn't read it, I *said* it. May I continue? Please?" My stomach was

churning black bile, the symphony of a spastic stomach. Even esophageal pain, running up and down, with a double hiatal hernia...gross reflux. The rabbi nodded. He embodied a slightly emotional scholar/ teacher, on guard.

I opened my mouth to speak; more noisy silence. Hard to get the words out. "Well, let me think of the proper way to say it and put dissident words together; phrasing can pull a lot of life out of me. It's very difficult to exhume and disclose something so very deeply buried. But I'll try..."

"Try hard."

"I have to try hard. Words seems almost impossible vehicles. I just feel so very strange so much of the time, almost as if there were something buried alive, encased in a sealed coffin." (The coffin of my heart, Rabbi Stone!) Short pause for emphasis, then Michael's mouth was taking off again, long runway, long way to go, very long way to go, but then my mouth was off in flight again. Turbulence every second. Wanting to vomit out the words of darkened bile.

"Something in my past, yes, bills for sins delivered by grocery clerks, but still cloaked and for the largest measure, not apprehensible, not at all lucid in any way. Definitely not amnesia, but deliberately buried." I paused for effect and thought through the word groupings, words grouped for maximum impact. "And there is a decaying process, and the decaying is giving off a smell, and I smell the odor, so I know something is buried. And decaying." Opaque memory, and severely swollen clouds.

"Forgive me if this seems disjointed. I came from somewhere. I came peacefully. I surfaced one bright day, and I perceived chaos, and those clear waters were layered with slime. I hope I'm making myself clear."

"Not very." Another twitch of the nose.

"Good, because I don't know what the hell I'm talking about anyway. Except only that it rings true. Something will come and entomb these thoughts. I will lose them, but they will be replaced. This is no dementia, make no mistake. See me as I am. This is a lack of knowledge of God; this is a lack of God Himself. I know. You're thinking this entire preamble to what is to follow is crude and sketchy and immature." I paused for a beat (Will it play? Does it play?)

"Don't tell me what I'm thinking. Just continue."

He had caught the beat. Point-counterpoint. "Okay. Preamble aside, introduction finished, completed, and now on to the fleshy part. Here goes. To climb into yourself qualitatively requires the knowledge of the quantitative escape routes."

I was gripped suddenly, seized with pain. I rose from the chair and ran. I threw up on Maple Avenue, very near the right rear tire of a parked Volkswagen bus. I could hear a voice coming from very far away, yet I could grasp neither the words nor the thoughts.

Chapter Seven

Sir, You May Not Have Noticed, But Your Zebra Has No Stripes or Spending Time with a Person Nothing Has Ever Happened To or Nausea Marathons Lead Not to Enlightenment or Throwing up Can Delay a Bar Mitzvah

It was vaguely recollected, nearly a week before I was able, both in an emotional and physical sense-the latter because it was just over three days that my nausea and puking marathon lasted-to return to see the rabbi. He had telephoned my parents' home every day, displaying concern, and when I listened in, a very well-camouflaged, but familiar, to me only, sense of anxiety and tension.

Yet, after his great performance for my mother, I sensed a very slow and heavy sense of determined resignation. It seemed to hang in his voice, I recall, perhaps somewhat like an imagined speech pattern in a very old and tired sloth on barbiturates, hanging from a quickly melting horizontal icicle.

I was once again motioned to what I eventually was to assume to be my permanent dark chair (throne?) in an eternal holy war, the fighting taking place on the sacred field of accepted biblical law. After seating myself in the cocked position ("lock and load"), oiled and ready to fire, I discovered, not completely to my chagrin, the rabbi fingering and pulling the trigger of his own weapon.

I was, in strict fashion, instructed to explain fully the anatomy of the blood-letting performance I had created a week earlier. I would begin. (A worthy start, Lancelot. Just don't forget the contraceptives on your

crusade. There are far too many wards of the court as it is now.)

"Now please, Rabbi, don't misunderstand any of the little things, puny things, things I'm going to say. I really don't mean any of it." I paused to think religious thoughts. (Was it really just that simple: pause and think biblically?) Ah, yes, pause, think religious thoughts, and reload. Lock and load.

"Then why do you say them?"

"Say what?"

I could no longer hear him. Drifting thoughts produced the following: "Now, Carpenter, wouldn't you have to admit that your popularity hasn't exacdy been *soaring* lately? And I just happen to know that India's just produced a Holy Man, and perhaps may be planning one for the future, just as soon as the dust setdes, so to speak, on your affair. You know, Josh, we are aware of things now, not that we possess all of your advances, but how the hell do you think we built all those pyramids? We know you are from another world. You are humanoid, aren't you?

"Really, Joshua, the rest see it all as wonders they cannot understand, except those originating from a singular oneness, the *one* and *only*, the *force*, the *entire universe*, if you will. Hey, J. LEVITATION. The last progenitors left us a battery. Yeah, a friggin' *battery*. And the mathematics; we've always known the principles and the facts, yes, *facts* about the power of the Out-Of-Towners, the Messengers, if you will, but the people. You have done it! You've rallied the people. They don't have to know it all. We're the *government*. We know *best* what's *best* for the people. They don't even read, for Messiah-sake!!! Technology? All they know are miracles.

"So don't mess up, Josh. You've done so well, so much better than those who came before you. You are the *sunlight* for the masses. You're good for them. Just stay humble. Your Father in Heaven? Your father on *what* planet? What planet is Heaven?

"It's the great spirit of the whole of everything. It's the *bigpicture*, Josh! And you've given them the pieces to put together. Ethics, morality, the highest sensibilities the adapting HU MAN can achieve. But it has to be a "no frills" flight to the kingdom. The levitation was terrific! The sense of drama, of mystery! Boy, do you have it all!

"We're so proud to have you as one of the best spiritual leaders. You do your race a great honor. You do us a greater honor! How can we ever thank you enough? You've reinforced the Commandments, and now you're about to give us the Second Covenant. But to the common man? You understand, we have to question you. You already told us; we must believe, then disbelieve, then believe again.

It's the plan of our great progenitors, our makers, the makers of *the* Adam, *the* Eve. I'll be damned if *evolution* ever holds a candle to *your*

inspiring words, and the incredible acts that preceded you.

"You set it up so well. Now back to the public audience. Now, in front of the people gathered outside and the insiders: After all, this is for them. They'll never really get the *spiritual* part. Okay, Guards, not a word. Let the people in; let the scribes in; let them all in, centurions.

"Josh, we'll get it in one take and it will play. *It will play.* Always the miracle of indifference. Now, Carpenter..."

Chapter Eight

The Popular Miracle of Indifference
or
You Must See with Better Eyes than These
or
This Really Plays Well

Sometimes the position in which you find yourself renders you complacent, smug, and you can't seem to jump-start yourself into that ever-eva- sive state called "being on a roll," where words seem to flow so fast that they put themselves together so quickly that you needn't look at the paper to check. Just proof it. This is not always the case. It is the miracle, the popular one, of indifference.

Now, Carpenter: You have arrived with warning and storm and a personalized hot wind. And to think I was about to allow you to build my house! Just kidding, *great one.* You know, the Jews will never change. You could take a good lesson from that character, John, the baptizer; I think they called him something like that. That silly business with the water. Most thought he took leave of his senses, poor fellow, until you came along, and got the dunk-in-the-water bit.

Look at you! Smiling! When your *life* is at stake! (This is strictly for the audience, the non-readers, the ones who do not sense the technology. They think it's magic, or *miracles*, if you will. They know you are different, though. They know that, thank the good universe and the great wisdom that is its consciousness and guide on this awesome road to the *great eternity)*

No Big Bang theory will ever hold up for long. There are too many unifying forces, too many of everything. And there are infinities for men to toy with when they reach that stage of understanding. What is it that guy said? "All the world's a stage..." and the stuff about "fussing and strutting away their few hours..." Whatever. That goy was so right! I mean

that guy was so on the mark. Privately, we know you can see so very far into a *vastness* we have yet to seek and strive to even *dream*; to dream the dream of men of future times.

Can't you see? That's what he asks, deeming it appropriate for the time frame, the belief system of his world, a dreary, inaccurately recorded sequence of events; for the sake of history, they are the event horizons, and each year or time frame after, reconstructing a terribly inaccurate sequential dream that man calls *history*.

Look what you've tried to improve. Have you improved it? I can answer that. *You have not*, Mr. Messiah, and let me tell you that you're getting precisely what you merit. Can't you wipe that silly grin off your face? What is it you know that we do not? I tried with great commitment to understand you. After all, you are not a common criminal, nothing about you is common. We've all tried to understand, haven't we fellas? ("Yes, yes," from the fellas, orchestrated, but very convincing.) You know, if all your kind of people were added up in the very uncertain future, a tally taken, it would not be uncertain. The sum would be just *one* conviction, *one* belief. You are believers in pain. You are outrageous and excessive. There is no middle-ground with you.

What do you think you know that I don't know? (For effecting what we want the masses to know; the masses are asses, and only we know what is good for them to know.)

FLASH-INSERT: KEYSTONE, TOUCHSTONE. MIRACLE OF INDIFFERENCE.

(Why do you smile so? What? You say you would *love* to build my house? Ah, funny days...)

"Sometimes," I continued, following the thoughts, after an almost permanent pause, "I have to listen to the sound of the words, like a kind of musical phrase, and for me, and the music, it is the first day of school. It will be then that my meaning will become clearer for me. It's really very funny, Rabbi. And it's sad, too." Another, but much more brief, pause.

(Now, Captain, isn't it true that you've recently run into a little, shall we say, credibility gap, with the crew?)

"I'm not a rebel, Rabbi, but I cannot conform to values that I know instinctively are not my own. And please, don't get me wrong on this: I'm not baiting you. I respect what you represent. I respect your *office*. But I must say what I feel, no matter what. I must say what I feel, even if what I feel is still in the stages of growth. Far too many people are shore-side swimmers."

He seemed, for a rabbi, excited, rather like a cautious snail exceeding a speed limit.

"Yes, I see the analogy. They don't swim far enough!"

I pounced on him: "No! They don't even get into the water!"

"Michael, what do you want?"

"I only want to know what's going on."

"You know what's going on. You're preparing for bar mitzvah. What more do you want?"

"I want out of this," came the whisper from the skinny little kid in the dark dueling chair. It was so very hoarse a whisper.

"WhatT

"Nothing, nothing, nothing..."

There seemed a great moving, mounting yet very loud silence in the room ("I am your Truthsayer, my Lord"), now darkening at the windows as the sun could not help but drop low in the sky, creating a resting place for the night, for the night had to come to give these duelers a rest, and perhaps, a new perspective. A new pause came into being to vividly demonstrate that being in the dark chair had initiated an exit into himself. No eyeball movement. All sensations were of the internal footing variety.

"Michael, you are a most unusual person. Yet for one or more reasons, you hide yourself from me. I know you aren't shy. Reticent you are not. You speak and I hear a strangeness in your voice. You are a very complex individual. You know that, don't you?" he said in assenting tone, acceding and resigned to the pop of doom he saw within me, and without. (Azrael, the angel who separates the soul from the body at death, Oh, Israel.)

Enormous heaviness hung in his voice, like the smell of his study. The knowledge was there but he had yet to put it together. I tried to smile; he tried to return the same but could not. It looked more like grimace, but not smirk, not sneer.

Pop! There, the coy angel of death, little prince of terrors becoming little king of terrors. Agonies of men whose thoughts would become a reality (of sorts), thought to reality, thought *as* energy, body bag of water, but filled wondrously (flaw and cleft and again, pop!), elegance unadorned; and coming soon from your *CATCHERS OF HEAVEN: A TRILOGY:* discourses on time and space, temporal rifts and the Big Bang never really happened, along with the usual bagatelles, particles, morsels, trivia, and traces, both logical and illogical (logic, as we think we know it, breaks down thunderously, or loudly, on the sub-atomic level. So ready or not, I am flushing *this* toilet. By the way, never blow bubbles if your head's in the toilet. I will try to avoid the scatological banter. I will not, however, try to avoid the sorcery, for it begs to be heard, if not learned. If you read further into this misery, you will find its symmetrical brother, ecstasy, no, *ecstasy of mental expansion.*

I wondered what he was thinking. Probably more than I was ready to handle at the moment. The rabbi continued slowly, with a deliberate focus on my being.

"You must speak to me, Michael. You must tell me what it is you see. This is the only way I may gain access and enter your world and find out what it is that causes you so much pain."

LIFE IS PAIN; ANYONE WHO SAYS OTHERWISE IS SELLING SOMETHING.

He continued, but clearly, slowly, "If a spiritual problem exists, we might be able to work it out together, you and me, as a kind of team, and then perhaps..."

"I'm retching my guts up, and you want me to define *shadows*?"

"Yes, Michael. That's exactly what I want you to do." (Shadows and ghosts: There are five, perhaps six thousand million people on this planet, BUT there is only *ONE GOD*\ I wonder if He is lonely. I should imagine so.)

"Rabbi, shadows are, by their nature, not easily defined."

I felt a quite intense, creeping pain, irreverently gaining easy entrance to my stomach. I labored with expected and familiar difficulty, to control a rather non-scholarly desire to clutch and grab at my agonized flesh, to squeeze and squeeze, to vomit up my religion, or lunch, or both. Ah, funny day...

> BOTH? ROSES ARE RED; VIOLETS ARE BLUE; PM SCHIZOPHRENIC-, AND SO AM I! BOTH?

The rabbi continued, as rabbis so often do.

"I want something definitive from you. Today, Michael. Today!" A rabbi's demand.

"Ellen, you know Ellen Greene, she said that people will evolve to a point where they will lose themselves, cease to be separate and individual striving persons. Some God-awful kind of continuing mass. A continuum, perhaps. Way far into some kind of uncertain, highly structured mass of energy and sameness. A future that cannot be imagined. She says 'Terrible!' And she may be right."

> NBC NEWS: TOM BROKAW: "MORE DISTURBING NEWS ABOUT AMERICA'S CHILDREN: more DISTURBING news about ALL CHILDREN" (i.e.; the ENVIRONMENT, FOOD, and SUICIDE: I N C R E A S I N G !) "WALL STREET DOING WELL..." "Assignment; Endangered Earth..." POSTSCRIPT (There should never be a post

> script): AND A BIG ONE GETTING BIGGER-MUCH TOO BIGGER: Human Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome. Bio-engineering and genetic medicine are the two research modalities that will eventually cause it to cease its rather unique reproduction; yet, there will be a great number of patients taken before such an event horizon.

"I want something more than conjecture, Michael, and something more than fantasy."

> "THAT'S NIGHTLY NEWS FOR TONIGHT!" TWENTY-THREE MARCH 1992... Now, back to the 1950s, where it all began... or 1941 for the exact date... same time, "bogies, UFOs, etc. in the sky... secret treaties, never ratified as the Constitution requires..."[1]

"Michael, can you hear me?"

"I can hear you. More definitive, more conclusive?"

"That's right, Michael. I'm waiting, Michael. Michael?" My dad flew a B-29; saw bogies all the time. He was stationed on the island Tinian during World War II! *They* are real; *They are* here! Plutonium from Tinian, from Tinian to human skin and death...wipeout...sad...cry...tears dry...from the aftereffect of the heat waves...say...cry...cry some more... tears dry again... They are here; they are real.

"I want to go home. Please, Rabbi, can I go home now?" I was sweating heavily, and my stomach hurt very badly. I thought I would vomit right there in his study. My mind was on overload.

"That is not a very good idea now, Michael. Please, listen to me. Definitive? Yes. Conclusive? I don't know whether you are ready for anything conclusive," the rabbi said, beads of sweat erupting on his forehead.

He said, "I want something more than your little voyages of fancy with Ellen Greene and something more than the aching in your stomach and your little godless rebellions in your heart. People who think as you do are believers in pain, nothing more. Just pain, and more pain."

He continued, so very uncomfortable, and he squirmed in his dueling chair for the first time, at least that I had been able to notice.

[1] The Greys, originating on Reticulum Four, called the Reticulians, have agreed to treaty terms with the government of the United States of America. MAY GOD BLESS THIS FORTHRIGHT AGREEMENT, AND GOD BLESS OUR BELOVED EARTH.

Chapter Nine

Go with It Kiddo
or
The Songs of the Changeling
or
Pavilion of Ecstasy
or
The Pure and Aseptic Halo of Mathematics

I shifted in the dark dueling chair in the Rabbi's study and thought I would lose control of my bowels. I forced the cheeks together and held back, saying, "Thank you, I'm glad you have the moral strength to tell-"

"I'm not quite finished, young man." There now seemed not one thing scholarly about the man. "You are outrageous!" (Seems I've heard that before; Mr. Carpenter-King heard it, too.)

INSERT: "THINGS ARE ONLY IMPOSSIBLE UNTIL THEY'RE NOT!" (Great saying. Try to find someone who believes it.)

"Yes, Sir. I am outrageous. I am. I am."

"Why are you smiling? Don't you see that your spiritual life is at stake here? Can't you see? Can't you cease your smiling long enough to see I've tried so hard to understand you?"

"I know you have. I know you-"

"What do you think you know that others do not? Why do you smile so much? There should be no reason to smile so much."

"Oh, *that*. I just thought I might like to smile a few times every day, until I die. It's a positive in a world of negative. Sort of like striving for balance, Rabbi. Aren't you a believer in pain?"

INSERT: Pain is only the little *killer.*

"It's getting late, Michael. Study the record I made for you, the record of your Torah readings for your bar mitzvah. Study and memorize it. It's getting late."

"Man invented time to cage himself," I had intended to mumble, but said in a rather absurdly audible voice, lips pursed, but trembling.

"'Man invented time to cage himself.' Where did you read that?"

"I didn't read it. I said it. Everyone wants to know where I *read* what I *sayl* The statement is mine. It belongs to me. To *me*!"

"Okay, Michael. Man then, has knowingly and deliberately put himself into a cage, into captivity, into confinement, into bondage, if you will, by inventing time. Isn't that a little flimsy standing next to the concept of freedom, one of man's most basic of drives?"

"That is the contradiction in the equation of man. Man to me, Sir, is a self-captive, a self-domesticated animal, a small well-fed fat one, straying from his house, his cave, only for food, for a crap, for a screw-an imagined pavilion of ecstasy-rapture, but so short a span of true time, whatever the hell *that* means. The buried bones of his court jesters, and the little cozy noises they make, yet only from the warmth of the home, the noises of freedom, and his divine right to be an individual, making his own choices." I felt decisively out of breath, and a little ill, and hurt.

"Don't take personally what I said about it getting late," he said, with a tiny piece of apology coating the sharp edges. "We'll talk as long as you like. I won't be the one to cage you. You'll be free to roam. I've already allowed you that freedom."

My stomach seemed to throb to the cadence of his words.

"'Free to roam,' Rabbi? Yes, right. I'll be free to roam in the cage, Sir. In the cage. Roaming in the cage with a sage. How much better can one do than that?"

"Do you dislike me, Michael?"

I did everything I possibly could to suppress an almost hysterical, uncontrollable guffaw, including thinking about the saddest moment of my young life, but couldn't really think of one, and firmly holding my right hand over my mouth. The spasm soon passed, and I took in a very deep breath and said with all vulnerable spots sequestered, "My spiritual house is crumbling, falling down direcdy on my head, hurting, hurting very much, and you ask if I *dislike* you? How could I possibly dislike you? No sarcasm intended. If a cement foundation is weak and your house collapses, do you put the blame on the *carpenter*? No, I don't dislike you. I really don't think I could, even if the desire and reasons were there. It's strange and peculiar and funny, Rabbi. Nothing rational about it, but I sometimes feel like a comrade toward you. Really funny. Almost like a contemporary, and this is really out of place here, like a peer. I mean it, Rabbi, I really mean it. Can't you see? You must see with better

eyes than those." I paused and presented him with one of my more endearing smiles.

"Stop grinning and go on, Michael," he ordered in stern fashion, yet softer now, the old, warm scholarly flush returning to a formerly volatile set of facial muscles; even the stare a bit more relaxed.

"I was not grinning. I was smiling, sir." Again I initiated what was soon becoming a ritualized kind of dance of the buttocks, shifting cheek to cheek (I'd say a bit too cheeky for the rabbi).

"I'm going to say something that perhaps you may take as unusually cruel, but I believe it is crucial to your development, both" (Both? This word seems always to hang me up by my thumbs, as I twist in the cold wind, tears running from *both* eyes)...

"spiritually and emotionally. You have made of your intelligence, cleverness, and humor, a tool-a tool designed to forge a great wall to shelter that inflamed and enraged and acrimonious little ego of yours. And you will commit yourself to loving G-d..."

(Capital G, dash *d*. Let it never be said that Michael acted irreverently by writing the name of the Most Holy in a negative word-lashing.)

"...when, and only when He Himself extends a personalized, engraved invitation to join Him for celestial discussions, perhaps even *policy* making. What, at this particular moment, fills me with such revulsion are those extraordinary hostile feelings you seem to have for The Almighty and Mankind..." (not for the children, is my thought at this point in his verbal assault) "...some sort of blame you seem to be throwing in His direction, daring Him to come to earth so that you may war with Him. How dare you presume yourself to be *All-knowing*. How dare you presume yourself to be His equal!"

"I am sequestered from all life, Rabbi. Oh, Rabbi. Don't you see that in some mystical way, in some sort of way, I am His equal, that we, who love Him so very much..." (Personally, I do love Him MORE than I believe in Him!) "...we *all* are, that He wants us to be *in* Him. I must be really screwed up in my thinking, sir, because I believe that *all* people know they are *in* Him, or know it at least on an unconscious level. At least. Or *should* know. It just seems so natural to assume this as part of my developing belief system."

I paused only for air; it seemed I had scored some points. I was intent on pushing for an undisputed victory, motivated by a strange force I sensed but did not at all understand.

"I firmly believe that He desires me to be His equal. One can love and hate an equal, but not some remote and distant force, some fierce and avenging invisible monster-father, who will punish you if you don't finish every bit of food on your plate because people are starving in Asia. Don't laugh, sir, please don't laugh. Don't even chuckle or grin or giggle or even smile."

"Pm not laughing, Michael. And don't try to be so cute with your bucket of synonyms. This is a very serious situation."

"Spiritually speaking?"

"Yes. Spiritually speaking. Go on, Michael. Please continue." New veins were standing out on his forehead, yet this time, with discretion.

"An avenging God is essentially the kind of God many people believe in. It's frightening, that's what it is. Very frightening. If I were God, and so far, I haven't received any offers, but if I were God, were in His position, looking over this miserable and distressed flock, I think I would puke between heavenly duties in the Firmament, the Eternity that is beyond all understanding—THE I am that I am *UNIVERSE*-I would be sick at my stomach.

"What in hell is wrong with people, with this species called *human*? Why do they thrive so well on dim dreams and vicious circles and uneasy breathing? Humans are the only animal that kills in anger or for sport. There are many who never cry, never a tear shed, perhaps during an entire span of that particular life. Better they cry; for it is only this way that they will know their hearts are really alive.

"You speak of Michael Wolf," I went on, "tooling around with his brains and wit, while other people are forging protective walls-at least they think those walls are shields from the Fires of their lives-the hurting fires. And for what gain? For what profit? To hide an ego, trying to kick away the shields, the walls? No. To hide their gloom, and their pain, and their disappointment with the turn of events. So much so that they say they believe in fate, in preordained lives, very much outside of their little circles of control. And I could write a doctoral thesis on those counterfeit egos.

"Now I have no hot little ego. I just play at having one. It's impossible to have an honest ego in this world, and that's why we're taught to deny it, to abandon it, to push it off the nearest mountaintop, and finally, to deny ever being intimate with it, of ever having known it. Egos are always suspect, always elusive, intangible, always hairy. Egos never tell the truth, or can be depended upon. Egos distort, and egos are naughty, and in the world, egos need to be spanked by the clergy, the sadistic clergy." Again, I paused only to take in air and reload for another salvo. I would have at him: "Is my vision so sick, so vile and wicked, so disconnected with the world that it blinds me to the world? Is Michael Wolf, in some so-called reality, the insane singer of lies, his big Jewish mouth secretly dispatched by the Vatican for the sole reason of getting back at the Jews for at least helping to murder Jesus Christ? Which they did, by the way.

"Is Wolf a ***plant,*** a spy for the other side? I'm tired of all the games. This isn't sportsmanship, and this isn't cricket, if you will, my dear

Rabbi. Again, I'm tired of these games. In grand style yet, and coming from popes and communists and rabbis and mothers and fathers. Wow!"

I felt nauseated. And sick, too. (Rabbi, I will be most pleased to convene the boys, the good old boys, and make the declaration that the Jews had no hand in our Lord's demise, that is, if you would consider lending a helping hand by letting us in on some of your more successful fundraising methods. You've always been so very good at it.)

I took in a very long breath, hoping, but in vain, trying to place a well-positioned kick in my own self-complacency, a breath that would eliminate my physical discomfort. "Please excuse me, Rabbi. I've got to get the hell out of here and right now! I can't seem to breathe easily, and I think I'm going to throw up, and I think I'm going to diarrhea, squirts and trots, if you get my meaning."

"Michael," he said almost with an almost inaudible and indistinct particle (sub-atomic, where all conventional logic breaks down) of sympathy (a little sympathy, but never for *this* teacher, empathy only), but just a smallish particle, never factorial for a logical equation, "You must get this *poison* out of your system."

"Poison?" I asked.

"Poison," he answered. (Oh, for Victor Borge's phonetic punctuation here, now. Very difficult sounds to translate into words, but I did so wish I could...do so...at this particular point in time. Oh, how much like a Burroughs adding machine he sounded, but without that junkie's sense of doom and sexual despair.)

"Michael, you have to get this poison out of your system."

"Poison?"

"Poison!" (God, how old is Borge now? He was old then, but a very *fiinny* old. I suppose that he was once a young funny man, but it is so difficult to conceive, to envision that particular kind of youth. To fall off a piano bench while young is funny, but when your reputation is at a high point, it's absurdly funny; it's a hysterical belly laugh. There are those who counter laughter with genuine sadness, but they forget one powerful truth: Death is easy; comedy is hard.)

INSERT: How many agents hearts, theatrical and literary, could fit in a bellybutton and still have room for a lifetime of lint?*

"Your physical problems may be a reflection of an emotional kind of poison and-"

I interrupted, almost letting go of my lunch, "I just thought I'd run right home..." (where is my real home?) "...and get something *else* out of my system." (No scatological intent in my mind, although it was extremely tempting to insinuate fecal fixation.) "It does seem more or less

pressing right now. Really, Sir," I said as more or less sincerely as I was able, under the existing conditions. "Really, Rabbi, I'm not pulling your leg." (God forbid.) "I am sick."

"You're sick like this all the time. Please don't use it as an excuse to avoid emotionally frightening situations. Go, but I want to see you here tomorrow after school. Okay, Michael Wolf?"

"Okay, Rabbi Stone. Oh, boy," this last utterance easily below the hearing level. Oh, boy! I thought. Oh, boy. Eyes that are the windows, eyes that are the view, eyes that are so sad. Are they yours, my beloved other-brother, SA? It's just too heavy for me now. My thin back cannot carry that much to the printed page, and survive...

Have I any blood on my hands? And if I have, is it my own?

Chapter Nine and One-slash-Two (1/2)

A Continuation, For This is the Place
They Asked Me to Place It
or
Poverty is the Worst Form of Violence
or
The Only Demons Are the Ones
Running Around in Our Own Hearts
or
The Scoundrels Shall Be Found Out and
They Will Be Us For We and Only We Have
Deferred the Honorable Dream

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest, yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum..."
"Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream..."

We all do, for a block of time: Eyes that are the view, and on to the dream deferred. I have to return to "Nam" for a small time frame. I was called "The Triple Threater," apparently because I was a flight surgeon, a counter-intelligence officer, and a command pilot. My stint was, at least, a short one. There were squadron photo-recon missions, and when I could do it alone, so keeping my pilots out of harm's way, there were solo-recon sorties.

I met a soldier, clean-cut, benevolent, almost twenty years of age. Maybe. I discovered that this young soldier was stealing my antibiotics, my plasma, my intravenous saline solutions, not to mention my precious

Ringer's Solution, and a med-supply tech sergeant major was in league with this young thief. Clap three times and here are, also in alliance, three Vietnamese nuns. But you cannot clap enough times to produce the orphans these "conspirators" were sheltering, healing, and teaching.

I will say his name here; but, I must ask myself upon reflection, "Does it matter what his name was?" John, or Paul, or Sam. Didn't matter. Not one goddam bit.

Why, sometimes, would a child deliberately choose death? I cannot believe they choose death unless someone makes them want to. In helping the children, I found out that all of Vietnam was one big deal. To create a miracle was no sweat. (Already I am forgetting dates, like when Lt. Taylor expired, and I said I'd rather pass on the toxic post mortem, as he not only OD'd on enough "barbs" to kill half the VC; he, after taking the fatal dose, wanted to be certain and blew half his head off with a .45, standard issue.)

I was also forgetting how to cry, but something always happened to remind me. At certain times, I found crying preferable to getting stoned and missing a spot of reality.

I must say, however, that "John" always found something to trade when he wasn't pilfering my supplies, to keep his charges alive, well, educated, and...laughing. Laughing was something Vietnamese children were terribly good at, and I do suppose, crying, too. I must say, this soldier performed exceedingly well, making all these deals, obtaining money—American dollars, the best money for getting the best-from his own pay, from his parents in the States, even from my own wallet as I pretended not to see.

No clearer vision existed than my feigned blindness to his acts of mercy. I was only a flight surgeon. Due to the fact that the boss's brother- in-law was drunk at 5:00 A.M., I did special favors *for* special favors, and I kept silent. (I wasn't yet "the yelling man," but I would SOON become him.)

Even if I did remember names, I would not say them. I had a talent for holding on to secrets. I'd rather remove by hand a fecal impaction than tell a secret, and in telling same, hurt someone, *anyone*.

God, it cost just three cartons of Kool cigarettes for a week's rice, clothing, blackboards, and chalk for the children. Oh, how so really beautiful were those children! Yet, it was a goddam nightmare for these very same children. John, or Paul, or Sam, whatever his name was, used to say, they, the children, "belonged" to the sisters, but they did not; all children belong to us *all*, and we were obliged to save the children.

When I shall call him "John"-when his buddy died at the beginning of John's tour (Why in hell do they call it a "tour?"), his buddy made John promise he'd help. The head-sister said, "We shall wait for your

help, since your friend's death has created an 'opening' for someone new to help us help the children. Personally, I wish you'd hurry a little faster in making up your mind about becoming our helper, our boss-man."

I was often able to create time, free time to help these children; but, I had to travel without my rank or command wings attached. Once I was arrested by MPs and brought before their superior, who was a sergeant, and who knew me on sight. He was black, so it was a virtual certainty that he could not turn red in the face and expose this "little secret." We both enjoyed a big laugh after he dismissed the men who arrested me. When we were quite alone, he produced a marijuana cigarette, and we smoked it together and howled at the moon. The moon was worth howling at, just about most of the time.

TIME FRAME SWITCHEROO: "What does it mean, Dad?" I said, eleven years old again.

"It means that your mother and I can't live together anymore." He seemed very sad, yet I was advanced enough in my thinking not to accept the stupidity of guilt by association.

I could smell the cough syrup on his breath. He, my *dad,* always carried a bottle of Terpin Hydrate with codeine in the glove compartment of his car. Funny, but looking back into the darkness of the past that was my past too, I do not recall him as a chronic cougher. Oh, he would occasionally roll down the window of the driver's side of his car, cough up a mouthful of phlegm, a "gobber" I would later learn when in the U.K., and shoot the glob out into the street. Then he would reach for the cough syrup. A generous gulp.

Then maybe he would stop at a restaurant for a spot of dinner and take his "medication" for an old back injury, suffered during the Second World War, leaving him 75 percent disabled according to the government, for which he collected his monthly disability money, his "monthly payment and reminder," even though he "didn't need it," but taking it because it was "our nation's symbol for gallant service and suffering." My father said he was hit by ack-ack while piloting a B-29; my Mother said he had fallen out of the bomb bay doors while the plane was still on the ground.

After dinner with him, I'd get a bit sleepy, but I'd receive a lecture- he would be very high-, a series of warnings, verbal armor bestowed upon me, so that I might "accept with strength the harshness of the years to come."

He would talk, and talk...and quite elegantly. It was several years before my singularly obtuse mind discovered and recoiled at the alliance between his "medication" and the verbal overflows.

One night, as we sat in his car, with him very stoned, he looked up through the windshield at the starry night, and said, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, way up in the sky *so* Atgh... just like a goddam light bulb!" We both laughed and it was so very sad.

"That's pretty funny, Dad."

TIME FRAME SWITCHEROO: It is the sadness, like a magnet, pulling the sorrow of the youth to the melancholy and despair of the war.

At times I'd have so much to do, working all night on the children's supplies, then checking the pilots due to go on "special ops," I'd pop some methamphetamines. As a neurologist, I was forced to do some general medicine, some flight surgeon stuff and other absurdities loosely termed, "Mental War Techniques (MWTs)." My connection to the "black market" was for the children only.

Occasionally, a knowing kid would give me a Newport, knowing that it was my first choice of cigarettes. John moved the nuns and some newly added kids-there was always room for extra kids. In a way, the extras were the flowers of new information on how many new locations contained how many new orphans for which we had to make room. Although we never had the room for more, John and the nuns, would *find* or *make* room from *no room*. There was magic in these young people, the kind of magic I prayed they'd never ever forget.

John gave me a pack of Newports to "borrow," a pilot's bus and my personal jeep and driver, who was, of course, in on it too. We all smiled and laughed a lot, laughing perhaps to keep back the enormous rush of tears. I'd say that was magic!

They would borrow the bus and jeep and driver to move; it was many times that, with extra children, of course, they all needed to find another, larger location, like a bombed-out small hotel, usually a real shithole of a bombed-out building, but "quite a beautiful and dazzling place," a better word for their new home, and *da&Jingwlas* the word for it, once they'd fix it up.

I think I shall have to stop here, for a moment at least, for the tears are making blurry the writing.

Sonofabitch! Why did John's friend have to up and die on him, and leave in his will, this ever-expanding orphanage? Though it was peopled with resplendent flowers, children with a capital C, dazzling and forever growing with the magical gift possessed only by children. The gift might be bliss if there *is* a word to describe the enchantment that *only children are* allowed by this universe to own and to give.

I almost addicted myself to speed by trying to do all of my so-called official "work," and find hours, especially when the bombs were falling, to lay against a "safe" wall, and try to take perhaps more than a dozen of these beautiful little people into my arms, to cuddle and shield from the hellish noise of war. The only so-called "constructive and beauteous" worth and merit and quality of this stinking, small (yet too, too large for the children) and totally meaningless war, the only thing dazzling about this war were the most beautiful children this war made *homeless*, but *not less loving*.

I once said to John, "The only way to get help for the children is to *break people down to their humanity f'*

Chapter Ten

Presenting the Looker, ANON SA RA, Prince
or
The Identity of the Changeling
or
As If the Tears Could Heal
or
Shape-shifting Unbounded

INSERT: Tm increasingly tempted to make these chapter titles grow in length and meaning. What is meaning? What ancient Greek said something about "When you see it, look at it and then ask-what is it about?" What is seen (you see) as its meaning! Length should be no problem then; not socratically, because truth, in this school, is elicited by repeated questions, assumption being made that all truth is already in the mind. Redundancy becomes length, and growth appears through repetition.

What a bunch of drek! (shit). It follows, therefore, that we say, "That's a pile of shit" As in, "They said you were not worth a bag of shit." And I said, NO, no, you *were* worth a bag of shit. Even more than that. Okay, got it off my chest. You see, I am giving you the daggers, the darts, the knives to throw into me. So throw, please. Just throw. But *know* what it is that I'm throwing, idea-wise back-atchew. (Back at you, yes.)

TIME FRAME SWTTCHEROO: There existed a rather meager, but welcome, interval of what one could refer to as "comparative peace" during my pilgrimage from Rabbi Seymour Stone's study door to the temple's outer entrance. I moved in a relatively easy fashion down dark steps and through a long dim hall to the final exit. Something in the shadows

Sickness began a return engagement in my stomach (or my soul, either being appropriate and befitting the curious circumstances), my stomach muscles twitching in a kind of standing ovation to the cause of the anxiety. Yet there seemed to be something in the shadows that seemed both new and yet familiar, causing both distress and elation at the same time...

Stepping out somewhat weakly from the high wooden temple double-doors, feeling nauseous, heavy in body and heart (except for the feeling of a presence, something like an "invisible" apparition, which elicited an inner delight of unknown source), a massive, fleshy image that was Ellen Greene suddenly and rudely accosted me.

"Hi, Michael."

"Hi, yourself, Fatty. What are you doing here?"

She sat heavily on the temple steps. "I just happened to be passing by, and I saw you coming out."

I planted my hindquarters next to hers, all of hers. "What are you doing here?" I asked somewhat indifferently, yet I felt strangely curious. I sensed an unfamiliar excitement in her, in the air. It seemed honest to me.

"I just finished telling you! I thought maybe you'd walk me home. I'm just a wee bit frightened." Her breathing was accelerated. She lifted all of her off the temple steps and made a few experimental moves in the direction of the street. "Never mind what I'm doing here. Just walk me home, and I'll tell you something that's absolutely staggering!"

I rose and followed, walking in her invisible footprints. "Knowing you, I'm sure you will."

"Don't be cute, Michael. What I have to tell you may very well be cataclysmic!"

"Oh, really? New Jersey sinking into the ocean?"

She frowned from ear to ear, a gap rather like the Grand Canyon—no, too large—rather more like a tributary mouth of a very large river.

"You are graceless, Mr. Michael Wolf, Mr. Smart Ass!"

"I'm a regular maverick, Fatso, Miss Aircraft Carrier!" So it was that Fatty and I walked off into the raw Garden State night. With attendant splendor, stars were jammed into the darkness in grand, arctic profusion. Was the darkness between the night's lights "matter," too? Dark matter, as opposed to just space, as in outer space? (Where do we fit the "lack of logic" in the worlds of sub-atomic particles and their tracings? Sometimes we are forced to prove the existence of particles on the subatomic level with only their traces. Now say "good-bye" to classical reality and be prepared to have all of your belief systems, which you believe are logical, destroyed on the sub-atomic level. You have been warned! Visionary changes prevail.)

INSERT: Suddenly I received a mental telegram: THE INVOCATION OF MELDING MOOD and RADIANT RAINBOW MELTS. STOP THE POETIC PASSAGES MUST BE READ ALOUD AND READ TO SOMEONE WHO CAN HEAR (or who reads lips to PERFECTION). STOP THE STUDY OF THE ART OFUSTENING. STOP. END TRANSMISSION.

"Michael," she began, again with accelerated breathing, "I have something to-"

I interrupted what I thought was coming next with, "At this moment I'm afraid I'm quite sick in my stomach. You see, Ellen I'm presently entertaining this very persistent little pathological bug in my intestine, and I'm quite certain that this same little bug believes he's found himself a home in my colon. It's very annoying, you'll have to admit," I said with a slight air of detachment, in a somewhat low, throaty jet-setish mocking kind of voice, with the usual characteristic almost-thirteen-year-old selfassuredness.

Mooncalf Wolf and Bigfoot Greene continued their voyage, turning their respective selves in the direction of a nearby large, dark park. Together, they were almost unafraid.

"Michael?"

"Yes?"

"Do flying saucers exist? Are there such things, do you believe?" she asked, her mood unusually intense.

"I think so. My dad flew B-29s in WWII, and he and every other pilot were convinced they were real. Yes, I do believe they're real. Why? Seen one lately?"

She blasted the word out like a rocket: "Yes!"

Sonofabitch! Where? When? The first response was accented on the last syllable: Bitch! (Was it Heisenberg who gave us "sonofabitch?")

"Over the goddam temple. This afternoon! Doesn't the Air Force say they don't exist?" she asked.

"Flying saucers are real. It's the Air Force that doesn't exist!"

We reached the dark park, truly two of life's astonished children. I sat down on the grass and looked into the bright-with-stars sky.

She followed my lead, breathing rapidly. Almost without taking a breath. "I saw a *real* one! I saw a flying saucer!"

"When?"

"I told you! This afternoon! Michael, I have a minor confession to make." She paused for emphasis. "I sort of followed you to the temple. I thought you wouldn't be as long as you were, so I decided to mount a slight vigil. Well, it wasn't more than a few seconds after you went in—"

"What did it look like?"

She appeared to be savoring, or rather chewing on a delicious image.

"Oh, it was simply wondrous and terrifying! Both at the same time. It was grand! I thought at first it was Venus. You know how bright Venus gets!"

"Oh, yeah. Venus gets very bright."

"Michael! You can't say two goddam words without some goddam pinch of sarcasm!"

"How do you know it *wasn't Ve*nus?" I asked, trying to purge all desire to slip some sarcasm into the words to come from my throat (heart?).

"I just know!" And she wasn't defensive.

I'd never seen her so sure of herself before. I saw a new change in her, a new self-confidence. Yet she clung rigidly to a cliff of rage. Almost. "How do you know?" I asked. The cramps in my stomach had won- drously turned into butterflies, and for a fraction of the smallest measure of time, I felt the rhapsody of the first feeling of springtime. And some kind of "love," it was.

"Venus doesn't get *larger*, you dope!" The last part she exhaled from her elephant lungs and I, being so thin...was almost sucked into her windstorm vacuum.

I wanted badly to counter her confidence. "A plane's landing lights get larger!" (Said like a snapped rubber band.)

"A plane's landing lights do not sit still in the sky. A plane's landing lights are not single, hovering, then descending to a lower altitude, then hovering again, right over the temple!"

"Let's get this perfectly straight, Ellen. You are telling me that a flying saucer sat still in the air, then dropped a little, then sat still again...*over* the temple. Is that a correct understanding of that little bomb you just dropped?"

"That is a correct understanding. You know you're a dope, don't you? It appeared a few seconds after you entered the temple and vanished a few seconds before you came out."

"Appeared and vanished?"

Ms. Greene seemed a little cross with me. "Mr. All-seeing-all-stupid. It appeared, sat in the sky over the temple for all of the time you were *in* the temple, Mr. Clod, Michael, the Stupid, blind to the obvious. Then it moved lower and hovered-"

"Hovered? What do you mean...hovered?" I was baiting her, a cloaking of my own fear, mixed with excitement, somehow butterflies in the stomach, and it wasn't even spring. I recognized, vaguely, fragments of memory, pieces small, returning. I thought, almost mumbling the word, name, "SA," but found myself hearing my own word within my ears, my mind: "There be tigers here!" But not saying it, not verbalizing, yes, interior verbalization only. I was frightened and thrilled both at once, electrified, and beguiled. There was a presence, but it came from some deep place inside of me.

"Yes, numb nuts, yes! Hovered in one position, did not move for all of the time you were in the temple, then vanished, streaked up, and disappeared, dissolved into the black. That's what it did. That's what I saw. I'm not embellishing this, even though it was poetic in a sense. But, just a few seconds before you left the temple, by that little door with the light bulb of light, that funny looking door, which was the servants' entrance when the temple was the Ballantine Mansion. You know, the carved wooden door."

"Vanished?"

"Yes. Vanished."

"Into thin air?" I asked.

"Into thin air! Damn it, Michael, don't you listen?"

"Let's just suppose for a moment that what you say is-"

"Let's just suppose nothing! I told you what I saw." She was speaking in that language of hers called staccato: Bang, bang, short bang, short bang, long bang, long bang... "Nothing more, nothing less. You are such a nitwit for even intimating-"

I cut her off again. "Oh, Ellen. Okay, how many other people saw this phenomenon?"

"I didn't think to interview anyone."

I exuded a counterfeit apathy from the visage I assumed for this young lady. She didn't look at me, however, and the two of us walked and stopped periodically, thinking thoughts that sure differed from one another. We were both sealed into ourselves, very private thoughts, differing, and remote. I felt suddenly transported,[1] but to where, I had no realistic idea.

"Yes, but this thing, this light, or whatever it was..." (and I was pretending; I sensed something authentic and undeniable) "...it must have been seen by someone else besides you. No offense."

She smiled, "None taken. I'm sure others saw it, too."

"Ellen, I think I really believe you."

"You *think?"*

"Okay. I know I believe you. Okay, okay?" I felt so very strange, eerie, but deep inside I knew there was something. If only it would come out into the light. If only it weren't so misty. The mist visitor, it was, and I knew somewhere inside of myself that I knew it very well, that it was even a part of all of me. What a wonder it was to be young and be presented a mystery!

"Okay?!" I asked, finally.

[1] Shut away with no logical thoughts. Transported with no rational, no reasonable, judicious thoughts. One thought only:

"Duel is over. I won. Okay," she said with a triumphant voice, not as offensive as I would have predicted.

A heavy promise of restlessness, of uneasiness hung in the night sky, brightly in the black of night, with an extraordinary force I could feel, strangely offset by a warm, inviting magic that made my heart pound with excitement. A mysterious and adventurous blessing had stood this night over the temple, over one skinny kid, caressing his imagination, pulling him away from a boring earthly reality and existence.

Somehow my mind connected to that missing twenty-four hours, when my parents had thought I was hiding in my basement laboratory. Actually, at the time, I believed I was in bed through the whole ordeal, yet my parents said I was nowhere to be found. They had called the Orange, New Jersey Police Department. They told me I was not in my bed, nor anywhere in the house.

They took me to my cousin, who was a "GP" (now they call themselves "internists"). He gave me the once over and found nothing but what looked like two "scoop" marks, one on my right leg near my foot, and one rather large, healed scar on my arm, like a deep cut of a sharp blade, a cut that had not been sutured. He asked why the arm cut hadn't been sutured. I told him I never was aware of it.

It frightened my parents. They would not tell my why. It frightened my physician cousin, too. He wanted to open the scar and suture it properly; but, for some curious reason, I felt he must not cut into the scar. He X-rayed it and said there was something beneath the skin, and when my mother asked me why Cousin Lester couldn't reopen the scar, and remove whatever very small object there was, just under the scar, I almost went crazy, and exhibited such histrionics that she felt it better left alone.

My mother knew I loved medicine and loved seeing procedures done on myself and couldn't fathom my strong reaction against my scar being opened up again, to reveal whatever was beneath the fleshy, raised scarification. I just knew it must be left alone.

I found it curious that this memory returned after Ellen's story of the flying saucer hovering over the temple. I had almost all but forgotten the events of the missing time. I was beginning to remember memory that had been hidden, and I smiled. I was beginning to remember the magic of a home I still could not thoroughly put into my own reality. Not entirely. Yet, parts were beginning to fit together, and a lost memory was rising to a higher degree of consciousness.

Yet, I still had a journey to make, and I found myself so much more confident in the making of this new pilgrimage.

Chapter Eleven

THE BETWEEN Children
or
How Much Must 1 Do to Get a Ride Home?
or
Do You Still Remember Me?

In another static moment, I heard a voice coming from a far dark hidden place: "Time is coming soon—1*11 find you." Suddenly the voice became many, moving to and into my ears, one by one in slow succession, in slow sequence, and in resplendent order. I could feel only a sense of belonging, of ecstasy, and at last, a proper placement, an indisputable home. I felt I was going home. At long last. I thanked the great God. I continued to hear the voices. Some I knew, remembered. I thanked my people.

"Come off it now, Ellen, your lava's flowing down the side of your personal volcano, this thing is just too hard to accept," I lied.

"Michael Wolf! You couldn't see the truth if it stood in front of you and kicked you in the balls!"

"That's really perceptive of you, Ellen." I finally stood up and began to walk, but slowly, each pace like a half-answered question.

Ellen followed, bouncing several paces behind me, maintaining the distance. "Are you at all aware that you're an ogre? Has your dazzling intellect picked up on it yet?"

"Oh, boy. What can I say to that one? Ellen, your knives have all been sharpened. I stand as the perfect target. Throw them. All. At will." I could make excellent use of her staccato method of word sling-shoting.

Silence and cold night compressed the space in which we moved. What really seemed so different, so strange and bizarre, so prescient, was

a very creepy feeling that a rather large contingent of butterflies had been added to the general hostilities in my chest and stomach, accompanied by stinging periodic discharges of adrenaline.

"They're watching you, Michael."

"Who's watching me, Ellen?"

"The people up there! They're watching you, Michael. That's the reason for that thing hovering over the temple."

"They might be watching the rabbi," I said, desperately trying to lighten the situation, make it lighter and breezy and funny, and *I knew I could not.*

"Doesn't work, Michael. Doesn't work. I know they're watching you. You!"

We continued across the dark park. Frosted grass crunched under our feet, more of it under Ellen's. "Then I must presume you're psychic, Ellen."

"Well, it just so happens that I had a very prophetic, futuristic dream about you. And I had it more than once. I had it at least seven times, and you know seven in Hebrew is the magic word that God, Himself, hears before any other word. Seven. Shiva!"

"Oh, boy, Ellen, don't get Him started. So you had this dream more than once. Did you wake yourself up, and have a pen and notebook at your bedside to note details?"

"It just so happens I did!"

"And what, my dear, do the oracles say?"

"You left earth in a spaceship!"

"Oh, *that* dream. I know that dream. Don't tell me the rest. Let me remember. Let me guess. I know that dream." The last sentence I said very quickly, as if to get it over with. I understood, remembered, perhaps the latter word was best, a particular matter, but not entirely, for there were too many gaps in this cryptic and shadowy scenario, and the plot was unfolding much too quickly-

Suddenly time felt as if suspended. My inner feeling was not of fear, but I felt it luxurious and seductive, and though no time had passed, I had become sensitive to events that had begun to find places for themselves in a chronicle, an account of that which was also my life; a kind of layered existence it was. I continued to strip off the layers, finding only that there were so very many more to go, to find the endoskeleton, the spirit^ and the spirit's story, to be, for me, unconditionally understood and unspoken and unfettered as though it were fathered by an "almost" unknown first cause. Yet, it was a source of which I possessed a great "becoming" knowledge, a very personal evolution and I called it THE BETWEEN.

"I know that dream," and I said it almost as automatic and autonomous as a heartbeat, almost unknowingly. THE BETWEEN.

"Good!" she said, with a smirk on her face. (Where did she-oh, yes, time was no longer suspended. I had returned.) If you knew Ellen, ever saw her, you'd know how huge her smirks were.

"Then tell me about my dreams, this one that recurs almost every night! Tell me about it, Michael. Tell me." Smirk, smirk.

"Okay. Here it goes. The aliens kidnap me as a toddler, or maybe while I'm just a little pre-bar mitzvah tot and-"

"God damn you-"

"And take me to their planet, because I'm a prince and need to be crowned. My *real* alien father is the king, Ellen, so that makes me a prince of the planet I be prince of the planet. I be him. You see, once upon a time in the galaxy, there was this little baby prince born and—"

"I said *God damn youT*

"Oh, He has, He has."

She overlooked my last utterance. "May I tell you the dream now? Or will it upset the rhythm of your bullshit nastiness?"

We reached the end of the park. I, drowning in the cold; she, burning her fat. With a sloppy leap, I cleared the wooden fence bordering the park. She decided to pass up an attempt to duplicate my effort, thus somewhat gracefully circumventing the clear opportunity for an olympic-like achievement; she moved quickly to a pedestrian opening some twenty or so feet away from my jumping point.

We walked one block further in silence, then took a left turn onto the street where she lived with her mother, younger sister, and Samoyed. "This be where we part company, Ellen," I said, rather flatly.

"Don't you want to come in for a teeny minute? I haven't told you my dream yet. You must be curious."

"I haven't told you about my tremendous love for your goddam mother yet, either. She thinks I'm a goddam homo! Besides, I know *your* teeny minute."

"You're not old enough to be a homo!"

"What's it got to do with old? Old! I feel like I'm a million years old. Besides, I'm *latent,* she says."

"She didn't say that. And if she did, she's full of shit!"

"Cross my heart and hope to die if she didn't!"

"I don't believe she said that."

"She said it, Fatty. And if I goddam tell you she said it, you can be goddam sure she said it. You can stake your goddam life on it! You hear **me, Ellen?** You understand the goddam truth I am throwing you to gob**ble** up?"

She did not answer. Genuinely shocked, she could see my dark, serious side showing. "Teenage boys do not like to be called homos! They

take it very seriously. Or didn't you know." I always tended to understatement. Besides, what did her mother know?

"I can't believe she said it. She knows we fool around."

"No one ever takes me seriously. I can see me dead in some goddam cemetery with goddam landscaped waterfalls and goddam pine trees. And beneath this fertilized, deodorized soil lies one *dual* man. He died of a broken heart because no one ever took him seriously! I think I'm going mad, Ellen."

"There's nothing to be angry about," she said, sofdy, soothingly.

"I'm not angry, Ellen. I'm crazy."

"You are not. You're as sane as I am."

"That's just what I mean. I think I'm crazy." I sat again on ground and cold.

The sky was darker now than I'd ever seen it before. Dark between star flashes. God winking and stars dazzling me with the promise of going home. All the way home. I sat on Ellen's street, with Ellen, in front of her house. I had to say something. I took in a very deep breath. "Did you know that Lana Turner was born in Wallace, Idaho?"

INSERT, SPECIAL: Why does a majority play the same game, with the same rules, while a minority of players secretively continue to quietly change the rules, never telling the majority that the rules of the game have been altered? (Is it that the majority can never win?) These are important questions. They be substantially momentous:

Why can't witches, and let us not leave out warlocks, jump-start their brooms anymore?

Why is sex with yourself the safest? And why is it so boring?

Is it the height of stupidity to look for the horse upon which you are already riding?

Does a bitter life allow you to feel a sweet one?

Why does it sometimes seem only to rain on presidents?Even more so, those presidents not possessing umbrellas at the time it (it?) decides to rain?

Where did Captain Midnight go when his series was canceled, since you can still buy Ovaltine?

Why are landowners called "lords?" And others of a different sex (the other sex, actually) called "ladies?"

Why does the sun rise, then fall?

Why do people want peace so badly that they'll fight to the death to obtain it?

Is death safe? It is, perhaps, one of the few really safe things we must have happen to us.

WILL THAT MAN STAY THE COURSE?

What is the course?
It's the passage on which he's progressing. Then of course he'll stay the course.
Ah, then there is one answer to all the questions. Of course!

Colonel Wolf?
Hey, that's my name, too.

These are the questions and answers that plague all of us existentialists.

This is dedicated to the ones I love. All of them. To all the people- slash-playmates inside of us: We need never fear them, for, it is hoped, the children shall be the ones who will lead. Yes, they will lead, and then, perhaps only then, the answers will not be so elusive.

The voices continue outside and inside the mind, and if we are fortunate enough, we will find the gifts that will insure a viable legacy for the children. This is the only important scenario left to me, the only thing that will continue to tie me still to this world.

I am so very tired of hearing these vaguely veiled excuses, the ones that do not *include* the *children*, the opaque and unclear extenuations and justifications that fasten, affix, and bind me to this place *my* people call "Sol Three," or "Seven"—depending on which way you enter the solar system-this too quickly murdered mother of a world. She is bleeding profusely.

Aren't there enough messages yet? The crop glyphs?

To imitate your Self is a danger to your health, and to listen to your dreams may bring on many visceral screams, next of kin to chaos. Remembering the face of wet teeth...

Chapter Twelve

To Jump-start a Soul
or
How Do We Live When We Know What We Know
or
Time is Coming Soon, I'll Find You
or
Staccato Footsteps in the Night
Leading Only to the Beginning
of
THE BETWEEN

A mere twelve years ago... It is 1980; almost two decades from the new millennium. I have but just, a year and seven months earlier, received the highest security clearance, having been debriefed and newly briefed on something I know far more about than my one superior. I report to him; he reports to no one, *no* one.

(Friends have said this Trilogy is a "bad career move" and "you'll be boiling in oil" if you "go public" with this Trilogy. Though it be legal in the strictest sense of the American Legal Environment, it is, they said, like "lasing a stick of dynamite." It is not a kiss and tell book. It is more like a *kick* and tell book. I have formally and knowingly broken a "legal"(?) vow of silence. This Trilogy is written only because I firmly believe that people have *rights; They deserve to know!* I do not seek forgiveness. I swear eternal hostility upon those who would rule the minds of men.)

In a so-called "free" society, the right to know *must* exist If a man sees, hears, and feels, he cannot be told he did not see, he did not hear, he did not feel, for this is the "Tyranny over the mind of man." This "Tyranny" *must end...now.* Humankind badly needs a kick in its complacency.

OPEN,
BREACH,
CLEFT POP,
IN THIS FISSURE,
DOORS,
NEVER OPENED,
OPEN NOW,
STRAIGHTAWAY.

"Star-Love" is a new word that I have coined, a new word (only now do some discern it) which is the first *post-detection* extra-terran protocol. (If a man says this is science fiction, even *good* science Fiction, or bad, then he is a fool. If a man sees something that touches him, he could still be a fool, but rather less of one. Please know one thing: I, personally, will never physically benefit from this Trilogy. And this is not mere confession. I am trying to do this, but I shall soon die, or depart, one way or another, so this will have to be my best shot.)

If certain government employees know, why then has the electorate been kept so thoroughly in the darkest part of the dark? Is it so hard to announce that this government has been keeping a big secret? Well it has been kept. One "little" part of the whole secret is that women and men have had what will soon become widely known as the "Abduction Ehcperience," or the traumatic "Missing Time Experience." Think about it. I truly do not believe it is in the best interests of the people not to be told this, and I think all of you can understand why...

The extent of the blindness overcomes me with grief, deeply—for a population so uninformed in the so-called "age of information" is most astonishing. (But, maybe, it is not too astonishing.) I am overwhelmed with the knowledge that the majority of global citizens are deliberately kept ignorant of what is happening, what has *been* happening since the beginning of human history.

Cooling pieces,
we know.
having found
short sight,
too long a
wait for one-
who has it;
sign for bait,
to trap a spirit,
put it in a cage,

it sings not to escape
the bounds that
tie it down.

Let the poem give me peace...
be not

vexing,
nor hidden;
I say,
please.

Will it drown? Engulfed with the smothering quality of love? No. For love is sufficient unto love; it asks not, nor will it be asked; love cannot be commanded, nor will it command; love will not exploit, nor will it be exploited; love exists only for love, for it cannot be possessed. Love is staccato footsteps in the night; but, with a heavy foot, love is too often smashed. Love has no home, no land, no protector, for love must safeguard itself. Certain eyes, turned toward love, are always envious and resentful, murderously looking; like a drumbeat are these same eyes.

Eyes that covet
views iterated,
echoed and renewed,
and refreshed in
infamy
and
shame.

To you I play; but, consider this: How much difference can it make, for the earth around me is in such a state of inner confusion, having been so very thoroughly poisoned by the animal called man. This be not a question. Only that you begin to feel comfortable with me... And I with you.

Charley Lightman reads this and is envious, for he tells me that Fve never offered so much love before this... to you, or to anyone. Most specifically, to him. I did, however. And he should know that I offered the greatest part of my loving existence to my late wife and son. What little was left, in friendship, I offered to Charley Lightman...

"Don't you know who you are?"
"Don't *you* know who I am?"

"No. Who are you?"

"That is most difficult to answer."

"That's easy, Charley. Answer it for me."

He began very timidly, opening his mouth, then pausing. I noticed as I looked at his face that his skin was uncommonly smooth and radiant.

"You are me, and I am you, and you are the third inhabitant of my Soul's House. If hope is alive, I must hope that you will be comfortable where you exist for me, and that you will never leave that place, except to find a good woman and wife, and perhaps a little true love, too." (Bloody bullshit!)

"Nothing to fear. I will never leave that place. Not ever.

"I hope that my fear will end soon. You must know that fear comes to me naturally, as I wonder if I will be able to inspire you to Find the woman to love and marry, as I did."

He smiled weakly, and his mouth opened just enough to beg attention. There were many times, this one of them, that I was completely overwhelmed and deeply touched by his existence and his honesty. I would have those few moments become one of my memories. But, there was the *void* to be considered. There were no words, but he smiled, and I think he knew what I felt. He was serene and happy. And I became serene and happy too. But, in me, too deeply buried, too far below the waters of the four seasons, the four vows, the questions could never have been heard... I wanted so very much to see him settled, married and more than reasonably happy.

> ***INSERT, SPECIAL:*** *Who is Charley Lightman? Why does he enter here, in this private author/reader intimacy, now? Why does this author jump ahead in time and bring this unknown to us, the readers, before we would have encountered him in his proper chronological time frame? I shall have to address this now. Invoke his being from the very near future. Right away. As he would say, "Straightaway." So be it. I surely must answer the door that is being pounded upon, as a loud cry demands entrance. I must acquiesce, I must accede, I must comply with his demand, his screaming to be admitted into my printed life at this time frame, for he is vital to* THE FOREVER, *and time is coming soon, as you will see. It be necessary for him to be here, his presence covering, with a cloak of inspiration, this entire body of work. I make this toast to Charley, who gently lifted from*

I had met him at one of Desia's parties, and after refusing his apparent overtures (though non-sexual they were; I only know that now), I could never completely extricate him from my heart. Mr. Charley Lightman was one beautiful and dazzling spirit from which I could never disengage, could never disunite. Had I attempted to dissociate myself

from him, I surely would have murdered my own soul. And he would have murdered his. As I needed Sarah, Charley needed Barbara.

Yet how can I speak of him without speaking of myself?

My wife and my son died, and he tried to replace them both. He had to settle for only my son, my beloved Daniel. He needed so acutely a woman to fill him and be both wife and lover to him. (There's that *both* again!)

"Charley," I said with a gentleness that surprised me, "You have a soul for big dreams. I dare you to dream them!" But he was so very frightened of so very little. Yet, I knew I'd be satisfied, for I saw his Barbara in his future.

Cherish not doubt
when your
ears see,
and your
eyes hear;
it is then
that
wholeness
is all.

My mind is filled with so many visions of things that I know are coming. Acts, situations, scenarios, and running with the pack-my running friends advise me to look back with the X-ray first, certainly first before I pull from the continuum, the tachyon, from the Greek, speedy, accelerated, swift, theoretical particles, or even held together as a ray, swift, then faster than the fastest; to speed a quanta of data into the past; to be a warning of what is to come so very fast, so swift that examining eyes cannot see it before it is upon them, and knowing, it is upon me to say it, to be clarifying, to say it to you...

And the envious ones almost smother the view of the sign posts on the circuits and paths to *THE FOREVER* Put in a laugh between the tears. My wife and son taught me that: Okay, I circle in on this business of heaven and hell. I know, pointing straight up, that heaven is not up *there*, straight up above me, because I believe that this planet revolves, and you can go to heaven at twelve o'clock noon—and at five-thirty, you could go to hell. Yeah, hell is to the right. Might be. It makes you want to think about it; where things are, in relation to other things; hell at five- thirty; heaven at twelve noon!

This cannot be the way it is. It certainly cannot be this simple and predicated on a man-invented, human-time scenario. Not only that, but the universe could not exist if we could not know that our world is but

a part of it. In fact, we *think* the universe into existence. ("Stop that, Michael.")

Charley is my new son, at least he would want to be a son, but just a son, and not enough. But he wanted to replace *all* of my family, and this was an impossible task, for one cannot be two, be both. There goes that "both" again. "Both" is the word that turns face up again and again and again... indeed, too many times, it would seem. Again, I must consider THE BETWEEN. I hope and trust the reader, though the intimacy be there, will *know* that this is *not* an example of "male to male" love, for it could never have beckoned me, nor I have followed it.

This is important to Charley's frustration with me. Yet, it will all too soon be finished, and those involved will cry like angels from heaven, "It is done!"

Chapter Thirteen

The Inability to Express Precisely That Which You Must Express Precisely
or
Back to the Dreams that Foretell But Do Not Auger Well
or
Time is Coming Soon, They'll Find Me,

So please come back with me now, sliding back into the past, back to Ellen's repetitious dream of the Michael she knew then, groping for truth, while she was yapping away furiously like a bitch in heat. (The title to be conferred upon her on that particular early evening: "Queen Bitch of the Universe.")

Ellen looked into the shadows at my face.

"No, I didn't know."

"Didn't know what?" I asked, to get just a snip of anger from her. Just a tad, though. More than a tad would likely be bad. Ellen hissed at me with impatient noise.

"That Lana Turner was born in Wallace, Idaho."

"Oh, boy."

"Aren't you even remotely interested in my dream, the same one about you, that I had over and over again?"

"The one on which you took notes when you deliberately woke yourself up to remember?"

"With pen and paper, yes, the very same, Mr. Stupid!"

"Okay, Ellen, I'm breathless with anticipation." I punctuated it with heavy breathing, always the comedian.

"I do not understand you, Michael. You're always the clown."

"Yeah, but I'm crying inside my soul."

"Yeah! Right! Everything with you is a big fat three-ring circus!" (Yup!

Good choice of the word *fat*, Ellen.)

"It's just a protective facade covering my aching spirit. Yes, Ellen, under this seemingly comic exterior lies a very serious would-be scholar, an authentic academic, mortally wounded in his brave, yet futile, battle with metaphysical demons. Tell me your dream, Ellen."

"Okay, but only if you walk me around the block and promise not to clown around while I'm speaking. Be serious for two minutes, just this one time in your life."

"Okay, Toots."

We rose together and began a slow and solemn walk to the end of her street. She began, emphasizing just about every other word. "It was an extraordinary dream, and I had it not once, but many times, and it was the exact same dream. It was incredible. And it was very realistic, too. I can't wait to tell you, tell you all about it, tell you about..."

"Yeah? About what?" I sensed vanity here, but less pleasant than vanity usually inspires the pleasure centers in the HU MAN. Vanity and glory, too much for my more modest tastes, and too much conceptually together, a playing of the "pleasure twins," performing together, inducing no evolutionary excellence.

"I just remembered. Bad, too. But mostly good." She was effervescent again, bubbly, but just a moment before, troubled, perhaps frightened. It seemed to me, as sort of a/motf falling off the wire, not recovering without the audience seeing the momentary, split-second clumsiness and fear in her face; yet, recovering so very quickly as to suggest no trouble *there*. Again, a straightening, then agile, on the wire, not looking down, a dancing with feet hurting, but never losing a beat, and the constancy of the all-the-way-through-it smile.

"You and I were having this really terrific little moonlight picnic on a deserted beach. And we seemed not to talk, but to eat first."

"That figures, Ellen, and I am not trying to be a smart aleck, so don't do one of your famous fits. You don't even have an 'elephant' (Trilafon) with you."

"Yes, I do. I have the bottle in my purse."

"Please go on with the dream."

"I will, only if you'll stop interrupting."

"I'll stop."

"Then, I'll go on. Touche! So..." Ellen paused for me to interrupt, continuing when I didn't. "After eating some of the pieces in a basket of delicious fried chicken, which I made, we lay back in the sand and proceeded to have one of our absolutely absorbing little talks about-I'm not sure-something terribly important, such as the Four Great Vows, or something. Then, just as we began to discuss the complex meaning..." (actually, not complex at all; this is Michael here, I say not complex)... "of The Prayer of the Bell, there suddenly appeared a huge glowing

object in the black sky. There must have been stars twinkling, but the object seemed to stop glowing, and then gave off a bright, white light, brighter than daylight, if that's possible. And then the object seemed to grow larger, as if it were descending until it was direcdy over us, *directly* over WJ! It seemed to pulsate, grow even brighter, and it was like it was *alive*, this *BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT* had a life of its own! We were both starded, and we feared it, and-"

"I did not fear it."

"Yes, you did. Whose dream is this, Mr. Know-it-all?"

"Your dream. Go on, I didn't mean to say that."

"Okay. We feared it but were too fascinated by it to run from it, immediately." She paused for a longer time than usual, most probably for emphasis, for embellishment, perhaps. It was rather obvious that she wished to produce a great accentuation, a great emphasis.

"Go on," I said, a tingling sensation running up and down my spine, and it was much more than pleasant; it was a sudden recollection of something that produced that feeling of the first reaction to spring, or being in love for the first time-true love, that which doesn't happen every day-or something totally without the proper words to encase it, to explain its intensity.

"Oh, it was delicious, and we stood up, both together, both so very suddenly that we both became dizzy as the blood rushed out of our heads. And as we stood there in that almost blinding artificial daylight emanating from below the craft, shivering in our very souls, it began to descend even further. You ordered-"

"Ordered?"

"Yes, you ordered me to carefully back away from the spot where we were standing and told me when I got further away, to run as fast as I could and bring back help. You said you would try to see if there was danger from inside it. Then I started backing away, when suddenly, a bright blue beam of light seemed to come down from the ship, and it enveloped you. And then, from within the bright blue light surrounding you, you *smiled*!"

"I smiled?"

"Yes, you smiled. And then you disappeared! And the ship seemed to almost instantly fade into invisibility!"

"That's some dream, kiddo."

"And it's not over yet, Mr. Stupid! I ran all the way home and—"

"That must have been quite a distance."

"Never mind. In the dream, I arrived home, and I was hysterical, and I tried to tell my mother, and I was sobbing loudly, and it made it difficult for me to tell her. I begged her to call the police. And then I woke up."

"That's it?"

"That's all of it. You expected more?"

"Yes, and I'm very disappointed."

I was just a little bit sarcastic, just a little bit excited, and I didn't know why, but I was more than a little bit thrilled. Something deep in a hazy kind of memory was engendering a pleasant tingling to begin, running the length, both ways, in my spine. More than exciting, it was, it seemed, *profound*, something that you know you know but cannot remember in crystal clarity, but not *deja vu*.

"Michael, do you really think there are people up there?"

"Up where? And why doesn't President Eisenhower know about such very, oh so very, important things? Like it's important to the country, no, better make that the *world*!"

"You bastard! Be serious! Space! *Outer* space! And I would assume that the government already knows but must cover it up. The business, the substance rather, of what's going on in 'outer space,' could influ- ence-I take that back, Michael-would scare the shit out of everyone!"

"Yes, and I know about the Orson Welles broadcast. But that was a while back there, honey-bun. Outer Space? There's probably a lot happening in *inner* space."

"Michael Wolf!"

"Alright Sure. Why not? But, if it were me, up *there*, I wouldn't want to come down *here*."

"Why not?" And she, to my utter amazement, was really quite sincere. She was even touching, in a manner of speaking. "Why not?" she asked.

I looked more deeply into the sky, we were both looking up, a difficult thing to explain how one looks more *deeply* into the night sky. I felt a minor compulsion to sigh the kind of sigh only ajew does well but did not. I didn't feel Jewish enough. I didn't feel *human* enough.

"Be advised, you alien people, that I am, at this terrestrial moment, conversing with a young woman of exceptional intelligence, and she has just extended a rather warm invitation to all of you, listening in, so to speak, to *land* Oh, Ellen. Can't you visualize the *crush* of people here? You think someone advanced enough to travel in space, probably far beyond their own planet, is going to chance a landing in this goddam jungle? You'd have to be either stupid, or crazy, or both, to land smack in die middle of a few billion savages, who are nationalistic and constantly conducting hostilities."

"Savages? We are not savages."

"To *them*. I'm sure we are. Where did you bury your brains today, Ellen?"

"I still say we're not savages."

"Answer for me one question. Okay?"

"Okay, but this better not be one of your intellectual traps!" She stiff- ened, if that were possible, and seemed to be bracing herself for one of

my mental tornadoes.

"Would you accept an invitation to a banquet with *cannibals*?"

She wouldn't answer me, so we walked on in silence. After a seemingly enormous shift in time, we arrived at her door. "Besides, my father said that while flying a B-29 during the war, he, and a lot of others, saw what they then called 'bogies,' UNKNOWNS, my dear Ellen, and he said that they were all sworn to secrecy, but he knew that government would have to cover up the entire subject. We even went to Washington, D.C. about it. I thought I told you before about my father seeing flying saucers when he was a B-29 pilot. Anyway, I concur with you. *They* must be here."

"You told me about your father, I think. Coming in?" she asked. I think she must have been feeling quite powerful with respect to my cessation of the kind of kidding I did so much and so well with her.

"No, thanks, toots, I think I'll just mosey along home. Bye, Ellen."

"Bye, Michael. Watch out for your dreams."

I was stirred. "What do you mean?"

"You'll see."

"Tell me."

"Well, if I could have that recurring dream about you, then maybe you'll do some dreaming, too."

"God! I hope not," I lied. I lied the biggest lie I could have lied right there and then. "Bye."

"Good-bye, Michael. Sleep well."

"Yeah. Right." [1]

I turned from her and moved toward my house. Mom would be mad. Dad probably wouldn't be there yet. Although he determined the number of hours he worked each day, he was always late. A lone tear made a rather melodramatic exit from my right eye (I was right-handed), and rolled itself down my cheek, but very slowly.

Oh, boy, did I ever have a weird dream last night. I dreamt that race and religion and nationalism no longer carved up this world.

Oh, boy, did I ever have a weird dream last night; I dreamt that love, solely unconditional, replaced human nature.

Oh, boy, did I ever have a weird dream last night; I dreamt that a man, or a group of men, could have absolute power, and could not be corrupted by it.

Oh, boy, did I ever have a weird dream last night; I dreamt that mankind finally realized that "an eye for an eye" only served to make the whole world blind; that poverty was the very worst form of violence; that there was no need for one to possess more than another; that the endangered earth must and will be healed; that the only demons are the ones that are running around in men's own hearts. (I was going to say demons

running around in men's bathrooms, but it didn't seem funny enough to draw me out of this grand funk.)

Oh, boy, did I ever have a weird dream last night...

Back,
stand back,
silent on roadway,
run,
fathering the time,
but,
wasting the seed;
turn back,
to some thing,
that will not waste the seed,
that will not waste the time.

Slithering concepts and moonbeam images carried me gendy home that night And there was only one moon in the sky.

Chapter Fourteen

Growing Up an Unhappy Zoroastrian
or
The Struggle between Light and Dark
or
Making Magic in New Jersey (by Leaving It)

My father usually worked late. My mother, more often than not, became irritable because of it, or because of anything else, for that matter. Irritability was, to my mother, as natural as night or day, as light or as darkness. I, too, arrived late, being sent to my room without dinner, which was just as well because I fully intended to vomit at the first possible moment. I climbed into my bed with heavy breathing.

I think I slept; but, if I had been sleeping, the dream and the voices and the strange landscapes were so real that I didn't, I couldn't, believe myself in sleep's arms. I think I hugged my pillow for comfort. I *think* it was my pillow.

A voice I thought I knew conversed with me, but the voice seemed more like celestial song, like a bell, ringing a radiant set of musical phrases. The singing of my bell; Oh, Lord! I am trembling in my life, singing, but tasting the illusion, static, stinging, my world's last season, my last waking nightmare, my bleeding, yet dazzling song of this *bell* Oh, my bleeding song, my bleeding bell. I released what I thought was my pillow and sensed that I was now moving.

"How is it that you do not challenge your years?" someone asks.

"I do, but with economy," I answer. "Who are you?"

"Your economy may be there, but your challenge is sterile and invisible. It will require some enrichment, my beloved brother."

"In you, my silence cannot be heard, but to me it is deafening, a scream from the hills, beautiful green, and two moons in the sky. I live

close to the clouds, you see. I would feel embarrassed, baring my soul this way."

"Do not be embarrassed, my brother. Time is coming soon. I'll find you. In a short space-time event. And I'll *add* dimensions. I am the signature of a virtual particle. You will understand this when you know quantum mechanics."

"My *brother*?"

"Your o*for-brother."

"But I'll be studying medicine, my other-brother."

"That cannot detain you from physical theory."

"What is your name, my other-brother?"

"You know it already. Michael, I invite you to touch the Void."

"I'll touch it. Just please show me how."

Suddenly, in my dream, we were together. I saw an outline that was this, my brother. His name: SA, a blond-haired, blue-eyed youth. We were standing together, and all I could see was this: He smiled a smile like a great, bright-white light flash, burning into my eyes, making them produce tears. I was the teardrop kid with my other-brother, and I knew I really loved this other-brother.

"I'll show you, MIKA-EL."

"Is that the way you say Michael?"

"Yes, MIKA-EL. Would you be more comfortable if I said 'Michael,' the way you hear it said there?"

"Where is 'there?' For that matter, where is 'here?'"

"Never mind for now. We do not have a great period of time just now... *This time.* This is *OUR TIME"*

"Like a Time frame?"

"Exactly. Now, open those teardrop eyes and look and see where we are now, in *this time."*

"I'm scared. Don't let me be scared, my other-brother."

"Come. I will show you, my beloved brother." He pulled my hand, and I opened my eyes. We walked to, and climbed, a little hill. The grass was not green, but a golden color.

We rested then on the ground, side by side and touching and looking down into a field. He took my hand with one of his and with the other pointed down and said, "Life beneath, life above. Is it not a majestic and noble growing, and a clear touching? Is it not for your eyes to see all of *this?"*

"Oh, yes. It is for my eyes." Even though I knew his name, and he knew I knew it, I asked again. "Tell me again, what can I call you?"

"A word? A sound to know me?"

"Yes. Give me your name."

"I have already given it to you."

"Okay, but I didn't get *all* of it yet. What is it again? Please, my other-brother, give it to me again."

"You know it. You just need say it." The name seemed to come from nowhere, and everywhere.

"SA! It's ANON SA RA! You're right. I know it. Doesn't ANON mean 'prince,' when it is entering translation processes."

"I gave you my name and its title meaning. Why is it so alarming to you, that the words were not *spoken*, did not make sound?"

"Are we hearing each other's minds?"

"We are."

"Then you must know everything I'm thinking."

"No, Michael, or MIKA-EL, I cannot hear what you do not wish me to hear. If it is your wish to preserve your isolation, you need only *will* it, and your thoughts will be sequestered, set off and cloaked in silence and celebrated privately. It is *your* power. It is *your* freedom. It is *that* which can never be violated."

"Oh," and I turned over in bed; I think that was it. But I think I was somewhere else, too. Now how can that be? My thoughts answer my thoughts with, *anything* is possible, if you truly want it. Thoughts can create words, and words, events.

I slept fitfully that night and woke to find my pillow soaked with unquiet fear.

For the most part, the next day seemed to be passing without incident, at least until I arrived at the temple. I sensed at once something of the therapist in the rabbi as he gendy greeted me and motioned me to the "dueling" chair. I adjusted myself until I was reasonably satisfied as to the comfort of my posterior.

"Can a person sweat under one arm and not the other?"

"I've never given the subject much thought," he said with a certain but subtle curiosity. "Why? Are you sweating under only one arm?"

"No. I was just wondering."

"Well, how are you feeling today, Michael?" I thought I could detect that he seemed just slightly unsure of himself.

"Perhaps I should start speaking another language. Maybe then there wouldn't be so many problems because I'd be too preoccupied with the syntax."

"Your life need not be a source of problems!"

"Really? I think not, Rabbi."

"What's wrong, Michael?"

"What's wrong?"

"You're always answering my questions with questions?"

"I don't righdy know, Rabbi."

"And you're a smart-aleck. But I sense you're hiding your sadness with

comedy and sarcasm. And I think you're unhappy. You must be at least aware of some of the reasons for it?"

"For what?"

"I am not going to fall into one of those traps you always seem to be setting. Speak to me, Michael!"

"I am alone, Rabbi, and it hurts."

"Alone? How can you honestiy believe that?"

"I believe it, and it hurts, it hurts in my stomach, Rabbi, in my stomach. In my head, too. It's mostly a kind of gut reaction."

"A reaction to what?"

"To the devils in my head."

I rose from the chair, recited perfectly a portion of the Torah I was to memorize for bar mitzvah, and began walking toward or, more accurately, circling in on, kamikaze-style, a small section of bookcase, densely populated with obviously "foreign" religion books. I lingered there for several minutes, savoring the lull in the conversation, scanning the tides. The rabbi and I were both silent, shuttered from one another. I was in my mind (in my dreams, the term was "divine wind"), running a gaundet of staggering visual emotion, but with an incipient and singularly stinging alien vision. Alas: *singularity*! And a *singularity of vision.*

> *INSERT, SPECIAL: In the new terminology, the new lexicon, to dream the special dream is called the "divine wind" Through the divine wind one can see the NEW ALIENATION spreading its great wings. We date this from a personal journalJuly 4, 1957: When one estranges* Azm-Self *from what is "real," that which is accepted by most of his race and pursues the narrowest of goals, he can no longer be his Self Perhaps, in crisis, or multiple crises, he may begin to sense his own estrangement. This estrangement will be due to the years of continuing and chronic crisis-crises, most probably-forcing this Self separation, upon the individual. Soon, habitual crisis, or crises, facing must*

I poked a bit at this vision and could see this: There was once, in one time array, with one great main sequence star, but brighter than Earth's sun (perhaps there were two), a great and glory-filled field, space-time beyond a four dimensional event. In it, a blond, long-haired boy-man with blue eyes and a sculptured-like face, my brother, he seemed-no, it *was* my brother-ran at my side, with a balmy and warm wind gently touching us, caressing our faces. We moved in a gliding fashion through what seemed to be knee-high blades, not sharp, of a kind of grass, golden rather than green. We were laughing without reason, and together through this warm wind; a kind of spring rain was falling, but just ahead

of our bare feet, and not upon us. He was my brother. I knew it.

We stopped, again not under the rain, and in one quick quiet moment, at the same time, he took my right hand, and holding it with palm facing his face, kissed its center with lips and warm rain, for it had begun to fall on us now, and he *was* my brother. The both of us were bursting with great explosions of emotion, the emotion of inexpressible happiness. The emotions of *BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT* INFINITIES, I heard him think. There had been nothing vocal within this time frame of exquisite euphoria and rapture.

This was the same brother! Oh, lord! It was so fantastic, to love this other brother! I know now that God sees, and waits.

I wondered about the nature of the love for a brother. I wanted more from him. I wanted to know if I could help him, if he needed my help, and what kind of help that would be. I *needed to know him*\ I began to see, continuously, lights at night, and metallic objects during the day. These are commonly referred to as UFOs. The sightings were not ball lightning!

THERE WERE MULTIPLE INFINITIES THERE,
IN THAT PLACE, AND MANY MORE THAN FOUR
DIMENSIONS.

THERE, IN THAT PLACE.

WAS THIS MEMORY?

Suddenly, there was a clouding of vision, and with tears and heaviness of uncertain mass, I reluctantly fell back into the rabbi's study with a great, crashing sadness. I felt unimaginably alone, parched and feverish, and tied off from the beat of my vision. For that matter, I felt tied off from the beat of the planet. [1]

I picked from one of the shelves a slim, lonely book. I did not open it, but spoke words rising into my throat, holding the slim volume tightly to my chest. "I feel sometimes as if this world, my limited leper's view of it anyway, is a kind of heavy ball, sitting precisely in an indentation, a sitting place, on my head, poised and motionless and pushing down with unbearable force. An uninvited guest. Forever."

"The world's sitting on your head, and it's a guest?"

"Exactly, but the worst part of it is that I can't seem to touch it. I can't get either of my hands close enough to push it off my head. And there's a great invisible barrier, and this prevents me from removing the weight. The ball is getting *heavier*, Rabbi. A couple more tons and I'm going to go mad. I feel pretty whacked out as it is; I want to get the pressure off so I don't get any worse." I paused, thinking, feeling. "I can't touch the world! Think about it!" I was very near to screaming. A screaming phase. (Children go through "phases.") "I want out of this world!"

This last shout was heavy with storm warning (and a little drama, too). I forced myself to relax slightly, and continued, weighted down by the dreams of last night, by the dreams of today, desiring to locate their exact position.

"I'm sorry, Rabbi. I tend to get a little over-dramatic."

"We must talk more. We must communicate. You must try to reach *me*, and I must try to reach *you*. It's getting to the point-"

"I'm sick at my stomach again. I could vomit!"

"It's getting to the point where-"

"Where you cannot hear me, Rabbi," I interrupted. "I'm the hermit of my life."

"Do you want to die, Michael?"

"No, but I swear I could throw up all over your expensive oriental rug here!"

"I ask you again. Do you want to die?"

"What a goddam incredible *banquet* death would be!"

"Why?"

"Why? Why? I'll tell you *why*\" I paused to see private visions resplendent with musical phrases. But internal. There appeared to be no music in the study. Only in the spirit, which dwells in the body. (Growing up kids are so very important to themselves.)

"I'm waiting for an answer, Michael."

"So am I, Rabbi, so am I." I reached for the words for him. "Okay. Here goes. I want to meet Shaddai. You know, Jesus, or whatever his Jewish name was-"

"Joshua And S-h-a-d-d-a-i, *that* name must never be spoken. Besides, Michael, Joshua was not G-o-d. The other word is the unspoken name of the Almighty. And sometimes we slip, and say God."

"Okay, Joshua, then. He was a carpenter, a builder, and he once told a little group surrounding him that they should never destroy anything lovely because it was a part of heaven, a part of him, a part of his Father, and... a part of *THEM*. This little gem may not have gotten into the Bible, but I know he said it. And did they believe him? You can bet your mezuzah they didn't! This planet is a real let down, it fails to satisfy, a place foul and rotting and strange. It's as if the people of GOG and MAGOG were here in this time, preparing for their war with heaven. It's as if God doesn't care anymore, doesn't care what men do to the world, to this beautiful world. (This I said in the early fifties.) Industry is killing this world. The 'Industrial Revolution' will be mankind's construction of Armageddon!"

"Industry is the hope of the world!" he challenged.

"No, Rabbi. It's the world's destroyer. Industry is the destroyer of worlds. Humanity detonating itself, falling from grace that was perhaps never even there, thundering down, but God, filled with grace, always,

FOREVER. The God of everything but mankind, humans. Spirits are more than ever invisible and less and less important. Gog and Magog!"

"Gog and Magog. That's from Revelation, isn't it?"

"Oh, you read the New Testament. That was Saint John, the Divine, the dreamer, the sleepwalker, the secret barker of truth, truth that's become invisible. You know, Rabbi, I honestly believe with all my heart that, because of some stupid minor and careless clerical error in Eternity, I was born on *this* planet. And some dumb bureaucratic birdbrain just hasn't gotten around to correcting it yet."

"You sound almost like a modern rebellious Jewish student but without any sense of joy."

"Here's to life, Rabbi."

"To life, Michael."

"And to God, Rabbi. Grand and glorious and deaf to this young man's cry!"

"You are not unique, young man. Ancient religious masters often told God off with what they thought were great winds of anger. Our heritage is filled with rebellion. I'd take you to be a rather poor scholar if there weren't some rebellion in your heart. How do you think the six million felt? You are, whether you know it or not, merely carrying on a tradition. All religious Jews talk back to God. Yours is not a tragedy unknown to other men. Your sorrow and anger are shared emotions."

"Then I'm normal."

"I think there's a little room for some calming down and some wisdom, Michael. Is that one of my books you're holding?"

The rabbi had finally taken notice, somewhat delayed, of the lonely, little book, still clutched to my chest. My mood had become ugly and precarious. "No, it's the little toe on the right rear foot of a crippled female Brontosaurus!" I caught myself, hopefully in time. "I'm sorry for such an outburst of sarcasm, but I've been holding this book, clutched to my heart, for quite a while now."

"I, too, am sorry. I didn't notice." (Yeah, right, Rebbe!) "What is the book?"

"The... ah... Bagavad Gita. Reading it always makes my head hurt, but I like it."

"You really do have a love for the Almighty. Don't you know it yet, Michael?"

"Yeah, but my head hurts. Actually, if you really want to know the facts, Rabbi, and just the-"

"Yes, Michael. Just the facts."

"Well, fact is I'm an unhappy Zoroastrian. In *this* universe, there is only one significant struggle and that is the one we can only see in outline, vivid and ectoplasmic; but, it is light and its opposite, the dense

darkness. That is all we see, the shape, not the substance. I don't know anything more, Rabbi."

"What is the matter with you, Michael?"

He had begun with what I immediately recognized as the introduction to a short, but hoary you-must-love-your-religion speech.

"I'm serious. A smile at this point is not appreciated, young man."

"Sorry, Rabbi. Please do go on."

"Can't you recognize the inherent riches contained in our Scripture? And why are you so preoccupied, so obsessed, so haunted by Jesus? He was a man, a great man, I'll grant you that and much more, a *wise* man, but a man nonetheless. Why must you deliver him a throne? You are such a contradiction, young man. You seem to have a great feeling for him, yet you are now holding in your hands an embodiment of Eastern religion. You enthrone *Christ* and pray to *Krishna)"*

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to-"

"It is now so very important to your spiritual development that you recognize who and what you are, that you have a firm basis and belief system upon which to enter into this world as an adult, that you not be filled with doubt and fear and contradiction. If you do not pass successfully through bar mitzvah and become self-assured, if this doesn't happen, you will limp and stumble through this world."

"That would be terrible, simply terrible."

"And don't be such a wise guy. Michael, I know that under your protective little facade, you are really very sincere. This is not what is troubling me. I'm not even sure I know what *is* troubling me about you. Have you anything to say?"

I stood silent for a moment and replaced the little book. "Am I on trial?"

"We're all on trial. I think I'm going to recommend to your parents that you see a therapist."

"I want to go home."

"Then go home."

> *INSERT, SPECIAL (ON KEEPING PACE WITH HUMAN-TIME): I kept an even pace with human-time (as opposed to space- time), and continued preparations for bar mitzvah. I continued to learn, and attempted sentient, noetic, intellectual learning, the acquisition of knowledge and the expansion of consciousness (via The GATEWAY TREATMENT).* [1]

I worked in my laboratory, attempting to link virus (smallpox vaccine was all that I could obtain from my father's pharmacist-friend, and we **used** glass syringes, autoclaved, in those days; after all, I was but a lad of

just twelve, and it was nineteen hundred and fifty-three [1953 for you number lovers])...with cancer (induction of carcinomatous epithelioma, *not* the benign type, in white mice, both with and without the presence of a virus).

My cousin, several years my junior and completely devoted in those days to medicine with a capital Af, assisted me with the double-blind studies. He, too, had a wide variety of interests, including medical research, amateur short-wave radio, atomic energy. (They had this neat little "Atomic Energy Kit," with its own Geiger counter, uranium ore samples, radium samples, and most exciting of all, a little vacuum pump with a bell-jar-type bulbous "cloud" container for more atomic energy experiments involving higher energies.)

As a matter of fact, my cousin and I constructed our own miniature cyclotron out of a great necessity; we had not the space of the miles and miles of electromagnets needed. Of course, we had our own "Nikola Tesla High Energy Coils." (The coils were used to produce lightning in the old Frankenstein movies.) But he was used for *other things* (like "Rainbow," before it was called that).

The rabbi and I continued to battle as I prepared for my Jewish metamorphosis. The bar mitzvah went off without incident. I went through the motions, rigid and severe. I received several thousand dollars, and my father drank to excess, and played the saxophone with the band during the reception.

"The Void. How shall I know the Void?" I was sleeping again. Thought to action. "What we are is the sum and quality of our acts."

"Partially correct, my beloved other brother."

The rabbi called several months later to recommend I see a therapist. I ceased entirely my visits to the temple, and refused to talk with the rabbi on the telephone. Mother and Father began to get a little edgy.

Conventional thinking is a bloody poison and allows not even a speck of passion.

My father told me a good one: "The Czar, the Czarina, and their little Czardines." I loved my father.

Chapter Fifteen

Twisting Time, Space-Time Acceleration
or
Evening Vespers and Losing Souls
or
Following Time's Choke Hold
or
The Silence of Courage

Portals stretch time A to Time B: A person cannot discorporate with privacy.

I am impatient in waiting for the Catchers of Heaven, for I know they, and my other-brother, are in transit. Some, no, many are here *now*; they exist here *now*, not unknown to many governments. Yet, their existence remains a magnificently kept secret. God sees, but waits...

Those traditional foes we fight,
that square us one
with the other,
and make our work seem
only
proper;
then be it said that
this was the way that I passed,
but had not looked back
upon my gentle fellows,
who
succeed each time
in making me guard
my wits;

and in ending,
I sleep,
as secrets are opened,
blood coming forth
from former privy
places of truth,
of the faithfulness
of
my soul.

It is then to sleep through time, whether A, or B.

(Three in one, and one in three, ruler of the earth and sea... I'm from Missouri; Show me!

Not in vivo, *Not* inside an organism, *but* in vitro, in a tank of saline solution 2 percent with nutrients and knowledge, just recently an engineered batch of sequenced enzymes, like J.O.E.)

Again time has a way of winding itself around itself, translating into hardly remembered blocks of naked time, hardly remembered blocks of years, almost four to undergrad, almost four to medical school, student teaching in first year, and acquiring knowledge to be regurgitated for the so-called "accelerated curriculum." The work is so very hard that the only thing sensed as reality is the vomit called "facts," with perhaps a combination or connection with a new sense of common sense, thrown in for the measure of your thoughts, words, and deeds.

Then before my compulsory and requisite residency, I picked up a doctorate in theoretical physics. No dream deferred.

Then, it's back to the waking dream, old and familiar, yet unusually unwise. For *this* speeding time frame, that is. Old and familiar, old and familiar, old and familiar, it's good enough for me... or was that a song about the Bible and the 1925 Scopes "Monkey Trial?" Oh, yes, "Old Time Religion." (Messed up again, you lousy intellectual!)

Wisdom only enters my little world, my cluttered world, when knowledge exists. The only thing pressing upon me are the lives held in my hand as a physician. *(The Mind. What a terrible place to go campingi)*

I continued to have the dreams. Yet, as I grew older, these dreams seemed so regressed in memory that they soon suffered a kind of annihilation, a dissolution. Only just very rarely would I dream again, remember it for a short time, and then it, too, would go back to the *place* of the *others*.

But I did see SA in my dreams. We could never have grown closer than we had always been. Again, SA, speaking to my mind, "I have come to you with your mind's permission and with a certain private pain. I am waiting too long to see you. And you've grown so beautifully.
I am so proud of you, but I suffer with the sin of *no patience*. Seeing you is a habit my heart knows not how to break. And with humility and eye lowered, I have come to be with you, to ask for your smile. Hear me, MIKA-EL, and fill me, please. I am at the door of your Soul's House, wanting to be your other-brother again, adoring, sick at your absence, hungry for your cleansing love."

In die dream, or wherever we were, we were on the ground, both of us looking up, in that same field as before, on *soft* and *warm*. My face soon became sore from all of the smiling. He made a cross on my forehead, tracing it with one of his fingers, and told me that it was a life symbol for *bothness* becoming *oneness*. We listened to the music, the water singing in a nearby stream. At least, I thought that it was water.

Time was winding itself again, twisting around, causing itself to pass. I had to take a block of time to earn money (Feh!) as a consulting neurologist. It was then that I met Sarah. She, too, hated money, necessary for surviving the last times before the New Age, but we had to accept the minimum of living imperatives for the moments left to the old age time frames. We both hoped they would not need to last much longer.

By the way, one of the very first things Sarah made me witness was her conviction that she believed in the existences, the implicit and virtual reality, actuality, of *many* spiritually advanced races, some of whom cared deeply about "this poor human specimen" (as Sarah referred to mankind,) and that these races, or peoples, were already here. She, as a child, apparently had some not-so-imaginary friends, who she laughingly designated "the little Grey doctors with big black, but lovely, eyes."

One of Sarah's many qualities which I loved most ardendy was her consummate ability to see differences as beauty and worth, not as *differences*. I thought it a real tragedy that so many of her peers had not this gift. That is why she, too, was a Being of the Light. A courageous, brave beauty was this wife of mine.

Some merely fashion molds into which they fit. Yet, testing the waters of the future, one will come along and dare to break die mold. This one will be courageous. This one, on *two* occasions, was a Child of Light. The first was my son, Daniel. With his coming, I just barely touched the almost-missed Reality of the Quantum World. (This I will try to explain later.) Sarah and Daniel were truly reasons to breathe; to live always with laughter, and, of course to make something extraordinary of our three lives.

Chapter Sixteen

The World and Star-love
or
Reasonable(ness) and Unreasonable(ness)
or
My Poor Jerusalem
or
One Knowingly Gives Not Up His Soul

On holiday, when Sarah, Danny and I could coordinate our time, I took them both to visit Jerusalem. I took them to the Wall, explaining that which they already knew; but, they were so very kind, allowing me to think some of the things I was telling them were new. We three lost so many tears at the Wall, discovering new connections with each other, such that we were a solid three. Love ruled us as if we were just *one* life, occupying three bodies.

At times I perceived us as a family, but at others we found, almost daily, new ways to connect. As if it were possible, and it did not seem conceivable, we grew even closer. This wife of mine, still belonging to herself; and this son of mine were, before I could know it, living *inside* my *soul* He was not a thief, but demanded my love be freely given for him to freely take. *I want my tears back! I wasted them on stone when I should have given them to Sarah and Daniel!* [1]

I met Sarah at a proper and staid, expensive mental hospital. Called in as the consulting neurologist, I performed and interpreted her electroencephalograph (EEG). Her diagnosis: "Acute identity crisis." While I wondered what the hell kind of diagnosis hers was, I fell in love with her in a "New York minute." I spent many a session with both her psychiatrist and the hospital staff psychiatrists trying to understand why she was even there.

"Is it for a rest?" I inquired of her primary physician.

"I'm afraid she has suicidal tendencies," he replied.

"Maybe she just needs to love and be loved; she told me she'd love to have a baby." I was ready to beg for her release into my loving custody. After a few sessions with her divorced and remarried (really sick- in-the-head) parents, they thought she'd perhaps be happy with me. After all, she told them she was "deeply in love with" me, and after a few "town passes" in my custody, and after a few months of sticking it out with her, with her quirks and problems that together with everything else she was, and was to be, she became pregnant and who else to be with but a physician husband.

Her parents thought out loud, I was perfect, but we didn't have the time to marry for a rather long period of time.

It was miraculous to help deliver our son, a great group activity, it was. Actually, it wasn't my first delivery, but it most certainly was my best. Most physicians don't deliver their own children, but I was not most physicians. I did worry a little that it might be a breach presentation, so I had a OB-GYN surgeon at my side in case of the aforementioned clinical presentation. X-rays looked good, but few were taken; we both believed in as little radiation as possible during a pregnancy. As Sarah was bonding with and nursing Daniel, she said I should not have worried so.

As I've said, Daniel was a Child of Light, and he grew ever so fast. Sarah had attended Sarah Lawrence and then the Royale Academy of Dramatic Arts in London, where she picked up her British accent. We went back to the States to visit her parents, and her mental hospital physician who, by that time, considered me a "terrific guy," but I was such a sneaky fiend.

We told her former physician that we had developed *the* most excellent relationship with both her parents. He was such a pleased dumbbell, or dolt (she preferred "shithead"), he unbelievably gave his "blessings" for a forthcoming marriage, thus lending "respectability" to our son, the best little guy in the whole world to her mind. To mine, too.

There was no night when she did not sleep in my arms, until I left Sarah and my son living in London, where Sarah was with the Royale Shakespeare Theatre and Daniel attended school. I was assigned to Rome. Every fortnight, I would take a two or three day leave to go back, shuttling between Leonardo Da Vinci Airport and Heathrow Airport, feeling that I was returning from the dark side of the moon, to the earthly home I called "my family." We were a separate world by virtue of our love.

One night, lazy-in-the-bed Sarah shared with me intimacy, and while the two of us shared a cigarette (not to be cliche; we were both rather heavy smokers), she asked the question she *had* to ask:

"What do you really do?"

Sarah would bend with the wind, such a delicate tree, at times when she allowed it to be shown me. At other times, she was solid steel, bracing me as I shivered and trembled in my work. How could I stand still as Sarah and Daniel stood at my soul's door? I explained to her that my "real" work started when I answered an advertisement in the *New York Times* which read, "COLLEGE STUDENTS EARN TUITION AND SEE THE WORLD! BE A BANK COURIER. ALL EXPENSES PAID!"

I answered, was interviewed in a rather strange New York City office, and received checks from a bank (I couldn't even remember the name of), with its main branch in Washington, D.C., and only a post office box number. They asked me a great many strange questions, but, being a "bank courier" and all, I learned to ask very few questions and simply follow written instructions. That changed only after I had to pick up a package in East Berlin and met some very friendly, scotch-drinking members of the Committee for State Security (KGB operatives). It was these damn KGB people who cloaked me until agents of the Company could reach me and shield me from some very angry East German State Security people. I thought, until these events occurred, that I was "picking up bank deposits."

Soon, after becoming a neurologist and theoretical physicist, I quickly moved up in the Company, which shared me, with my knowledge and expertise, with the super-secret National Security Agency. Of course, if I were caught, neither agency would have any knowledge of my existence whatsoever. I was, on occasion, a liaison with Israeli Intelligence, a rather shadowy group called the Mossad, but never mentioned anything to anyone.

My life consisted of briefings and debriefings. And it could have been called, "Who do you trust?" If I were a good and viable operative, and if I were to remain a *live* operative, I could trust no other human.

I worked on brain-washing terrorists, and I suppose I may have made a few enemies. Certainly, I made no friends. Actually, the closest thing to friends were members of the KGB, except when they were otherwise engaged in "business." It was extraordinary, in off hours, how much scotch they could put away. Cautious with my "friends," I occasionally needed meprobamate as a tranquilizer for the "stressors."

Sarah and Danny began to notice my secretiveness, my stealth. My nervous state forced me to take long walks in the British weather. At times, the wet mist felt soothing against my face as I took my early evening strolls. But Sarah and Danny had to fill in the blanks. I never compromised my National Security directives.

As Danny grew older and brighter, I executed a short assignment in Vietnam as a flight surgeon (I had been as an undergraduate pre-med student an Air Force ROTC member), quickly becoming a command pilot assigned to COMSAC I-CORPS. Able to comply with certain requirements to effect multiple operations, I functioned in more than two categories.

I kidded a great deal of the time with my twenty-two-year-old pilots; I often failed to realize my men were children, *real* children. I told them if they survived photo-recon, I'd get them the best zit-cream I could requisition as a senior physician in the Air Force! Still with intelligence, I dropped into action as a full bird Colonel. I never knew if my rank was real—but it was rank, offensive it was and rancid and rotten it was, too.

Intelligence obviously desired a neurologist with additional multi-disciplines/degrees in physics, neuro-physiology; some rather exotic high- tech computer sciences, not to mention something we called neuro-toxic weaponry, behavior modification; high-tech methodologies; and development of *new* "exotic" modalities.

"In Tech we Trust"—That was the new slogan on the dollars of intelligence.

As much as I wanted out of this nightmare, I was consistently reminded of the more deplorable methods already in prototype testing in the Soviet Union, "the evil empire." Since I still had relatives there, I utilized my middle name. Intelligence also reminded me that I'd always been a team player, not to mention team Leader, and that my country

desperately" needed me.

Besides that, if their normal kind of reasoning didn't wash with me,

ney'd tell me the horror stories about "our enemies." This usually worked if they couldn't get creative "weapon modalities" (including new and innovative brainwashing methods) out of my head. After all, I was a headhunter's dream-come-true.

I remained strong and alive for my wife and my boy. I flew the solo-recon sorties, to lock on and take the photos. The mechanism for recon photography was connected to the lock-on weapons systems. Area MIGs-even if I could, and did, escape them-would have their instrumentation showing a lock-on display and warning. They would think my lock-on status meant I was acquiring them as targets to engage. Yet, I had little time, even at slower speeds, to take photos and get the hell out of there before they could wax me or enable a heat seeker to acquire me as a target. For this reason, photos at times needed to be redone. Photo recon was one of the most dangerous of games in the air. [1]

I always had my Company and NS A connections, but tried never to use them, as surely as they were using me. There were the orphans that

John and others aided, with my assistance, making this nightmare retain at least some lucid moments. Still ongoing was a small and occasional bit of flak from the old man. Funny, being a boss in intelligence for so long, I, just very rarely, sometimes neglected to cover my own ass. The old man knew I was covering his in-law's ass, so I wasn't bothered very much, and when I was, I reminded him of our little bargain. Besides, I was still performing dangerous work, and doing it well.

My instructions were to photo any bogies, and then be debriefed. Many pilots saw them, acquired them as targets, but were never able to engage. They were simply too damned fast, out-maneuvered our flying craft as if it were Fifty years older, or more. I noticed, though, that on many occasions when flying alone, these same bogies acted as if they were protecting me. This *did not* go unnoticed. Sometimes, while flying solo, and "escorted" by these silvery craft, I would actually wave to them, and in my mind, thank them for what appeared to be protective actions.

Again, this *did not* go unnoticed by either ground radar, ground observers, or other jets in the air. When the enemy tried to acquire me as a target, sometimes these bogies, would fly straight at them, scaring them shitless, and making them engage their afterburners, just to get the hell away from them. Yes, as I recall, they came to my assistance more often than not, especially when I was executing a solo-recon sortie.

I ceased to count the number of sorties before I was sent back for "more important" assignments. Many times when my kid-pilots asked why I never Fired on the bogies, I would answer the question with: "If they don't target me, why should I target them?" This, and the fact that I was a full colonel, known to blow up at times, kept them from further inquiries. Besides, I would often think of things to say to make them laugh, like, "Over here, dying is easy. It's comedy that's hard." Sometimes they didn't laugh, which quickly grew to most times. My reign as the "comic colonel" quickly ended.

Soon, I stopped counting the number of deaths I had to "call." As a senior physician, flight surgeon (part-time to cover for the old man's brother-in-law), and recon command pilot, sometimes allowing my kindness to be misinterpreted, I was constantly asked to "call it," to officially state a time on record and sign when patients expired.

Every time I succeeded in putting together a triage team, to separate casualties into medical services needs, I would lose a member, one would have to leave; always with a good reason like a VC grenade. Or a "homemade" might kill a scrub nurse.

Suicide among our troops ran rampant and unchecked in this strange war. "Stay alive," I would plead, over and over, having little idea of the deafness of combatants.

Chapter Seventeen

Shape-shifting during Hostilities
or
A Solo-Recon Sortie with Unplanned Company
or
Tan Son Nhut Air Base, Saigon

With my many duties as part-time flight surgeon, recon command pilot, orphanage/child helper, keeper of the flame at the departures of patients' souls-for I did see what I termed "death-flashes"-I found myself demanding to fly more and more solo-recon sorties. Everything, despite this insanity of war, was minutely fashioned in a sort of crazy, orderly appreciation and wit, with only one exception, however: Ground radar operators, and other jets near or in my operations sector, continued to see a pattern in my solo-recon orders-those I initiated.

I increasingly received company on my solo sorties; bogies or UFOs. I-Corps learned that I was rather *too* casual about what appeared to be escorts by metallic, or somewhat metallic, objects whose sizes and shapes often changed as they continued frequent flybys and what appeared to both ground radars and other pilots as "escorts with shape and size changes."

Pilots under my command consistently, when debriefed, would mention not only that these unknowns that flew with me seemed to "escort" me, but also that they had seen, when in visual contact with my cockpit, me waving to these "unknowns." They further stated these same "unknowns" consistently changed shape, size, and speed.

The pilots under my command thought my waving at these "unknowns" rather strange, as did others in I-Corps. But, being that they liked me, they would not speculate as to why these things were happening, not even when asked by the debriefing intelligence officers.

Suddenly, but not too suddenly, NS A and NSC operatives began

showing up to replace the debriefing Intelligence officers. (Even old LBJ wanted to know what "in tarnation" was going on with this "brainy asshole command pilot/part-time flight surgeon.") The Company operatives made damn sure to join them, too. After all, they had originally hired me as an "employee."

(Although I didn't know it at first; I must say here that the deceptive recruiting methods used by the Company very quickly changed from ads in the *New York Times* for "See the world and earn tuition" to recruiting on college campuses, which didn't prove to be too popular with some students. Sorry, fellas. But, you cannot be faulted with not doing your very best to gain intelligent employees; I stand by you, at least in this.)

Even choppers, during my solo recon sorties, when I had unplanned "company," verified the reports of others. What made me so popular with these "unknowns?" Why would I *wave* to them?

Why did they, at times, seem to change their size and shapes? Why did they seem as if they were escorting me? Dozens of more *whys*. Why I wasn't frightened became the question hardest for me to answer. Why did I actually *wave* to these "unidents," when they seemed to be flying as my wingmen would on non-solo-photo-recon sorties? I would invariably say: "Would you believe that I've always been interested in flying saucers, and with all of the 'unknown' enemies in this hellish war, these craft seemed unlikely to hurt me, especially after the first time? So I waved, just like I wave to our guys."

Incredulous, they would say, "Yeah, right!"

The intelligence operatives also asked why I failed to file reports. "What kind of reports would I file?" I answered. Defensively, I would add, "Hey, guys, I have a hell of a lot of other duties. Ask the old man." And the old man helped me out in this regard. After all, I was covering for his "stewed-to-the-gills" brother-in-law.

Soon I was visited by a White House special intelligence agent, the President's National Security Advisor, or something of the sort, and a White House scientist connected with the National Security Council (NSC). They arranged an early departure from the war, so I could be flown to something called "The Blue Room," where "my socks would be knocked off." I would be debriefed and then briefed for a very select assignment.

The notion was that I should feel thrilled at having been chosen. Although I objected, rather weakly, in a most peculiar way, I was gaining "power."

"It is in our nation's best interests that you come along right now. Did you know that the President didn't even know you were in Vietnam? He was horrified! You are needed on a special project!"

"If you want my voluntary cooperation, then first I spend a little of

your precious time, mine, too, to say good-bye."

"Okay, Doc. Anything you say. We'll just have to make sure you stay alive as you say your good-byes."

"Okay, you do what you have to do, but you follow at a discreet distance. You do know how to play shadow, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, we do, and we will, Doc. And we're saying 'sir,' because the chief just raised your security clearance to higher than highest. We call it 'cosmic,' for short."

"Yes, fellas. Let's just call it 'cosmic.'"

And "cosmic," it was. Then it was off to say good-bye to my friends. How does a dream, no, nightmare-soldier whose uniform was not even real, say good-bye to a *nightmare*?

"Good-bye, Sister Li, and to all of you, my beloved children. If we try hard enough, maybe we can make this world safe and better for you."

Sister Li's reply: "Life move very fast for you, Dr. Colonel, sir-doc, Colonel GI-Joe. We, all of us, love you, and Little GI Joe need your forgiveness. He think you hate him."

"Why should I, Sister?"

"He know you know he had to sell body to make money to eat before you found him and place him with us."

"I don't have the time, Sister Li, but tell him I love him as much as all the other children." The Sister nodded in acquiescence, then lowered her eyes, a short swim in her newly perceived turmoil. I kissed as many of the children who were there and even found little GI Joe, and told him I forgave him even *before* he did what he did. I think he really understood. The hungry, sick, and unloved children of Vietnam had "the thousand yard stare." I could never remove that stare from my heartache.

Then, I was "off to see the wizard." Aboard Air Force Two, they handed me a rather lengthy notebook called "The Bible." One of my two new hotshot agents said, "This contains your briefing papers, sir; your eyes only." Catchy phrase: Your eyes only. I would come to know it very well in die future. I had ascended the classification ladder rapidly.

Meanwhile, Sarah and Danny endured my suffering with some of their own. I really wanted out of intelligence, but a new classified activity and level of sophistication took me almost by surprise. Unconsciously, and not so unconsciously, I already knew about the OFFWORLDERS. As time passed, I was getting deeper and deeper into something I *already* knew all about.

Chapter Eighteen

How Do You Pass the Time
When Time is Passing You
or
It Is Snake-Time and It Is Human-Time and the Winding Is Always There and Perceived but Never Controlled and in Short Supply
or
They Chase Me into My Dreams and They Exist in My Waking Time

The snake-time, the human-time that twists itself around itself, having the perceptual nature of winding itself-again-around itself; the years translate into difficult-to-remember blocks of persistent continuance, an enduring continuum that is nearest survival. When the aforementioned continuation enters the "DISCIPLINE DOOR," we have need to mention "areas," starting with: If one unit or block we call one quantum, then two would be two quanta.

INSERT, SPECIAL: Some of us, you know who you are, must exist on high ground, and are continually sick for home (but not in the Thomas Wolfe sense). On memories of home, we must therefore bestow a name: This "homesickness" shall be called 'The short supply." (Couldn't I have done a coloring book instead? Or lay waste to aU of these journals saved since God knows when, or say since seven years of age or my agingpresentation? Or is it

First, I'd like to start with a few of the math areas for intelligent systems. The first will be the Differential Analyzer, a mechanical, or preferably, an electronic analog computer (with newly theorized *organic* components), used to solve especially complex differential equations, which are the equations containing derivatives or differentials of an unknown function. This involves: First, parallel processing and neural network techniques, and what I call "genetic algorithms;" and, second, differential calculus, which is the math of the variation of a function, or functions, with respect to changes in the independent variables. Were I to say loosely, a study of slopes of curves, accelerations, maxima and minima, by means of derivatives and those just mentioned differentials. Clear now? (The last paragraph is old, and comes from a personal journal started June 22, 1956. Things both *change*, and *remain* the *same*. And at the *same time)*

Again time is winding itself around itself. Small but important chapter. Shall we have some of them be short and dulcet? Dulcet Tones and Darlings, they were.

Must do the ending.

Not yet Totality must be redundant and revealed.

God sees, and waits...

Chapter Nineteen

Time Frame Boomerang
or
Time Frame Kick-back
or
Time Frame Bounce

Carry me back, please. It's all I need to say, and it's done!

There was a time when there were also my "imaginary" friends. Most children have one, perhaps even two. I had many of them, the luckiest kid in all creation. Not only were my friends my comfort, they also gave me my interest in becoming a physician and a scientist.

They were so kind, and sort of perfect, and they were my friends. Yes, they were! My friends, the little Grey, fun-loving, doctor-playing imaginary friends. They told me that this is not an arbitrary universe. Things are not happy-go-lucky, or random, and, if they are, there is design behind and within all of it. Oh, God, we all had fun. They even had a laboratory, only it was, naturally, much more advanced than mine.

A direct quote from the June 1956 Journal I keep even now, its yellow pages bringing back the sweet, mysterious memories: [1]

> I miss them so very much. Every once in a while they show up and we all go to their lab, and we play doctor. They even let me play doctor with them. I have now my first stethoscope. They taught me how to use it, and some most unusual places (on them) to hear a heart beating; these were the times that they let me examine them. But mostly, they examined me to show me what medicine was all about. I guess they're invisible to most older people, but my dad said it was *not* abnormal to have friends that others couldn't see. When I described them to my dad and drew a picture of one who told me (without

> words; they were truly magical) he was the "Chief Doctor," my dad said they were the *exact same* friends he had when he was my age, only his father, my grandfather, wanted him to go into the building business, just the same as his father. My dad wanted also to be a doctor.

Now, looking back to medical school, and years later obtaining the position of Chief Grant Investigator, my little Grey doctors, are those I really wish I could see again just to thank them, to *see* them again. They really loved me, and I really loved them. It was love at First mutual *fright*, for they had very big, black eyes; strange heads, sort of like inverted pear- shaped heads with tiny little mouths; skinny necks; hardly any noses; and sort of holes for ears. Yet, they were probably my very best invisible friends. In a way, they were kind of small and cute, but human they did not look. Although soon I wasn't frightened, they did appear very different. We quickly accepted each others' place in *THE FOREVER*.

I was, in my mind, at times unhappy, so I imagined myself a Parsee (or Parsi), a Zoroastrian religious sect member, from the country of India (descended from Persians); glad I never dug into *this* with the rabbi.

It was funny, though. From time to time I would dream of them, and my dreams, when they were of *them*, were just as vivid as if I were fully awake! (By the way, they also taught me about something called the "realistic quantum world," a group of thoughts that even Professor Albert Einstein wasn't absolutely sure he agreed with. I guess it wouldn't be improper to admit that my own son, Daniel, when he was young, had the *very same* imaginary friends. At least he told me he did, and I believed him.

Interesting, too, is how Sarah and I decided to name our son. She said that the Hebrew for my name, Michael, was mi(who) + foz(like) + */(god), or MIKA-EL, or "who is like God." I said something to the effect that it was a heck of a name to live up to. Her name, Sarah, in Hebrew meant "princess," and she certainly was one: so we thought, almost exacdy together, of Daniel, or in Hebrew, "Dan-el," or "God is my judge."

(It's also interesting to note my dream-brother's name, "SA," could have meant "prince." I think he told me it *did* mean "prince.")

No, that's not a Truth. He *is* a Prince, the Prince of THE ALLIANCE, also known as the F.o.W. There was another "group" called the U.R.o.O. I learned, yet I know not how I learned, the F.o.W. was the Federation of Worlds, or THE ALLIANCE, or THE CORPORATE (THE BODY). The U.R.O.O. was the Unified Races of Orion. At least that was what was put into my mind. Years later, the Majestic Twelve Group's briefing used the exact same initials and the same words that they stood for.

It occurred to me that races from Orion might not term it "Orion." I

still had a great many questions desperately needing answers. Well, at least "Prince" sounded proper for a dream-brother who told me his name was SA and that he was a "prince of something." I still loved him, even if, at the time, I thought he was just screwing around with my head, psyching me out. I do so wish it really had been just that-psyching me... out.

It would have been so much easier to find the genesis for all of this was restricted to my own mind. Exclusively. Solely. I wanted to know. It was as if I had planted an unknown seed, but it had yet to escape its cover. I had yet to see what kind of a plant into which it would grow.

Yet, I still loved my brother SA, and I really didn't care what his position was; I would have accepted him if he were a *LIVING CONVEYANCE*, without impressive and resplendent humanoid form. I think, I *know* I would have loved him if he looked like a swine, a pig, with a great, flat, blunted nose. But it happens that he's six foot tall, has long and dazzling blond hair, radiant deep blue eyes, and the body of a gymnast. Perfect, but not over-developed.

I hate to say this in print, but I am so very proud to be his brother. I'll say one thing with accuracy: He was the one in this weird time-spaced family who received the best of appearances. (I could, and will say, however, that Sarah and I produced a very handsome son. I believe he received my brother's comeliness, however. Danny had blond hair and blue eyes, and since Sarah had blond hair and blue eyes too, I felt a little left out, with my big brown cow eyes, and brown, graying hair-premature, of course. When I spoke about this with Sarah, she said, "Michael, you have *the most beautiful* eyes I have ever seen in my entire life, and beautiful hair. Whatever is wrong with you? I have told you I think you're the most beautiful man in the world! Now stop this rubbish immediately. You could never be outclassed.")

The key is atavism.

Here's a good one: The super-secret Majestic Twelve Group knows that the F.o.W. is the Federation of Worlds. At least that was the way I was briefed. It took some real effort to prove it by asking my other- brother to show me.

I hope I do not sound *too* crazy, but I don't know any more clever a way to tell the truth. As someone, probably Desia, or perhaps even Charley, with his extravagant wisdom and vision said, "If you can keep your head, while others around you are losing theirs, then you don't understand what's going on."

Also, and this had to be Desia's: "People seem only to be happy in pairs, all sorts of pairs."

Chapter Twenty

Thoughts Flowing Back to Sarah and Daniel and What They Taught Me and How They Love Me and How I Lost Myself in Them

And holding her in my arms, both unable to sleep for a reason I cannot quite remember now, I said, "Sarah, sometimes I lose myself in your eyes, and now that we know that 'Sarah' in Hebrew means 'princess,' I find myself losing myself in your name."

"That's so beautiful, my love, but why can't you sleep?"

"Can you?"

"No, I cannot either." Then the conversation sort of died as we made love and found new dimensions to our respective existences. It was something strictly human; it was something strictly unique and special and private. I think the word *extraordinary* fits also quite well in this particular circumstance. Ours was unconditional love. It lived because we worked vigorously to give it all the energy it demanded of us.

When Sarah and Daniel died, a little more than a little bit of me died. It doesn't sound peculiar, but I wished it had never happened. I simply had too many wishes. I wish I had a wish to wish a wish away!

At risk now (all of my life has been lived on the edge-all of it a risk) is my being labelled a "romantic," as I recall an event with Daniel. Just one of many significant times with him on the telephone.

I was living at the Excelsior Hotel in Rome, and I was resting on my huge bed doing paperwork (my bed was always my desk). The phone rang. The voice was the Son of my Life and a most important inhabitant of my Soul's House.

"I love you, Daddy." (He didn't haggle with words.)

"I love you too, Daniel. And what a wondrous way to start a conversation."

"And I feel so much pain when you're not here with Mother and me. The flat is empty. I miss you so very much, Daddy. Mother misses you, too. We're not complete. When will you return?" (How's that for a kid going on seventeen; my mind has been so cloudy; I think Danny was almost seven when I asked him, if, on his seventh birthday, he'd be my best man at his mother's and father's wedding. He was a "whiplash" precocious child-son-friend, and a rather brilliantly dazzling, intelligent part of this trio family. An important Christmas it was, our wedding day, and Daniel's seventh birthday-what a stroke of wondrous joy was our lives, bonded on all sides, together on Christmas Day.)

"I should be landing at Heathrow Sunday noon."

"This Sunday, then?" he asked, but with the heaviness of 'knowing' in his voice, astute to my kind of work. He knew.

"I always spend a fortnight when away. You know that, Danny."

"When we lived in Washington, you never went away for that long."

Oh, how I wanted to hold and assure him. "That was Washington. You're in London, Champ. I'm on the continent in Europe. In Rome. Two weeks for business. Then we'll have three days together. Think of it! Three days together!"

"I wish you could fly home now, Daddy." It sounded as if he were weeping.

"Are you crying, son?"

"I have a bit of a cold. That's why my voice sounds a bit peculiar."

"Then get well soon. Have you seen Dr. Mac?"

"No, it's just a bit of a cold. I'll be fine, Daddy."

"And how is school going?"

"It's going. It's school. Everyone's a bit too proper and a bit stuck to their dreams of class and money and manor homes and land. Possessions. And what school they'll attend next. And what kind of profession they'll have, you know, like never a solicitor, only barrister, and what's proper and what's not. They don't seem to have much respect for doctors, but that's because of how medicine's practiced in this country. Most doctors can't make a few million quid a year. But a few are a bit nonconformist. You know, like you, wanting to devote their lives to something that can make a difference, like research and teaching. Like you, Daddy. Some really want to make a contribution, to make things better for people. Like when you taught and did research."

"And your mates. What are they like? You never talk about them when I'm at home."

"Can't waste the time, Daddy. Mother and I don't see enough of you as it is now. You know, Dad. All counting down the time for enrolling at Oxford or Cambridge. You know the type. I did, however, meet a boy

whose father is a film director. He's awfully nice. He wants to be an actor. But he's very sensitive, like I am. I met him with Mother at one of Desia's parties. You remember Desia. She has her parties here and in New York City. This is a very nice kid. We look a little alike, too. It was hard to believe there would be another kid like me, ha, ha. We look like we could almost be twins, at least like brothers. Maybe you'll have a chance to meet him. Desia put it quite well. She said he's 'rare,' like me."

"You look alike? I think I'd like to see that. It's hard to believe anyone looks like you, Danny. You're in a class by yourself, kiddo!"

"Well, he does. Desia noticed it right away."

"He doesn't look exactly like you, does he?"

"Not exacdy. But he has blond hair and blue eyes like I do. But, he wears braces on his teeth. I'm so glad I don't have to wear braces. He doesn't go to my school. I think he's tutored when he's acting. But he's a good-looking kid, just like me, ha, ha, but seriously, Daddy, he's very nice, but maybe a little too sensitive. And that's like me, too. I guess if we'd spend more time together, we'd be best friends. Some of the other kids at school occasionally come to dinner. But they're all so damn boring. All of them. They bore Mother and me to tears."

"They're *all* like that?"

"Mostly. Except for the actor kid with braces. Mother really likes him, too. She wishes he'd come to dinner more often. She and his parents have become friends. But never mind that. I have a question for you." He paused for emphasis, "Am I in your heart, Daddy? Mother says I'm in hers."

"It is a very special place that you occupy."

"I like it when you speak like that. You ought to be on the stage like Mother. Your voice seems to generate such meaning, and I hear and believe everything you say as if it's the very first time you said it. Like when we went to see Mother at the theatre."

"Daniel, *you* are like the first role an actor loves doing. But you are much larger than a role. You are the *play*, my son, but *also* the actor. My son, the actor! My son, the play!"

He giggled slightly at this last remark that seemed to him so natural for me to say.

"Do come home soon, Daddy. And I'll be your son, the *play*. God, how I miss you! Think about it. I only see you every fortnight for three days, sometimes not even that long. Mother gets one third of it, you know. And when you and mother-"

"I'm reading your mind, Daniel-son " I tried, somewhat in vain, to make a joke, but his was such an unusual and fertile mind, he had picked up a sufficient amount of Japanese language, so to inherit the joke.

"Then you should have answered 'mooshie-mooshie' when I rang you up. That's alright, Dad. Don't keep me from letting you know that I

know what mothers and fathers do when they haven't seen each other in so long a time. Especially when they love each other as much as you and Mother do. Someday I'll be able to love someone as much as that and have a son like me, ha, ha. It's just that I don't see you enough."

I think I remember feeling a tear or two roll down my face. "So that's why you ring me when Mother isn't there."

"That's right on the nose, Daddy, right...on...the...nose. Do you remember when I had a sleep-in Nanny, and early in the mornings, I'd try to get into bed with you and Mother?"

"That was a cute one. Good of you to knock first." We laughed together.

His resplendent growth amazed me. This not so little young and dazzling man, already almost seventeen, was the source of constant renewal for both Sarah and me. He was my Child of Light. Surely he was. My other touchstone. Sarah and he were my guides through the siege that was my life. I was so proud of my very own son, my pride and source. How could I have known just how little time we had left?

"I take it your Mother's at the theatre." I wanted this part of the conversation to go smoothly and not to create even a speck of unnecessary tension between us; I hated even the idea of tension with my son. We'd had enough of it in the early years.

"You take it right. You know it's time for her to be there. And you must, from this, know there's a direct relationship between when Mother's working, and when I can have you all to myself, at least when I ring you. You don't think it's wrong of me to want the whole time when I ring you. Do you?"

"Of course not, Danny."

"I miss you, Daddy. And I hope you don't think I'm acting a bit manipulatively."

"If you are, it's because you need more of me, my crazy, creative, almost perfect son. It isn't wrong to need more of my time than you receive when I'm on holiday at home. I miss you, too."

"We are a tactile family so I very much need a hug, Daddy. I need more of you than I receive. If I'm acting too impulsively, just let me know. You know I'm sometimes a little too impulsive and—"

"Just like your old man, son. Yet sometimes our instincts are the only things we can surely trust within us, within ourselves. I'm sorry. I interrupted. Something else I have to work out. Like the 'self-improvement inventories' we sometimes have to-"

"Daddy, I think I'm old enough. Could I fly to Rome? Would I be in the way?"

"You have school, don't you?"

"Christmas is coming, and I'll be on holiday."

"I know, son, and it's your birthday."

"And yours and Mother's anniversary. But I'll be on holiday a few days before it. I promise, I'll not be under foot. Please? I know how busy you are. And I'm fully aware of the pain in the butt I can be. Could I, Daddy? Could I, please?"

Sarah and I were so very fortunate. We married Christmas Day on our son's seventh birthday, and we had a delightful and wonderful feeling when we could have our son at our wedding and on his birthday. Somehow, there was something very divine about having our son's seventh birthday be our wedding day. Sarah would tell me how wonderful it was to have *everything* on Christmas Day. "Your Mother would miss you." I did not know how to rationally explain that I wasn't simply a consulting neurologist. But I knew he knew there was a lot more to my work.

"She'd not mind too very much if I joined you a day or two before we went on holiday. But there's something-"

I was instantly on guard. "What did Mother say?"

"Not anything, really. Just something about there might be some... I don't think I really remember. She was being very British about things, and drinking, and had a few too many, and something about you and the embassy... the American-"

I was becoming very uncomfortable, and interrupted, "What about the embassy? Come on, Danny, we shouldn't have any secrets holding us even remotely apart. There should never be unspoken thoughts."

"Then tell me, Daddy. Is there another-"

"Woman? No!" I *knew* he knew there wasn't any other love in my life. Yet, maybe this served him, as he was uncomfortable with the idea of my holding back anything from him. We shared mostly everything that could be shared; it helped him to be more secure, turning him quickly from a boy into a young man.

"I'm sorry, Dad. There's just a bit of extra tension these days in Mother. Maybe it's her work."

"Right. IPs probably her work," I said, thinking I was finally off the hook.

"Does it have anything to do with the fact that several years ago we all had diplomatic passports?"

"We don't have them anymore."

"Do you work for the American government, Daddy?"

"I'm sorry, son. I can't talk about it."

"Are you a spy, then?"

"Danny! I'm a neurologist." I fought against the anger, wondering if Sarah had, in a moment of intoxicated frustration, expressed the opposition and fear she constantly felt and had to hide from our son.

"I'm terribly sorry, Daddy. If there are things-"

"There are things I cannot talk about. And there is no *other* woman.

Your Mother is the only woman I love. There are things, but I... the work I do is confidential."

"I understand, Daddy. Really I do. Besides, I'd just be in the way. But I cannot stop missing you, Daddy."

"I cannot stop missing you, too, son."

"I love you, Daddy."

"I love you too, Danny. I'll be home soon, and we'll have a really proper holiday. I promise you, son."

"I love you, Daddy, and I had better get off now."

I heard him sob once before the *click*, and he was gone. In my mind, I could see him crying. Into my heart and mind arrived the thought that, as several times in earlier years before, I had kissed away his tears, I wished I could kiss them away now. Too many wishes, it seemed.

That was probably the last time I spoke to my son on the telephone. We would celebrate Christmas, Daniel's seventeenth birthday and our anniversary in Switzerland, and I'd wake from a seven-day coma to find that I had driven off a cliff, and killed my wife and son.

And some would ask: "Which is worse? Losing a wife or a child?" How could anyone ask *that* question?

And some very ignorant people would ask: "Why can't you get over it?"

And then they would say: "You must get on with your life, you know. Don't you realize you must?"

I would respond to the first question only: "Get...over...*what?*"

I thought such people insults to life, people who prayed not to God. Grief seemed to be their Lord, but they wouldn't give this Lord of theirs to me. My grief stood alone, without personification.

Chapter Twenty-one

Souls on Tour
or
Holding on to Multi-spirited Entities
or
Cancers in the Body Politic
or
Addenda That Have Wills Apart from the Author's

Addenda to be placed where they *wish* to be placed, as addenda; and it must be assumed they have lives independent of the author's. Is it worth madness to go into print?

To hide knowledge from citizens is a deadly cancer in the body politic. It must be extracted, excised, cut out, such that it not emerge as a desperate surprise and not be spread thereafter to stupefy humanity.

For surely, *sarcasm* has become the word of the day, and we must stay this course *until* the opening of minds, even though they be rich or poor in quality. All deserve the words arising from the chaos of Truth. And though they take it, they also refuse to know it.

A conversation on the Rescue:

"Why do you look at me as if I were the enemy?" Lieutenant Colonel Bob asked.

"But why do you shake so much?"

"They will find us. I fear it."

"They need not find us. They need not discover what we will have done."

"They surely will, and we'll be accused of conspiring."

"Then we will stand accused. They have nothing. They know nothing. Be not afraid. We are releasing the people who

care most for the children of the future of this dirty, green-blue planet humans call Earth, and they call Sol Three, or *Terra*, or from outside the solar system, Sol Seven, and I think they have less to gain than the human exploiting of the resources. They come not to abuse the natural wealth, what little of it there is left, as the humans have. We must release them, for they were my childhood so-called imaginary friends, and I know now, I *know*, they have our best interests resident in their belief system, their equivalent hearts and souls. They, too, have knocked with care and love at the door of my Soul's House."

"I trust in you as I have in no other man. I shall not be afraid. We must free them. You are correct, as usual Michael."

"Yes, we must. And again I say, do not be afraid."

"Tell me more, please, about the MANY (another race), and ALLIANCES, and *LIVING CONVEYANCES,* and THE CORPORATE. All that you can tell me. I want to hear as much as you can give to my mind. If you hear my thoughts as I think them, how are they compared to my way of putting together the words and speaking them?"

"Much more beautiful, but do not take umbrage or be hurt in any way. The mind and soul put together the words and not always the intellect. If your heart speaks, it speaks not with silence, but with a kind of meditative prose that is part poetic. As you must suspect, poetry is esoteric and within the walls of proper moment, turns from enigmatic and perforates the walls, emerging radiant and dazzlingly elegant...and truly finished."

"Good. And I thank you. But tell me of the attributes of the OFFWORLDERS."

Of so many different people together, there evolved superior races that neither murdered their enemies, nor forced their enemies to kill each other. They evolved beyond foul play, carnage, and the lust for blood. Yet, the lust for blood remained common to many lower evolvers, of which there are many. From this lust arose the necessary existence of ALLIANCES of well-defined spiritually advanced races. For some reason, in their understanding of this great whore of a language-English, or American English-there exist not rules that are consistent, as in the so- called "romance languages." Idiom is important; jargon is important; vernacular is important; slang is important. They have something besides mind-to-mind commonalty and communication, but on a higher level than one suspects. (By the way, I'm putting these words together as they have been given me by memberships in THE ALLIANCE, THE CORPORATE, or the F.o.W.)

Now to what I call Silicone Soulmates. The definition of *silicone* is a living description: Any of a group of semi-organic polymers, based on the structural unit R^SiO, where R is an *organic* group characterized by wide-range thermal stability, high lubricity, extreme water repellency, and *physiochemical* inertness, and is used in adhesives, lubricants, protective coatings, electrical insulation, synthetic rubber (less toxic to the environment), and prosthetic replacements for body parts. Thus, there exists biocompatibility. In a form of silicon, as a carbide, the newest uses of SiC (or silicon carbide) are in semiconductors in high-temperature applications. This bluish-black crystalline compound is one of the world's hardest and heat-refractory substances known.

Some ufologists have trouble believing that there are *LIVING CONVEYANCES*, existing much beyond this little one of many semi-organic *(organic,* if you please) compounds. I have seen the so-called pieces of metal that radiate energy, energy which "seems" to behave intelligently. I received these metal samples before I met the first *LIVING CONVEYANCE.* So, we, with future computing devices, and the U.S. Air Force, looking for molecular computing for aerospace applications, will fly, so to speak, in the faces of the skeptics. *Truly* intelligent machines will exist, and we will have to accept the fact that life is not based only on carbon. So, too, will the human, if he lives long enough to continue his evolution.

The "Innovative Research Defense Department Manual" of 1991 asks researchers to explore the feasibility of molecular-scale computers in the aerospace environment:

> "AF91-202: Research at Johns Hopkins University and at Wayne State University indicates that *organic* 'chips' which function chemically, instead of electrically, could potentially be made into computers ten thousand times faster than current mainframes at less than one tenth the cost. If such a computer could survive that wide range of pressures and temperatures of a NASP-type environment, its advantages would extend beyond the obvious savings in cost and weight. Extensive monitoring ['self-monitoring* is my way of wording it] of the vehicle structure might, for instance, be feasible. Phase I research will explore the environmental limits of molecular computers and their potential, and will design a molecular computer for a selected aerospace application so that in Phase III 'he' can build a prototype." [Maybe they meant "we." Maybe they meant *me]*

Whatever the case, this be very exotic, and advanced stuff. Continuing, the advanced stuff becomes more advanced, sounding more and more like science fiction. *UFO skeptics should not underestimate the*

"advances" we so rapidly make, too rapidly to ignore the possibility that research areas may be influenced by what government "knows, " at least about the aerodynamics of UFO structures, not to mention "technological exchange, " or "alien input" to these almost unbelievable technologies. As I hear it, over and over, the boys in DARPA, and other tech groups of research, appear more and more to be saying "In Tech we Trust."

As the American Indians who have seen the crop circles have said, we are not only killing this world, we are also losing the spiritual (and philosophical) parts that do therein reside in the very advanced technologies that we seem to be worshipping. *There seems to be just enough religion on this planet to allow violence and death, but not enough to inspire peace and love.*

How terrible is wisdom when it brings no profit to the wise. The flesh is weak; there is too much death endemic to this planet. Yet, no one dies of a broken heart and no one seems to fathom, to comprehend that death is safe.

And again, God sees, and waits...

Absence of activity is now *not* the case and may never have been.

I do not understand why bonded-to-earth thinkers find it so hard to comprehend that interstellar, and even the larger intergalactic conveyances, cannot be accepted as organic and *alive,* requiring only a life form interface for guidance and instruction and perhaps what is most often overlooked, affection. When a youngster builds a model aircraft, he builds it with love. If it were alive, like a puppy, he'd love it in his interfacing with it. This is not so difficult to understand, if one opens his mind to new ideas and concepts.

Chapter Twenty-two

A Sunny Day that Was Christmas
or
Coma Presentation; Duration, Seven Days
or
They Came to Me to Comfort

AND IT WAS:

A sunny day that was Christmas, on holiday, two deaths by accident, plus one that had not yet entered this life frame, an accident with an automobile. My imaginary little Grey friends from childhood came to me to comfort me, and I asked, for why do you comfort me, and they said not one word.

And my mind secredy found peace, for they did not speak the "mind-wording way." I felt small hands touching, softly touching, but lighted, and lightened, and loving.

They were there for me, picking up quarts of the dust of stars with which to shower my wounds with sparkle and healing-to *try* at least, and at most, to let me know how intensely they could feel, to the deepest depth inside each of them. When one hears them, does one know that it is diem? It has been so long now that I've had that feeling. I need badly the reawakening. I must again practice the "mind-wording way."

You-all of you-kindly request my devotion, the kind of affection in the awareness that humans know not. Yet, I knock now at *your* door. I survived the death of a tactile wife and son, and one who had yet time still to grow to birthing. You have touched me to regenerate me, but you must make it possible for me to touch your soft dolphin-like skin.

You have restored my course back to light energy, and most importandy, continuity; yet, you have allowed me no reciprocity, kinship, or parity I so urgendy require of you. The key is atavistic continuity.

I lay in a Swiss hospital bed in a febrile and comatose state—a biological stasis-and though I could hear every word, I knew not that I had been driving, that I had murdered Sarah, Danny, and our unborn child. I could hear, and besides hearing the voices of my childhood imaginary friends, I recognized the voice of Charley, as I had once met him. His voice soft, fresh, clean, pure; he was there, in my room, every day, a verbalization of a long-winded one-way conversation, because, he said, he knew I could hear him and his every word. He was correct.

When I resumed my living, drinking from the never emptied vessel of energy, there remained something that stood lonely. My heart broke apart, actualized, sensitized, and animated no more, at least for the *now*. *MIKA-EL* needs a body now, for he drifts, and seems not to endure it in normal fashion. He needs to maintain his *singularity*. His style and temper are turned only inwardly in this *now*. This is coma, but I can feel, I can see inwardly. I can hear all voices. I just need a little shot of consciousness.

Every day, at what seemed to be exacdy the same time, Charley Lightman arrived, greeted me, and filibustered, making prolonged speeches as if *his* life depended on it, defeating a deadly measure. And every day, for seven days, he sat at my bedside; every day, for seven days, waiting patiently for me to come back to the world. When he was not reading lectures that I had given in seminars, he would read to me my son's journals, word by word by word.

Chapter Twenty-three

The New Age has Arrived
but
I See That Its Impact Has Been Insufficient
to
Account for the Failure of the Explainers
to
Explain Away the Explanation

The New Age and beyond: The acceleration of the Explainers.

Spangler, Siegel, MacLaine, Ram Dass, the explainers, the imagers, the co-creators of a new (?) level of consciousness...no mock-turde soup is made in this quadrant, buddy.

And then, looking back over the shoulder of the one to which I am the closest, it was sunny. Then it rained, dirty and acidic, and the new agers are aging fast, and would so, even if time *itself were* to stop and die. The progenitor of this new age was the world of the sixties, the world of ideas that could grow, that could pass enough skeptics to find root, growing swift and unencumbered, and now, through the eyes sunburned with the past wars, we look and we wonder. Did we, in point of fact, deliberately misplace the books that could have been maps? Will we find the place called "real?" Maybe, in 2525, there will still be ones who think and care. And hope shall not have perished.

25 DEC 84: Just a little date in *THE FOREVER*.

Chapter Twenty-four

On Not Losing the Magic
or
For Just A Little Bit More Time I Would Wish
and
There is That Wishing Again
or
An Important Time Frame with My Son
or
I, for One, Will Be Gratified That Sarah andDaniel
and Our Unborn One Will Not be Here
to Feel the Heat of the Gehenna,
the Ordeal, the Crisis
That Man Will Thrust upon His World

My son, when in the position to explain without trepidation, told me of his childhood "imaginary" friends. And they were the very same as mine.

And I am speaking to my son, just a few days before *that Christmas Day*: "Danny, I say things to you just in case I misplace or lose the magic. You have the magic, the necromancy of youth and its attendant nobility. And you are so very brave, my son." I put a hand on his warm shoulder; we were a tactile family; we, all three of us, were constantly touching and kissing and holding each other. Although some boys, when growing up, seem to reach a stage where they don't want to be touched and hugged, this was *never* the case with our son, and with each other.

Sarah, of course, loved to be touched, kissed, held, and caressed. The same was true with Danny. Dr. Freud would never have said anything about how Sarah and I physically showed love to our son. If anything, Danny felt a little left out, and initiated touching, holding, hugging, and even kissing me when the opportunity presented itself. He fully respected the kind of physical love I had with Sarah, but he needed non- sexual, yet physical love himself. He needed it to grow, to survive, to stabilize, and to brace himself against the anger and malevolence in the world outside of our family's private enterprise zone.

His needs sometimes seemed almost desperate. Sarah's family and mine as well, were touching and holding and kissing families, so she and I had been brought up with physically expressed love. Likewise, Daniel received physical love from the both of us. Dr. Freud would have no psy- chosexual material from our family, not from us three. Yet, when we three were in the company of certain kinds of people with their certain kinds of thinking, we refrained from touching, embracing, and hugging.

Danny, somewhat of a real pioneer and social rebel, several times in his early teens, and even mid-teens, when he and his mother picked me up at Heathrow, would, on purpose, forget, run to me, throw his arms around me and kiss me smack on the mouth! As I think back on it, I smile secredy knowing he didn't do it to be slighdy mischievous; he simply wanted to see if the idea and expression of boy's love for his father might catch on; might, even if just minutely, change just a little bit of the world and how people related to each other. And just maybe, with his contribution and demonstration, people might hug their kids before the cruelty in them would make cold, unloving, and abused creatures of their once-innocent and dazzlingly loving children.

Daniel, as did I, cared in an immeasurable way for the future of the children of the world. This was but a small part of the dynamics of this distincdy special and spiritual son of ours.

"There are mysterious and awesome things that will be there for you to detect and cherish."

"What do you mean, Dad?"

"Would you make a fire, please?" I asked, as I began feeling a strange coldness, coming from some deep, visceral place inside of me.

"For you, anything, Daddy." He busied himself with the routine of starting a fire. "It is chilly tonight." We both sat down in front of the fire-place, and he put an arm around my shoulders. We were so very close toward the end of his earthly life.

"Your fantastic and very powerful imagination; you must never lose it. It has great powers."

After sitting a while in deafening silence, we both rose from the fire, and he hugged me so tighdy that I lost a breath and momentarily the beat of the conversation.

"Tell me about the powers," he asked, generating a magic all his own, a distinct and very special magic that our son demonstrated more often as he grew older. There was never a moment of his life I saw that didn't thrill me in the knowledge that he was of Sarah's egg and my seed. He and his mother were truly the miracles of my life. Not disembodied and metaphysical ghosts; they deserved contact. They were always there, deserving contact. They were flesh, and they could be touched, and they would always act and react, and return the touch, and return the caress.

"Tell me about imagination and its powers, Dad."

"What threatens this world is emptiness. A lot of things are no longer filled and solid. And so you must still use your power to make wishes and to hope-"

"You said *hope* was an endangered species."

"It is, son, but it isn't extinct and gone from this world forever, never to be found again. You can find it, though you must know just where to look for it."

"Tell me where to look for it."

"You must examine the qualities of everything that still seems a mystery to you. You must fill the emptiness. Watch out for evil, for emptiness *is* evil, and emptiness must be filled. And you must understand that the young are the bravest people in this tired world. And that you are one of the young. You have a greater nobility than you could ever imagine."

"I think I know what you mean, Dad. I hope I can be brave and noble, too. But what roads must I take?"

"Oh, God, Danny. I love you and your mother so much that sometimes I think I will burst open."

"We are yours, Daddy, and you are ours. Mother said that, I think. Could that be one of the roads?"

"Yes, that's one of the roads, Danny. Your love and hopes and wishes, and your imagination *are* the four magic roadways, and you must know them well. But you must see through things that deliberately make themselves unclear and are empty of their true qualities. You must have this kind of vision."

"And how do I acquire this kind of vision? How do I see this way?"

"You look and see by listening to the voices inside of you. Have you ever heard them, really heard them?"

"Yes, I think I have. They're kind of an extension of my 'imaginary' friends I had when I was very young. They told me to love you unconditionally, for they had been your friends, too. They told me about my powers, the powers of my mind." There was a great sincerity in his voice.

"Then you can tell when someone lies to you. No one should ever lie to you. Now I need a big hug from my son and member of this tactile *three*" He hugged me, making me feel more than alive, but there seemed

so many questions in his eyes. His eyes always gave him away. Danny was never a very good liar at any time in his young life, so he stopped trying. He knew his own brand of lying couldn't be believed, and he knew he could never do it well enough to deceive either Sarah or me.

"Of course, Dad. I know people shouldn't lie to me, but they still try. People still lie. At least they try to, and I can always see it, but only if I listen to the voices."

"Then, once you've discovered a lie, you cannot leave it at that. You must look beyond the lie, and see why it needed to be created in the first place." I poured a small amount of brandy into a glass and swirled it gently around, sniffing its aroma, and continued after taking a sip. "At least for me, it seems to work this way," and I paused. I didn't offer brandy to him; he hated alcoholic beverages. I poured a can of cola into another glass and handed it to him. I felt at ease, enough at least to continue. I lit a cigarette, inhaling deeply, as if using it to punctuate what I was about to say. "Remember that it is possible to have your wishes come true, but there will be those who will try to make you use up all your wishes until you have not a single one left."

I sat down on one of the two love seats; one on each side of the room, with space between the two and just a very small glass table between them. I put out my cigarette in a glass ash tray on the table and put my brandy glass down. Danny sat on the floor inserting himself between my spreading legs and kind of snuggled (He called hugging and snuggling "huggling," and often did it when his mother and I were sitting very close to each other, lovingly) or "huggled" against my right leg, leaning his head with its golden hair (worn a little long), against my right knee. He kind of looked up at me and smiled, and I took his look as a cue to continue.

"Humans have a great need for memories, so you must never forget the good ones. I hope I don't sound as if I'm lecturing or pedantic. This could become boring and put you to sleep, causing my leg to fall asleep, too. Oh, my God, maybe I'm just a little bit drunk."

"Am I cutting off the circulation to your leg, Dad?"

"Not at all. But you *are* increasing the circulation to my heart. Or maybe it *is* the brandy that's intoxicating me."

"On one little sip of brandy?" he asked, flashing his smile right through my forehead and into my mind, where my spirit had just picked up some mental groceries, causing an agreeable tingle that lasted more than a fragrant and ambrosial and consonant bit of time.

"I really don't want to sound or come across as a professor."

"You don't, Dad. I hope you don't think you are boring me. I've met a lot of other kids* dads, and compared to you, they act as if they'd been frozen since prehistoric time. I'm loving everything you're saying, so

please don't stop. I really am very serious about this. Please, Dad, don't stop talking. Sometimes when you speak, I feel a tingling sensation all over my skin, and it feels so damned good and refreshing." He was smiling again, and this time he flashed his smile into my chest, and it circled in on and warmed a heart that had grown chilly because of my work.

"You must also realize, no, you must *know* it, making it a part of your self, like an arm, like a leg." I ran my fingers through his hair, and he seemed to love it, like a puppy dog, and kind of purred, if you could call it that; a sound deeply felt, arising from a subterranean part of him. I continued, and I almost couldn't hear the words coming from deep within me, yet I knew I was saying them. "You should also know that you can lose yourself if you wish all your wishes. I think I'm getting drunk."

"No, Dad, don't stop. I don't know whether Mother told you, but she told me that sometimes when you are speaking with love, that your words seem to caress her, and that's what it seems to me, to feel like, like yours are caressing me, telling me how much you love me. Please, do go on."

"Okay, son." I continued to run my fingers through his hair. It felt silken, and extraordinary to the touch.

"Life is many times a magical trip, but you must, as you enjoy the light, always remember that behind the light there can be darkness and danger. Yet, this is a gamble worth taking, for the light is the magic, and once you've really tasted and touched it, you will want to again. Danny, you are a brave person, a noble person; you must get it from your mother and, oh, boy, let me think-you get it from—"

"You! I get it from you, Daddy!"

"Okay. No argument. But do not allow all of your wishes to be used up or collected by another. They belong only to you. and you must stay this course. I think I'm going to write a book for you." And I heard a voice come from my long-ago imaginary friends, asking me to tell my son that he was a very brave and noble man. And I tried to answer my old friends by telling them that I had already told him he was brave and noble. They told me to tell him *again,* and that I must continue to tell him as much as possible. They were telling me—in my mind—to use *all* of the chances I had to tell my son how noble he was, and how brave. Over and over, and they asked me, "Do you understand *us*?" I answered that I knew they were my true friends, but if they pleased, I had to go back to my son. "Wish it," they said in my mind. "I wish it," I silently answered.

And before an instant had passed, my son was up and sitting beside me on the couch.

"What is the secret of the magic, Dad?"

"Love, pure and simple. Love, unconditional, is the secret to the magic."

He really knew what I meant and he smiled and said, "And the magic,

the love comes from the heart, and it isn't strong or violent, but gentle and firm and lasting for always. From the heart, Dad, from the heart."

"From the heart, yes, Danny, from the heart. From the heart of all hearts." I knew it then; I knew the extraordinary and very rare and special time that can only exist between a father and a son. I now knew, and my son had been my teacher.

My wish is that every father be taught by his children just how to do it and how much to love them.

"When will Mother be back?"

"She flew to the States for a couple of days. Your grandfather has had a stroke, but he's all right now. She'll arrive at Heathrow tomorrow about noon. She never misses a performance if she can help it."

Looking into his face, I saw my Danny and I think-I was very tired- I saw myself.

"Shall we pick her up at Heathrow, then?"

"Of course we will."

"*We* sounds so good to me," he said, yawning. "So we're alone tonight?"

For just a small, insignificant part of a second, I thought about all those times he felt a little left out, almost jealous, competing for my time and my love. "Alone? I don't think *alone* is the right word. There is you, and there is me. Sarah belongs to me, and I-quite righdy-belong to her. You belong to me-"

"And you, quite righdy, belong to me." Danny made a noise somewhere between a yawn and contentment.

"Oh, yes, Daniel. I, quite righdy, belong to you."

We were both very tired, and he lay with me on the couch, falling asleep in my arms. This was my son, sleeping in my arms. His face was the face of an angel, beautiful hair, face, eyes, nose, mouth. I couldn't quite believe it, but his skin was so lovely, definitely not like that of a teenager, but smooth and glowing and clear (or was it the fire which formed a beautiful light upon his face?). He nuzzled his head almost into my chest, and as he slept soundlessly, I began to go quickly into sleep, feeling the joy of having my beloved son, trusting me, loving me, sleeping in my arms that night, just two days before Christmas.

The joy in me was quite overwhelming. Just before that instant when one passes from a twilight state over and into that inevitable refuge that is sleep, I looked down at his face, and even though it was the moment just before sleep overtook and luxuriously camouflaged me from the world, I had one last look at this face, and I saw God.

Chapter Twenty-five

Breaker Four
or
Breaker One Was Me and
Breaker Two Was Sarah and
Breaker Three Was Daniel but
I Did Not Know About Breaker Four

The sun was shining in, the fire was out, day had begun, and I opened my eyes. Danny was still sleeping in my arms, his face sideways against my chest. As I slowly tried to accept the new day, Danny woke, tears falling from his eyes. As I'd done before when he was young, I kissed his eyes dry.

"Good morning, Daddy," he said, and with his impeccable manners, he yawned right into my face. I took his face into both my hands, wanting to grind him right back into his nightmare, for I was never the faultless, flawless father, especially first thing in the morning. I knew of no other father that was the epitome of perfection first thing in the morning.

"Thanks for allowing me to sleep with you. I really miss being so near. So near to you when I sleep."

"You had a nightmare?"

"I don't remember, but thanks for kissing me."

"I kissed you awake."

"Thank you, Daddy. Will we be in time to gather up Mother today?"

"It's only seven-thirty. We have plenty of time."

"I can't stand it anymore, Daddy. I hate secrets and surprises." He rose out of my bodily cradle and kissed me on the cheek.

"Mother has a surprise for you, but she asked me not to tell you until we go to Switzerland. I know you hate surprises."

"I know you want to tell me, and I appreciate your caring that I don't like surprises. You want to tell me?" I asked, as we went into the kitchen,

and I started the teapot and poured us each a glass of orange juice, as I usually did when I was home.

Sarah, as a rule, slept late. Her performances being at night, she required a lot of time to unwind when she returned from the theatre.

"You will act surprised, won't you? And not tell her I told you?"

"I will, to the first question, and I will not, to the second question. Okay, now?" I tried, but it was futile, to make him laugh. It was still too early in the morning. I hated trying to be funny, when I knew in advance it wouldn't succeed.

"She's going to spring it on you when we get to Switzerland and have that famous dinner you've been promising for both your anniversary and my birthday. It's so wonderful that they both fall on Christmas Day."

"What's the surprise?" I thought I knew what it was, but I wanted him to tell me.

When you live with a woman, like a wife (and soul mate), you become aware of very subtle information. Being a physician helps, also.

"Sometimes, when there's only a mother, and father and son, the men have to stick together. You know what I mean, don't you?"

He was so cute when confiding in me. He would start to whisper, but I reminded him we were alone in the flat. I started to chuckle, "Of course I do."

"Well, you mentioned it more than once, that it would be grand if I had a baby sister or brother. Mother loves acting but loves you more than anything, I think even more than me."

"Rubbish! You're her favorite son."

"Har, har, I'm her *only* son!"

"So she's going to have a baby?"

"She wasn't sure she wanted to, but it's one of her anniversary presents. And she wanted to keep it a secret until we go on holiday Christmas Day. I told her you hated secrets, and she didn't make me swear not to tell you. But please, Daddy, don't tell Mother I told you."

"You can trust me, Danny."

"Oh, great. I was scared for a minute, scared that you might slip, and you know how psychic she is. Thanks so very much, Daddy. I don't know what I'd do without you. You're my touchstone. I love you," he said, almost breathlessly, hugging me so tightly I thought he'd crack one of my ribs. [1]

I must say one thing about Daniel, here. When he hugged me, or his mother, or one of us hugged him, it was almost as if he didn't want it to end. Though he was far from insecure, he just adored hugging and being hugged by his mother and me. There was always a lot of love in our home demonstrated frequently and liberally. It seems strange to think of

it now, but Sarah and I had few moments with Daniel that required any disciplinary activity; it seemed that his "imaginary" friends made him aware of how much he could be loved if he stayed the course of simple ethics, morality, and its offshoots with a very intense loving relationship with the both of us.

Once, at a party, a child psychologist told us that if, in the course of "raising our son," there was no need for discipline, there was something radically wrong with us, with our family unit, for we would "slip" into the dysfunctional category without even knowing just how we came to that "dreadful point." Without agreeing on a reaction, we, with spontaneous glee, laughed directly in his pudgy face. So much for child psychologists. With Sarah existing as my better half, liberally dispensed love was the only medicine our son ever required.

"While you are showering, son, I'm going to write a little. I'll be in the study, Champ."

"Are you going to work on *The Catchers of Heaven*?"

"What else? So I'm going to be a father again."

"Do you hope it's a girl, Daddy?"

"Yes, Danny, I think I'd like that. Would you?"

"Yes, I think I'd like that, too. I'm going to shower now. Would it be all right to come back to your study when I'm finished."

"Of course. You're one of my greatest of inspirations. Besides, you'd find an excuse to come in anyway, so I won't close the door. And aren't you doing some writing, too? Your journal, isn't it?"

"Yes. I have to make some entries. Okay, I'll not be long in the shower."

"Good idea. I need you near me when I write." I thought that would make him feel more important, and truly he was very helpful when I needed an opinion on some passage I'd written from a well-read person with a feel for well-written prose. Remarkably, he knew me, and he knew well my style of writing, its subtleties and the manner in which I put the words together. He knew my word-cluster specialties.

"It feels so wonderful to hear that. I won't be but a few minutes," he said, and he seemed rather animated and cheerful.

"Take your time, but before you go upstairs, would you bring me another cup of tea?"

"Straightaway, Daddy."

So, I was to become a father again. I had so hoped Sarah would want to have another child. Even though her work was so very important to all three of us, I knew now that she loved us more than her acting. It was so extraordinary to finally know this for certain. My life could never have been more complete than it was at that moment in time.

Danny brought me another cup of tea as I stared at the blank computer screen. He threw his arms around my neck, kissed me on the cheek, and almost choked me to death with his powerful hug. This kid, this young man, who would one day marry and give Sarah and me grandchildren, was the very light of my life. He and Sarah had permanent residence in my heart of hearts, in the deepest and most beloved place in my soul. The pride I felt for having my family almost burst me open again. I could never get their faces out of my mind. And I never wanted to, for *all* of time.

Lyric flights,
bearing melodies unsung,
yet no fancy
dulcet lyric-poem
on the wordless movements
of my lips.

I could vaguely hear the shower, and in its water-roar, I heard his most impressive singing. He possessed one hell of an ear for music, having perfect pitch, more than perfect, if it were possible. And as I gazed at the blank computer screen, I suddenly had the feeling that I wasn't alone in the room, and there was a voice, a singularity of word-clusters that were not my own.

Chapter Twenty-six

On Further Adventures with My Son
or
On Staying with the Encounter
or
On Staying with the Fray
or
The Rendezvous with One I Would Come to Know
or
The Praxis is a Habitude or an Inclination

The praxis being practice, praxis being a tendency to routine, the impersonation of a life, not too well done.

Or poem; make thyself a poem,
cleft poem,
popped verse;
prescient
to see future
events;
and there must be a bigger
place than me.

There is far too much to tell as I wind up my abundant life here in this place, in this time, in this space, set up only for one that stands alone, and opens his mouth to scream, yet there cannot be noise in the outer reaches of the empty space of a human life not bound by convention nor tickled by incongruities; ones that are seeker-hunters that pursue me into the blackness of my life, and the visions of items that were, but no longer are, visually trapped by the sharpened mental powers once meaning everything, and now, No Thing.

I want to hasten the end of it all, but there is no *one* to tell everything, like the secret of Sarah's, Daniel's, and an unborn baby's deaths. I very much want to tell how they *really* left, seeing that the accident was an accomplished work so very well-done, it seemed.

If I'd stay with it, life is better lived as a fight, at night, and in private. So told with black comfort, the conflict begins to unravel the ragged lives, somehow surrounding the dark, making it the black comfort, with event horizons supreme.

Such long, disconsolate life, scorched earth policies, devastated and desolate and infertile childless *ness*.

I am dragging
my elastic face
upon the timberland floor.

This man moves with ineffectual knowledge, little of learning, for the most part, postictally aphasic, convoluted with convulsion and drowning with disarrangement and disorder. Holding fast to pseudo-forgetfulness; yet, it becomes a paradox with parallax views, a new line of sight, a change in position, but it is the same leviathan in the human perception: It is that no mind on this Terran Wasteland of *near* future can envision a world *with* cessation, the closing of the human-written history and chronicles and archives; the human story flashed into *THE FOREVER*.

And so, other histories, not of this planet, shall speak of the antithesis and paradox and contradistinction, all within the known and unknown dimensions perceived by this mankind creature, and how badly the human animal of that planet so very far away ached for final cleansing.

I hit the "save" key, went back to "main menu," lit a cigarette, and took a long drag, thinking of straying a bit from the next-to-last draft and the parallel outlines and disembodied notes. I turned off the computer, had another sip of my now-cooled morning tea and thought about what I had just written. Then, without a thought, I turned the computer back on, waited until it booted itself, and went back to *The Catchers of Heaven,* where I had left off. The square "inserting" cursor was blinking waiting for my fingers to begin hitting again the keys of the keyboard and making again the words appear. [1]

I suddenly became aware of someone standing behind my chair as I sat in front of my computer keyboard and screen, with blinking cursor, the words appearing at the cursor's place, as if by magic.

"Dear God Almighty, that's brilliant and impressive writing, Dad! It's so...dazzlingly beautiful!"

"Don't tell that to my editor, Danny. He might take my jagged words and stick me in my ego with them."

"Then he'll miss."

"And why do you say that?"

"He'll miss because your ego makes a very small target, and oh God, Daddy, I can't understand it, but I need another hug. The shower was terrible." I hit the key for "Save," stood on tiptoe, and almost broke another rib.

"What happened?" I asked, just barely exhaling the question.

"In the shower, it was as if I were so alone, separated from everything I knew and loved or even just *cared* about. It was so weird, and although I had stopped singing, I heard myself scream, but *inside*. I screamed for you, and you weren't there. Oh, God, Daddy, don't ever leave me! Don't ever throw me away!" And as he held me so tightly, I could feel him shaking, almost as if convulsing.

"What a strange thing to say. 'Throw you away?' I could no more throw you away than I could throw myself away. It's like comparing yourself with garbage, and I don't really understand what you mean."

I moved us both—he seemed almost catatonic-to the study's couch and sat us both down on it. After holding him in my arms for a good length of time, his shaking seemed to quiet somewhat. I tried to caress his face, soothing it tenderly after kissing him on the cheek. He lay lengthwise with his head in my lap, and I ran my hand through his hair repeatedly trying my best to comfort him further.

"I'm so sorry, Daddy, I think I sort of freaked out. I don't know why. I love you and Mother so much, sometimes I think I'll lose you somehow."

"You will never lose us. You can stake your life on it! You and your mother and that miracle she's carrying inside-you are all *the* entire reason for my living. Don't you know that yet?"

"I know that, Daddy, and I certainly do believe it But I've been having these nightmares, and yet I can never remember them. But I refuse to let them screw with my head." And he seemed to relax even further.

The phone rang. It was Sarah. "Michael, my love, I've been delayed by the snow. I shouldn't arrive at Heathrow until midnight. I'll have to call in, and I'll miss tonight's performance. But, tomorrow the theatre will be closed through New Year's, and I think we'll have a great day on Christmas."

"Darling, would you prefer I call the theatre?"

"No, my beloved, I'll call. I'll feel better if I do it. How's Daniel?"

"He's fine." Danny stood over me waiting for me to hand him the receiver. I held it at a sufficient space from my ear for Danny to hear Sarah's voice. "He wants to say hello. Just for now, permit me, my Lady,

to say that I love you exceedingly. Bad word, best thought." She returned the verbal caress, and I handed Danny the receiver.

Danny lit up like sunlight. "Mother, will it be safe...the plane, I mean? Oh, it's snow. Will it be okay? Good. When will you arrive at Heathrow? Midnight? You're taking a later flight? Oh, okay, I'll tell Dad." He slowly hung up.

"She's arriving at midnight?"

"I know. She told me. Don't worry, Danny. The plane will not take off if the snow presents a hazard. She'll call again if she's delayed further. But I wouldn't worry if I were you."

He kind of threw himself into my arms once more, shaking again, and I was tempted to give him a tranquilizer, but I knew he hated pills.

"Daddy, hold me tightly, please. I'm so frightened."

"What of, Danny?"

"It's not Mother. At least I don't think it is." The phone rang again.

A pleasant voice said: "Hello? You must be Danny's father. My name is Charley. It's nice to sort of meet you over the phone. Danny always raves about you, Doctor. Is he there? May I speak with him?"

"Of course. It's sort of nice to meet you, too, Charley, over the phone. And it's nice of you to ring up. Danny's right here. I'll give you to him." I handed the phone to Danny.

"Hi, Charley," he said. "So you finally got a chance to talk with my Dad. Doesn't he have a great voice on the telephone?" Then Danny turned to me. "That's the friend I told you about when I rang you up in Rome." Danny seemed almost elated. "Daddy? Since Mother isn't arriving until later, could Charley come over for lunch? I'll see to it. Do the honors, so to speak. Then you'll have the chance to meet him. Please, Daddy?"

"Who am I to say 'no' to one of the two best loves of my life?"

"Charley, Dad says okay. What time? Noon? Great. In an hour, then? Good. We'll see you in an hour." Danny was smiling. "Now you'll get the chance to meet Charley. Oh, Daddy, I wish he were my brother. He'd fit so well in this cheerful home. He's almost *too* sensitive and sometimes sad. But, if I make a joke, or do something funny, he cheers up almost immediately."

I smiled, happy that my son was happy, happy that he seemed to have so nice a friend. The doorbell rang in what was very close to an hour. Danny rushed to open it. Daniel took Charley's coat. I almost froze in position; they did look very much alike. "It's nice to meet you, Charley. Danny told me about you on the phone, but he never said your name."

Charley was almost as comely as Danny. "It's nice to meet you, too. That's odd. Why would Daniel not mention my name?"

Danny was fleet and almost abrupt in answering Charley's question; but, as I was so tired for some reason, I didn't notice it, not at least

enough to comment on it. "Charley, I don't have enough time with my Dad as it is *now*. I just must have neglected to mention your name, but as I recall, I talked quite a bit about you and how you really stood out and apart from my peers and school chums. No offense."

"None taken." Charley looked down at his cola; Daniel had poured glasses for the three of us. Daniel stared knives at Charley, but Charley continued to look at his cola, as if something extraordinary were about to come floating to the top of it.

If there was any new tension in the room-and there was—I did not seem to feel it during Charley's short stay. I was a bit self-absorbed in what was happening inside my mind, and every time Charley spoke, my eyes were uncontrollably drawn to his. I did not, however, understand why this was happening and didn't pursue its meaning.

The three of us had a nice lunch together, and Charley made a lot of small talk and seemed a little nervous, but if, indeed, he was apprehensive, Danny didn't seem to notice it, at least overtly. After several hours passed, Charley excused himself; he said he had to study for a part.

"In a movie?" Danny asked.

"Yes, but not a terribly good one. But, it's a part. You know, when you're getting started, you have to take roles that are less than perfect. Nice meeting you, Doctor. I'll speak to you after Christmas, then," he said to Danny. "I hope I'll see the both of you again soon."

"We'll both be looking forward to it," Danny said for himself and for me; yet his voice seemed cold enough to chill.

"Isn't he one terrific kid?" Danny asked, after closing the storm door. His heart was not in his question.

"He seems very nice," I said, happy my son had such a nice friend. I just wondered why he seemed to hate him this afternoon.

Danny had made a fire again. "I feel as if I'd like to take a nap here by the fire. Want to take a nap with me, Dad? I know you are hurting; I know it's your work, and I know you can't tell me about it, but Daddy, I do understand, and if you'll let me, I'll be here to ease your mind."

"Yes," was all I could say. I suddenly felt very empty, and I wondered why. We both fell asleep quickly and woke to the phone ringing. It was Charley again, but Danny answered it this time.

Rubbing the sand of sleep from my eyes, I made my way to the study. Danny's journal lay open; he had evidently been working on it. He stood by the doorway.

"Read it, if you want. I'd really love to have you read it," he said, and if it were possible, his face showed me two opposite emotions. Unsure as to a course of action, I started reading. As I looked up but once, I saw a tear roll down from his right eye. I wanted to get up and go to him, but I could not.

Chapter Twenty-seven

Notes from Daniel's Second Journal
or
Notes from a Soul Partly Hidden Away
or
Notes from Nly Son's Seventeen Years,
Some on Paper
and
I Need, Need, Need: More Room
for Sarah and Danny;
When I Write about Them, They Live Again for Me-
Are Almost Real Again.
WHO TAKES THE BLAME FOR THE FIRE?
I WILL NOT TAKE IT!
MY SHOULDERS CARRY TOO MUCH
OF IT ALREADY,
AND I STRAIN WITH GREAT PAIN, ALSO
ALREADY.

They Say God Never Gives More than a
Person Can Carry,
But
Someone Forgot About Mel

NOTES FROM THE JOURNAL OF
MR. DANIEL M. WOLF:

What is Danny's middle name?

Can't you freely read my thoughts?

You were told once before that your thoughts remain private if you so desire them to be solitary and sequestered from probing. My son's middle name at birth was Sarah's father's first name to honor him. But, when Daniel was old enough, seven or eight, I believe he asked us to change it and make it official. Or legal. Whatever.

What did he change it to?

He wanted this to be his full name: Daniel Michael Wolf.

You must have been so very proud.

Yes, it was truly an unimaginable honor!

THE PERSONAL ENTRY-22 DECEMBER

This is dedicated to my Mother and Father: Their anniversary and my seventeenth birthday both fall on Christmas-This is awesomely neat!

Oh, damn, it is such a shame, that all of us, we seem to be playing the same game. Farewell and fare well, and a *good* good-bye; we're all going to Hell, use the tools so you've no secret right to cry the inconsistent tears when you already knew the rules. The dream's the thing to make you wonder who really is king of the Catchers of Heaven. They are in my father's Trilogy, and they shall be in me, and in my writing, for I really think I know who they are. I feel suddenly old, and it is December, and I know I am old, though in years I will be seventeen. When will the little ones with the so soft skin of dolphins come to me again? I-with hope-do try to love them as my Father loves them. When will they come again to me? Sweet Lord, make my Daddy happy. Help him to succeed in everything he wishes to accomplish. Bless him for every good thing that is the Father who is my own and who I know and love, my Dad, my Daddy, my beautiful Father. And bless my Mother; I know she suffers, too. Life can be so strangely beautiful, and when it's radiant, it's too often too short. Oh, I must say it again: It's too often too short.

If I were to be asked to choose a parent to lose, or one of the two to withhold, detain from loss and to celebrate and anoint and sanctify, I would be frozen in a "loop;" There is my mother, and there is my father, but they are like one, not two; they could not be untied or separated and still remain unchanged in even the smallest way. I wish (that word of Daddy's) I possessed the power to encircle and envelop them

with an impenetrable field of lovely protective force. I never want Daddy to be separated from Mother. They are each one half of the other.

If I could be given "the power," I would never abuse it, just as I do believe my father is the right person to be given power, for the reason that he desires it not; he'd never accept its possession. Socrates, through Plato, said something about making a king; that the one best suited to become king would be the philosopher-type who *does not want* to be king. This is so accurately the best and only authentic description of my Dad. And when he hugs me, I wish time to stop itself from moving utterly, and even forever and for always. And at this moment, as he hugs me to his chest, and beneath it his heart, that we both could turn into stone, to be for always that way and its eternal process.

I am surrounded by sound. I do so wish I could write lyrics for songs that influence what my "imaginary friends" once called the "bright white light inside of life-forms." My Dad will, after completing and publishing *The Catchers of Heaven: A Trilogy*, though he is very ill (why must Daddy be ill?) and fights to stay alive, and I asked-no, begged-my imaginary friends to prevent his eventual death from metastatic (I think that's the right word for "spreading") cancer, because my dearest Father wishes to write something called: "The Bright White Light Quartet," which would be all of the many things that could not fit into the Trilogy, and would become its natural extension into a Quartet, and this has been done before. Dad told me to read Lawrence Durrell's *The Alexandria Quartet* so a "quartet," format is nothing new, yet what he'll put into it, will be the four dimensions he knows, much like the four dimensional quality of *The Catchers of Heaven: A Trilogy*. Three dimensions plus *time*. He—my Dad-has so many important things to tell people, especially if they want to regain the power to run and ride their governments, to put the power again into the hands and hearts of all of the peoples of planet Sol Three.

My Dad is a *real* patriot and is taking a very dangerous stand against the excesses of "secret governments," almost unknown to other branches of the visible government; the difference is that these secret governments are composed of Special Access Black Programs, and Dad knows there are some that are legitimately needed to protect the United States of America against any adversary, but some are not needed to be *so* secret. They call them "Black Programs," because no one can shine a light

into them to expose them and the corruption within them. And my Dad is dangerous because he is sincere. He told me every penny he earns from the Trilogy will go into the Paragon Foundation's treasury, a non-profit organization whose goal is a viable legacy for the human children; and there are the other children called "THE BETWEEN," and the Foundation will work closely with UNICEF. This, in itself, is enough reason to adore my Dad!

My Dad would never compromise the security of his country but feels sad when most of his ideas are examined not for their potential use of the citizens, but always first is weapons potential, and thus most of his patents are sequestered "in the interest of National Security." I feel deeply and badly for this patriot who is my dear, loving Dad.

I can see now why Daddy is so worried. Here in England there have been so very many national security scandals, and my Dad never wants this to happen to the government of the U.S. of A. Or the U.K. either, for that matter.

Oh, dear sweet Lord in heaven, protect my Mother and my Father, and the unborn baby inside my Mother. Please, dearest God, I love you and will love you even more if you help my Mother and my Father to successfully leave their respective contributions and never die before their tasks for *You* are completed. I have a strange fear that I might be "thrown away." Charley put it that way, but it was my thought, too. When I put it to Daddy, he freaked. I should never have phrased it that way. I love him so much, I'd die for him. But he must stay alive, and his "sometimes a great notion," should be listened to by much more than secret, undercover big shots, who don't even know others of the same type exist; you know the story, the words, right hand doesn't know what left hand is doing; this is why there can be governments within governments within governments, and the "black ones" are sometimes invisible from the "elected" government, and the electorate itself. [1]

I WOULD WISH ONE LAST WISH: THAT I STILL BE LIVING WHEN THE "CATCHERS OF HEAVEN" ARRIVE. I know an advance contingent are here already; Dad had once pointed one of them out on some of the walks we take through Hyde Park. He said

the "Nordics." BUT, I want to be present to meet my Father's other-brother, and my Dad told me his name was SA, and he was a prince. I've heard him talking to my mind, I guess telepathically. And I wish, and I hope, he is a prince of peace. Dad—who ought to know—said he is just that: a prince of peace.

But I continue to ask myself why my Dad must suffer. I see great pain in his eyes. I must stop writing here, for *my* eyes are welling up with tears, and they splash upon this paper, and the ink runs away from its home. Like Daddy, I hate ball-point pens. Only ink pens do I like. I hope Charley will someday read these journals and make a recording of them or even read them into some minor Film. But Daddy's lectures and seminars—they must all be filmed or recorded or transcribed for posterity.

THE FOLLOWING I HAVE COPIED FROM ONE OF DADDY'S LECTURES, OR SEMINARS: "As the experimental world seems to be proving-or rather clarifying-ques- tions of philosophy, it begins to be seen that the rather unfamiliar and exotic but natural order and landscape of the quantum world must now be affirmed and embraced. We scientists are living today in a most extraordinary time in which experiments in the laboratory begin to provide answers to- yes, it must be said-philosophical questions. Conclusions are now seen startlingly in quantum mechanics.

"The theory part of quantum mechanics has been accurately authenticated since, perhaps, the 1920s, and the predictions of the nuclear, the atomic, the optical, the solid state, and many more areas that are today important such as solid-state electronics and wave/particle duality. (I am currently sweating out a dissertation of this 'duality,' a 'new view,' which, I believe will sooner than most think, assist other theories to stand as a basis for a unification theory of the universe.)"

Oh, damn, Pm running out of space; there are only two more pages left in this, my second journal. I'll try to put most of Dad's lecture in this small remaining place. I do so love my Dad, for as a neurologist, computer wizard, and theoretical physicist, he has combined these seemingly diverse disciplines into something he will not admit is great and new wisdom. But my Dad is one who would never admit to wisdom, anyway. His ego he has assuaged and discouraged from growing too large,

as he estimated it to be too extensive for one belonging to a "forever" which is wrongly perceived to be much too small. And he's worked very hard to open it up, the "forever," that is.

Signed: Daniel M. Wolf

MORE QUOTES FROM HIS LECTURE ON THE ACTUALITY, MATERIALITY AND SUBSTANTIALITY OF THE QUANTUM UNIVERSE: "Yet we have these semimodern accomplishments, but the non-intuitive singularity has—most times it is reviewed—seems that quantum mechanics had seemed, in the past, to be in some way, imperfect and deficient. This could not be true, for quantum theory is *not* flawed, defective, or incomplete. The quantum world needs no longer to be subjected to inner doubts and insecurities.

"A basic in quantum mechanics, the superposition state, or the principle of superposition states, I addressed in my last lecture in this series on the reality of quantum worlds. The principle, rather basically, is 'the cat under the hat.' The cat, while under the hat, is in a 'superposition state.' Such states can overlap in subatomic situations, where logic appears to break down. Yet the laws of quantum mechanics still cover the *seem- ing* lack of logic, and the so-called 'overlaps.' Thus, physically, the operations conform to forming, or creating a new state which trespasses in a 'legal'* way, and overlaps every one of the states from which it had been formed.

"First, I personally do not think it would hurt too very much to have a basic understanding of the quantum state itself."

Oh, my child of light...and you, my wife, adored and beloved, both of you, the caretakers of my limited, fragile, slight, immaterial, tiny, little, brittle mortality that is now the sum of my life.

A note to my Self: And do wait, if there's laughter, i.e., complaints that sections were not heard as was the case the last time; one mistake, and I got it right on the second take. A second personal note: I wish Darnel were here. Dear God, with or without Your help-and please excuse me if I seem even a speck audacious—yet I would never even *seem* unloving— but preferably *with* Your wonderful and loving help; do, please, ameliorate and alleviate the sometimes heavy heart of my beloved son, my light-child, heading from the moment of conception to the stars. Please

assist Danny with his free will, and with what *he* elects to do with his abundant and myriad talents; if I have even a spot of knowledge of Your will, then, please, dearest Lord, dearest Father of *THE FOREVER*, see to it that my son is able to expand and carry well Your will. I love this young son of mine even more than my own life, for this is an *absolute*.

A nowhere existence, my inadequacy showing in the mirror of emptiness, voided living, empty lifeless dreams (regressing back to black and white), no one to whom I can deliver my heart-my heart having been ripped savagely from my pain-soaked, putrescent, profaned, polluted chest

VOLUME TWO

ON LEAVING

Chapter One

Notes and Quotes and Funny and Grotesque Pleasures and Writings of a Man Who Has Sustained a Direct Hit and is Hurting Badly or More Than a Little Curious about a Variety of Ways to Love or My Time Will Be Coming (Not Becoming) or He Says He is the Rainbow Boy

And I hear a voice; it was, I think, in the Swiss hospital, and he says he knew my son, Danny and my wife Sarah, and I thank him for stopping by, and ask him if he could—I see vaguely his face—fetch me another water glass, but he says he cannot because the nurse sitting in the comer of the room tells him-he tells me-that I can only have paper cups, and the nurse must be holding it...for my protection. Seems I might try to die again. Slice open the wrist veins and such, and you become sleepy and you expire gendy, but bloody. Too many echoes. You've a computer. Turn echo off. Might as well; you've turned two lives and one unborn life off.

And then in Germany, the same little scene is repeated, as if considering another "take" on a film set and sound stage with huge klieg lights and microphones and a little man, or boy, who is a "key grip," as he calls himself, doing what odds and ends must be done, and then there's a gaffer with his light meter; and would I like some hot tea? The planet

spins, and I am in many places at one time, and memory is *all*

He is so happy, and he laughs at the traditional nonsense; it is the absurdity of right and wrong, conservative or not. And as one was heard to say to the other: "You don't suppose he's gone native do you?" And: "He is said to walk on water, you know." And: "He wallows in self-sorrow. Be patient with him, God!" But God sees, and waits...

And Charley finds me wallowing in grief, the self-sorrow episodes, often drunk, often regurgitating chunky, industrial-strength vomit. And he attempts to touch to comfort. And I state firmly: "I don't want either of us to get the *wrong* idea."

And he answers with equal conviction: "About us? I cannot be your lover, just as you cannot be mine. But you can love me as a friend. I hope you can-no—I pray you can. Well, can't you?" And, at the same time I heard his words in my mind: "And why do you continue to say and think no sex, when there is none that is, and I have asked for none that will be?"

"I can accept love as a friend, but no more," I say to him. "It cannot be my way of living, my style. You want to be that son of mine you knew, and you knew how much my son and I loved each other. That, perhaps can be. Perchance. But you cannot fill in for Sarah."

And said with sorrow or an undercurrent of sorrow, "I know. I know."

And then there was a pause, and I said it again, "I know." And mind to mind: "To be able to speak all manner of things, encumbered *not,* this is the very heart of all that *matters*

"You don't remember me at all, do you?" Charley asks, but I know he doesn't expect an answer. "Then we shall have to meet again, as if we had never seen one another before. I was Daniel's friend; I was the kid with the braces, but you didn't see me when I still had them. See, there isn't a gap anymore between my two front teeth. Danny was my best friend. And I loved him as a friend, as I did also your late wife, Sarah. You do not remember, so we shall see and meet as if we were not connected in any way. It is obvious that you do not want to-"

"What the *hell* are you talking about?" I ask.

> *INSERT, SPECIAL: The man-child with bio-luminescent blue-emerald eyes;*
>
> *INSERT, SPECIAL: (yet no* lessj: *Charley's love for the star-child, or the special kind of blue-emerald throated word clusters. (And other assorted inane, inept, absurd, asinine, radiant, dazzling human comportment that was the spirit and* being *of the melting rainbow colors that possessed the name Charley in blue-emerald mood and multicolored meld, standing precariously on green ice flow...the littlest soul who was taller than others perceived him to be and knew not how to comprehend, to really see the little spirit who sat at God's right hand,*

but had the humility to forget his position and focus his breakable beauty on those who he could enhance to near perfection. He was the giving machine, and I was the yelling man; no perfect match here. He be giving; I be yelling.

Yet Charley was the sun-caught sliver of a diamond on the cold snow-covered mountain, and in his spirit he was dwelling on the highest mountain and nearest to the blue-green sky. He was the sky-child.

And I was the star-child. And he was fragile, and so I was fragile, too. But we must keep passing the open windows. He was the second *Child of Light. (Remember the first? I do.) Or was I confusing Charley with Danny? Or am I still in shock?*

How can a person be anything below his own height?He stood central in a room filled with disquieting persons; he stood with magical colors, colors that were in a constant state of flux, flowing into one another and yet staying separate enough to appear as if in rainbow melding mood.

But I be asking...Should it end?

(My wish was to dwell with a fellow star-child. No, my wish was to have my family again.)

You wanted it? Here it is: *No, here it is!* Heading in the right direction, yet not probing the redundancy of truth, *missing* the *big picture*, and leaving the halo of science intact like a great restraining wall, making viable the constant, closed mind. No vision. No opening permitting the entrance or access. Or, for that matter, egress. Welcome to the Dark Ages of Enlightened, Inspired Science. Welcome to the past we think is the present, and to a future that is *now*.

Welcome to the New World Order. Greetings from the shitheads otherwise called scientists. In reality (What the hell is reality?), welcome to the New World Dworder. Welcome to the New World of structured chaos and reductionism. No big picture to be found, or to be comprehended, or discerned, or apprehended, or realized, or perceived, or conceived, or embraced. Welcome all to all of this delight.

Welcome to the "new" Satori, or Enlightenment. Welcome!

INSERT, SPECIAL, from the Book of Inserts: Ways of Loving Plug into the "Love Formula. " (The Love Formula, for inattentive readers, is: Take the number of times you think about the loved one in a time frame, such as a day, for example, and the number of times you think about your Self (two words, second word most important), and if the difference is more *the Beloved, and* less *your Self, then it is lone (or LOVE). The really remarkable properly of the Love Formula is the fact that many other meaningful things can be plugged into it. I shall be*

Sometimes, in rapture, one does not wish for an ending or conclusion, yet it is truly *human to want to wrap things up and to tie up loose strings. (Unification string theory?)*

"No. It 's loose ends. "

"Oh. Thank you."

The children of planet earth are waltzing and prancing and dancing, nakedly through the fires of the special hell mankind has for himself and his progeny, created so very assiduously for all that is here and all that is to come. The mother *is crying. The* mother *is bleeding. It is part of the message from the crop circles all over this planet. And the message goes on...(as well as the %eat')...goes on and on...and the deaths, and the killing...*

God! One has to admire mankind's remarkable consistency!

INSERT, SPECIAL: As a neurologist, I have discovered a new pathology. I call it: 'Neurorectumitis," and this particular disease process I give this clinical presentation: Neurorectumitis is an infection (possibly of viral cause), leading to the swelling of the nerves leading from the anus to the spinal nerve bundles, thus leading to the brain, and causing a shitty outlook on life. *Neuropeptides and endorphins are respectively not effective, for the aforementioned disease is a progressive one, and leads to a "chronic presentation. " The only cure is death, and if there should be a continuation of consciousness, even death may not be a way to rid one's self of the pathology, or disease process, or processes, which I have found to have clinical presentation possibilities. (Life is pain; anyone who says otherwise is selling something.)*

Any updates to follow will take the form of INSERTS, SPECIAL: and shall be part of a new "bible, "called THE BOOK OF INSERTS.

The price of action is colossal. The worst invention was speech. The second worst was words. *One word speech.*

And so the donkey-work goes on...[1]

Michael's "Time-Tripping" again. ALL THIS FROM QUASI-STELLAR SOURCES? (Or should it be a "Period?") "Weak in reality am I," said the man who was no man. Not connected. Alienated, so to speak. A real

[1] FROM THE BOOK OF INSERTS:
Moles and Trolls, Moles and Trolls.
Real Life is an Acquired Taste.
When a Dream Becomes Flesh, Trouble is Not Far Behind.
In German Prisons, during World War II, GIs, our guys, showered with

"May I help you?"

"Just looking."

"For what, may I ask?"

"For just one open crop circle. For a circle in the corn or wheat that has yet to close. For a *truth* that is only a *lie* that has yet to be exposed."

"I guess I can't help you, then."

"Then? Or now? No, I fear you cannot help me."

"I wish I understood."

"I wish you did, too."

"I'll play your games if you wish."

"I do not wish. They are not games."

"He'll be just fine. Do not worry so much about him. It is nice that you do so, but don't. And your name is?" It seemed strange, talking about myself in the third person, singular. But I was a singular man.

And I was the yelling man. And I was...tripping on a hallucinogen. "Allow me to clarify, like broth, like clear broth. His...my...name is Michael...and he'll...I'll be just fine. Thank you for caring. I didn't think people did those kind of caring things anymore. Yes, his, my name is-though it should not be-Michael."

"Why should your name not be Michael?"

"Its meaning in Hebrew is something I could never live up to. What is your name?" (as if I didn't know, for his face had entered my dreams, and I knew precisely who he was.)

"My name is Charley. I know you, but I think you don't remember me. May I spend some time with you, Michael? Would this be a proper time to speak with you?"

I wasn't out of it enough to notice that he was clarifying his "spend some time with you" statement. My eyes were a bit blurred, but I knew his face from films. It had changed somewhat dramatically, as I had seen a film with him as a youngster. Now he looked different. Not so sure of himself. Not as happy as he had seemed in an earlier film. I guessed that I could charge that to getting older and slimmer, but still, something just didn't seem right.

"Why? I'm hardly important to the furthering of your career," I lied. (Oh, what a nasty thing to say. Sometimes, when I thought or sensed someone was making overtures, I tended to use cruelty for defense. And very effectively so.) I knew he was an actor with a famous father. He must have known that I recognized him. Yet he knew nothing significant about me, I thought, and I was very comfortable and within safety's borders, I thought. I did hope so. I looked into his strangely blue and emerald eyes which in some other light and angle looked pure blue, and said, "I'm just a disabled man of forty-three on Social Security, trying to make some small, final contribution to this world, to the children who will inherit a questionable future, a world, still to be rescued for there to be a viable

future for the children, and even if viable...I'm sorry, this is hardly proper social chatter on meeting another person for the first time, and at one of Desia's parties." And I had to continue this diatribe.

He was looking *into* me. "I feel rather strongly about man's destruction of his planet, a blind destruction to be sure and yet these same men, and women, only with women there is much more self-honesty...these same people that bring children into this world, surely must know by now that their children will be born on Endangered Earth."

I paused only to notice that he seemed almost as if in a hypnotic trance (or was it the marijuana I had been smoking; I always became eloquently loquacious when I smoked the weed...or a babbling idiot. For that matter, had he also been smoking the stuff, too?)

He continued to watch, silently.

"How can anyone, knowing this, bring a child into this world? To watch it suffer? God! I wish I knew more about man's incredibly vast ability to believe his own lies! Getting to know eternity. I am pinned as if by cosmic darts to this time and place, and I really do wish I could manage to go home. Home. I must phone home. Phone home. Ring up my family, my people, and go home, go home, say it long enough, and it might come true. Thinking and thinking and thinking to becoming, and becoming, and then to *being*. Damn! Came close to being this, that time."

Charley seemed transfixed by my words, my mush. "What you're saying...your words; they're inspiring."

I interjected, "No, they are not inspiring. They move trippingly off the tongue like spit! Saliva, if you prefer. I take note of your higher sensibilities. Soon, I have to stop this nonsense and move to the next curtain to see what's behind it."

"I want to hear more. Please. It is Michael, isn't it? I once met you and called you 'Doctor.'" He smiled, his lips slightly parted, eyes widened just a bit, as if truly, severely interested. But anyone who had a working relationship with his own soul would know that Charley was in total concentration, and the desires he manifested were really minuscule in relation to the things he craved but never was to have, for his spirit fed itself not well enough, but never more than an authentic and sincere humility demanded of him. In this he was truly blessed. And unique.

For a moment I was struck dumb by what I saw inside of him, such simplicity and complexity, living in complete harmony. I didn't think it possible. But, I had never met *this* Charley before. Most, in a lifetime, pursuing that which is most resplendent, would rarely find *a* Charley. He was too rare a species. He surely did not belong anywhere on *this* planet.

"It is Michael, isn't it?" he asked again. Charley was almost too pretty to be a man, and yet there seemed an aura of masculinity, but a tender and fragile one, as if merely an angry stare would shatter and scatter all

the pieces of him into *THE FOREVER*. He'd made some films, but was recendy a breakable and delicate character in one of them. Somehow, I knew I must not do anything to hurt him. It began to seem like a moral imperative, but even more than that.

"Yes," I said, as tenderly as I could. "That is my name."

"I've never met anyone quite like you." He seemed to have just a slight but attractive British accent. His eyes appeared to glow a kind of deep green that was very difficult to describe with words, "bio-fluorescent" possibly, like a very slightly muted firefly, and in addition, a bulb from a light fixture, a lamp in the room, seemed reflected in his eyes. But one thing I was absolutely sure of: his eyes were *hungry* eyes.

There seemed a glow around his head and longish, brown with blond flecks-of-light hair that I could only describe as one of the effects of my marijuana intoxication.

Somehow, I was able to speak. "You'll have to forgive me, Charley, but I'm at a distinct, almost allowable disadvantage. I'm rather stoned."

His head moved from side, this way and that, as if trying to look straight into my soul, and at the same time, it reminded me of a little puppy dog trying to make out the tone of his master's voice, "I know you are, Michael. And I'm a bit stoned, too, but on the person that you are, or seem to be. And maybe a little too much alcohol, too. Please do not be terribly offended, but I'm anxious to ask you if you are real, and if not, are you the dream I've had for some time now? I swear to you; I have had this recurring dream about you. The dream I have over and over. Almost every time I go to sleep, I sense I'm going to have this dream again. And you axe always in it."

I wanted to ask him if he'd been smoking the weed, too, but I knew it was time to disengage from this pretty boy-man, for I had enough knowledge of male-to-male relationships to know that I didn't want one, especially with so much of a fragile spirit such as the one who stood before me. It may (or must) have been pure ego, but I swear it seemed as if he were almost venerating me. He stood still, his lips open as if he were going to say something, something I surely did not want to hear, I thought, and hoped I was not correct.

I wanted to get away from him as soon as was possible, but not to hurt him, and I seemed to sense I could hurt him easily. "Please excuse me. I have to freshen my drink and greet our hostess. Desia's looking stunning tonight, isn't she?"

And it wasn't a question that I wanted answered. I slowly began to turn and move away, but very slowly. As if I were on a bomb squad and slowly backing away from an explosive device not defused.

Charley followed me a few paces, then turned to face me again, impeding my meager movement away from his rather intense personage. "Why do you turn away from me? I'm not going to hurt you,

Michael. I cannot hurt people to whom I'm finding myself attracted. And please don't misunderstand. It's your *personality* that made me say what I just did. Please, don't think badly of me. Don't think I'm trying to, as they say, 'pick you up.'"

I could sense that he knew he was now standing on very dangerous ground, for even though he may have sensed that he interested me much more than less, I might well have easily interpreted his approach as sexual; he swept aside what I sensed *he* sensed.

"I've known you before tonight. You've been in my mind for a long time, and when I saw your face, your eyes, I knew you were the one I have known, met once, saw you several times, really, and dreamt of you for all of the life that I can remember. I know you. It's like a kind of magic. Abracadabra! I've found you! I never thought I would, you know. I never thought I'd find this repeated dream, this magic man. It isn't *deja vu*\ it really isn't a psychological mechanism. It's magic. I know it is. It's magic!

"I know you," he went on. "I know I know you. I've known you for such a long time. And when you told me your name, and I saw your face, especially your eyes, everything fell into place like some kind of gigantic jigsaw puzzle. Oh, my God, Michael, where did you really come from? How did I ever have the chance to find you again? Please, I'm really very serious about this. Please do not disbelieve me. I've waited so long, I thought it was an impossible dream, a very impossible dream to ever come true-"

"Oh, no? People who are so sensitive as you seem to be, can easily hurt another susceptible being like me. Please excuse me," I said, as tenderly as possible under the circumstances, and moved within the crowd of people and away from him, without (although I very much wanted to) looking back. I came to where the often lovely Desia was standing.

"Desia, how are you?"

"Just fine, Michael. I see he found you," she said, her face glowing, looking into the crowd of people and pinpointing his position, for he wasn't very tall, it seemed, perhaps five foot five, or even an inch or so more. Most likely five foot seven. But just looking at him seemed to make him taller. When we were speaking that insane conversation, he did seem much taller.

"Isn't he wonderful?" And not permitting me to answer, "I invited you because he described you in such perfect detail, that I knew it could be no other person in this entire world! You would have met him in London had you attended one of my parties. He's magical, mystical. And so beautiful. I don't care to bring up the past, but he met you once, and then in hospital, quite a few years ago. That face of his could crack a mirror!"

"Or crack a heart," I mumbled. And inside I tried testing my walls against human invasion. Even by another *star-child.*

"What did you say?" Desia asked.

"You know I don't go that way!" I felt anger, but anger far away, hard to summon, hard to know if it was real anger, or just fear of this man- child, whatever he was, standing there in the midst of many beautiful people (lAi beautiful people), as if innocence had been gently applied to every part of his face and body, but mostly to his face, his delicate, breakable face that seemed to be simply too perfect. Yet wonderfully so.

"Desia, I hope he isn't gay," I said. "I'm not gay. I've lost Sarah and Danny, and a relationship with a man-just the idea of sex with-another man would me want to vomit!"

Desia was a tall and cultivated, elegant and finished woman, (a woman of the world; I hate cliches and trite platitudes), but she was a very courtly and artistically appreciative example of the kind of well-to- do women who lived to throw parties, mostly for charities, and she had many of both causes and gatherings to raise money for a charity that was in vogue at the time. Yet she was really well-intentioned.

But I had never realized that she had a match-making side to her, and she seemed intent on pairing me with that special, brittle-souled Charley person. I hoped, if I could divert her attention to something else, that she'd at least momentarily forget her Hello-Dolly persona. She obviously was taken with him, and wanted him, at the very least, to obtain my friendship. I hoped that was all there was to it.

I had to be certain she understood my position. "Desia, perhaps there just might be a slim chance for friendship. (The walls started going up.) But what if he wants *more*! What am I talking about? Maybe I'm not so positive, but I think he made a goddam pass at me!"

"I don't think it was a pass, as you call it. But wants more of what?" she asked, and I mistook it for the kind of denseness, or dizziness, that she and my very dear friend, Kaywin, seemed sometimes to possess. And I had just recently had a telephone call from Kaywin who knew of Charley and could not get him out of her head, either.

"Once he gets into your mind, Michael," Desia was saying with a kind of perfect clarity which was most unusual for the person she was. "Once you let him in, especially someone like you, he'll never leave you unless you, with all due deliberation, a perhaps cruel calculation, push him from it, your mind, your soul, your arms, even if you draw the lines of demarcation...say, you'll have embraces, but no sex, for that isn't your way, and you'll tell him and he will accept-"

I interrupted with: "Damn it! What are you trying to tell me?" I began to feel slight ill. "Is this more of your prescient stuff that you are throwing at me?"

"All right, Michael. I'll make this as blunt as I can possibly make it. With Charley, you're dealing with an extraordinary, almost angelic person, and he is still a boy compared with an old fart like you—and don't

interrupt. Just please listen. He sees something in you. For that matter so do we all. Something very special and unique. And, you surely must be aware by now that I am one of the most favorite psychics to the so-called stars and the so-called beautiful people.

"What you do not seem to understand is that when I invited you to my last party and some of the female *and* male actors and the so-called beautiful people fancied you, most of it was in a lusting way. I remember you proceeded to get out of here as fast as possible when I finally clued you in to the lust part. Do you remember Charley coming in just as you were making one of your famous escapes?"

"Yes, of course. He does stand out, even in a crowd of the beautiful people and he made one hell of an impression, just on sight."

I was remembering the event and how I could not get his image out of my mind even while attempting to meditate. And I never got stuck with an image when I meditated; I'd been doing it so long and so correctly, that I was almost always in control. He was burning my soul, searing me this night. I was finally remembering. "Desia, every time I close my eyes, I see his damn face. Or my son's. They looked alike and were best friends."

"Michael, that is difficult, even for you," she said, almost without emotion, and Desia was a woman who rarely expressed herself without emotional punctuation.

"What am I to do? He's breaking down-one by one-all of my so very closely guarded walls."

"Darling Michael. Don't worry about a sexual relationship. I know you do not want it. He'll understand because I don't think he wants it, either. But do not deny him...do not deny him the love of friendship. Build a foundation of friendship and then try to determine your moral and ethical position. Believe me, darling, he's not interested in sex with you. Even the 'crack of dawn' as you so cleverly put it, is safe with him. He's too angelic for that. And basically heterosexual like you. Look over there where he's standing. Don't be such a klutz and don't stare. But look at all the female and male attention he's receiving. And most of it from famous people."

"His father is famous," I argued weakly.

"There are many here whose parents are famous. You argue so much from weakness, and I know that besides that dirty little word, at least in your mind, 'sex' with a boy is an impossible concept for you to accept. I know it, Michael. But he offers so much more than little, dirty-minded scenarios. I think he's offering his loyal friendship to your keeping. He and I have had many long conversations about you. You know, the time he saw you at my last party." She beamed. "He's known you a lot longer than you might think."

And I thought, thank God, I was ready to collapse. I was so dizzy and was getting a little drunk on the several glasses of champagne I had consumed. “Desia, I think I’m getting sick. I think I’m going to have a blackout, and I’m going to-” And suddenly there was that little warning feeling that unconsciousness was upon me; the light went out, and I did, too. But a part of my brain didn’t know it.

Chapter Two

(As Charley said, "At Last.")

The Mooncalf Carried to One of
the Sweet Lady's Suites
or
One Mammoth Heart and One Who Could
Not Live Without the Whole of It
or
Cradling the Radiant Angelic Being

INSERT, SPECIAL: Yes! Give me a paper cut and pour lemon juice on it.

It used to be that I believed in love, or it used to be that I believed and was struck by a blue pole through my heart. And my heart broke into many pieces. But I lived and buried the blue pole in my backyard, never to be dug up again. Never! The dream ended with a dim light beginning to jilter into the room onto the bed. And I thought this the usual, as every morning after I lost my wife and my son, I awoke with my pillow in my arms.

This time, when I opened my eyes, I was holding Charley in my arms. Not the damned pillow. I was holding this dream-child thing, and I was decisively embarrassed.

Fve had trouble, since Sarah's and Danny's deaths, accepting responsibility for the life of another. And here is this child sleeping in sweet peace. In my goddam arms! It was almost as if he, too, was in a dream state; I personally found all of this new reality more than slightly hard to fully accept He stirred, and for some reason unknown to my conscious mind, I kissed his salt wet tearing eyes open. No. I remember. I would

kiss my son's tears away when he had ferocious nightmares. *But this is not my son.*

"You woke me from my nightmare." But he wasn't startled. He seemed incredibly happy and at peace, and he laughed a rather beautiful laugh, a laugh of serene contentment, as if he were a lost child finally coming home to the outstretched arms of his parents. Or one he loved even more than himself, it seemed. I was afraid of having bad breath. I hadn't slept with anyone in several years. Just my pillow, my lovely sweet pillow. A pillow doesn't speak with me or even answer me back. I took the comer of the sheet and wiped the remaining tears from his cheeks.

He opened widely those blue-green or green-blue eyes, "Would you like to hear about my nightmare?"

"I think I'd like to get up. I'm not used to sleeping with anyone in my arms."

"I know. You told me. Just your beat-up old pillow. And you are not gay. And I am to take notice of that fact." And he laughed, "And I pose no threat to you. I have no sexual interest in you. A question. What is wrong with loving the father of my late best friend?"

I moved slightly. He moved only slighdy and seemed to fit in my arms...even better than the pillow. It was amazing, the way his body molded itself into the cradle of my arms. "I passed out?"

"More or less. You did permit me to sleep in your arms, as long as I didn't make a pass at you. You were like some kind of monk. You called me the 'rainbow-boy' and you said a lot of very beautiful things to me, about how you felt about friendship and the love that *was* friendship and how much you feared you'd hurt me, and you loved me and didn't want to do anything that would-"

"Wow! I guess I wasn't passed out." And I was very embarrassed.

"No, Michael. You were sort of speaking to me from inside, not through the walls that people so readily put up to shield themselves from emotional entanglements. You were free, Michael. You were the 'mooncalf and the 'star-child,' and you said you had to leave the planet, *this* planet, and you were working for the government. God, you said so much! You said you're writing a trilogy, called *The Catchers of Heaven,* but I've known about the Trilogy for a long time now and how much you wanted me to read it. You were rather a non-stop talker."

"I'm sorry."

His eyes lit up like klieg lights at their highest settings on a movie set. "Oh, no. Don't be sorry. You fell asleep too soon. I could have listened to you for hours more."

"I fear I must have talked for hours."

He smiled and his teeth were perfect and bright white. When he was young, he used to have a space between his two front teeth, and then he must have had braces. Yes, I *knew* he had had braces. He moved his head

from side to side. No one could ever play Charley in a movie. He'd have to play himself. But he was the kind of whole person who should have been a wonderful part for some near-perfect actor.

"You talked for a very decent hour and seven minutes. I wish you had talked all night. God, Michael. You sure know how to use words." He laughed, tossing his head back, and upon bringing back his head, his hair fell all over the front of his face. He laughed again. "You're a devil with words, Michael. A real devil!"

"Did I tell you the whole story of my life? It could fit into an hour and what? Probably just the first installment."

"I want to hear all of them. All installments. But you told me a great deal in exactly a hour and seven minutes. I timed you."

"Please let me up, Charley. I have to wash. Are we in one of Desia's guest suites? I vaguely remember hearing about being taken to one. I wonder if the old lizard planned it all." I rose from the bed and found I was still dressed and headed for the bathroom, as he laughed at the last statement I made.

I closed and locked the door. He must have heard the click and yelled out to me, "I wouldn't come in. Did your wife used to walk in on you while-oh, God, I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!"

I did not undress but unlocked the door and almost ran to him. He was in tears, standing at the foot of the bed. I quickly took him into my arms and held him tightly as he sobbed. "Charley, it was some time ago. Don't cry. Please don't cry. I'm so angry with myself. It seems when I'm stoned I have a clearer understanding of how very fragile you really *are*-"

"I'm not so fragile," he interrupted, but continued to sob, and I continued to hold him tightly in my arms. I think he stretched the sobbing to remain in my arms, even though the thought sounded a bit ego-centered of me. I put the thought out of my mind and continued to hold him. It seemed as if I held him a rather long time. Finally, he stopped and kind of murmured in my ear, "I'm crazy for you. Does that sound like *fag* talk? Like fagotry?"

"God, Charley. No, it doesn't sound like a gay man talking. Where the hell did you get that word?"

"I don't know. It just came to me."

"Okay, then, Crazy for me in what sense of the word?"

"Oh, boy. Michael, didn't you want to get washed up?"

Charley could not have been homosexual, I thought. He was too goddam innocent. Like a newborn baby with a lot of fragile feelings. I hoped he stayed away from one-night stands, though. Yet his kind of innocence could never be perverted. Later I was to ask him just that, and he replied that he had never had sex with anyone, woman or man. He was a virgin. The last virgin in the cinema; the last virgin in Hollywood; the last virgin in England. The very last one. At least that is what he *said*.

There was one thing that I remembered from the night before. Things were starting to come back to me. I remembered him begging me *never to throw him away...And* I remembered him saying he could not live anymore if I died. God...

Chapter Two and One Half

Charley's Chapter Continued
or
To Add a Few Amiable Intrusions and a Few Not-So Amiable
and
Just Continue Passing the Open Windows

In every heart, there is a gift, and the gift is *how* to love. But you must let the one you love know about it. It is a feeling you want to share; but you should let the one know, and you should permit it to show. Hidden love cannot always be sensed. And before one even knows it, one can lose it, and then that person is filled with empty. I had been filled with empty too many times. *Too many times.*

Charley, I quickly learned, was as possessive as I had feared. Of course he was possessive; anyone who knows not *for sure* that he is loved would be nothing less. He seemed to think he was walking on glass slivers, sharp and piercing. His fears could only be thawed with a gentle night's sleep in my arms. But he would still remain strangely apprehensive. Yet I felt I had to remind him that there could never be a sexual relationship. And he told me that I did *not* have to remind him!

> *INSERT, SPECIAL: I never had the faith to charm love into my arms before. For all I knew, Charley could have been one long, strange hallucination. Yet I believed I was in my right mind. Charley was no waking dream. But he was no tiger either. He needed me for balance, for a private world. And I needed him for balance, for a private world.*
> *We were, for a good portion of our lives* paintings, to cover the empty, colorless spaces, coloring in spaces shaped by Charley *s fears. And on some weird kind of canvas. And I soon discovered*

We, each sitting a kind of "proper" distance from each other, not one in another's arms, yet still perched on the gigantic bed and staring deeply at a lustrous green on green-leafed plant, a sparkle of green on the leaves (or was that moisture?), Charley finally said, "I do like to be held, you know, in your arms, and I do think it proper (his English accent was showing) to ask what Desia meant when she told me how she thought I figured into the loss of your wife and son. I don't know whether you remember, or even *want* to remember, but I knew them both, and several days, I think, before they died, your son invited me to lunch, and you were there, and I called Danny back while you were in your study, and I wanted to ask all about you, for I had felt something very strange when I met you that time.

"As an actor, I had the discipline to hide my feelings, and I guess we all have that ability, whether we're taught it formally, or not. But, even *before* I met you that time, I had dreamed of you, and I don't know why, but it was surely you and your face, especially your haunting eyes, were constantly in my dreams and in my waking moments. In *all* my waking moments. Do you believe in telepathy? After you lost your wife and son-"

"Right!" I interrupted, but only partially succeeded in seeming jocular about it, "And I still can't find them!"

"Oh, come on now. It must have been tragic (*been*?), I'm sure, but do you care enough about me to discuss it...with me?"

"It still hurts."

"I'd imagine it will always hurt," he said, in low tones, lower than the ones usually attending the quality of his voice. He put a long-fingered hand on my shoulder, and the palm at once seemed uncommonly warm, in fact, very warm (indeed!). He might have been a healer; I had heard that their hands were unusually warm, sometimes approaching hot.

(That's a half-truth; the Out-of-Towners knew healing very well, in fact, far beyond a research physician's dreams. It was peculiar, in that when people realized the existence of extra-terrans [OFFWORLDERS or EBEs], they tended to think of them as only one race. There were, in fact, many: Two classes, one class that was here with an interest in the HU MAN, and TOURISTS; the tourists outnumbered the interested ones. I think that was natural, considering the human animal's ways of life.)

"I really must be going," I said, the intimacy being too damned strong and too emotionally attracting, and I feared all of my anti-homosexual societal conditioning would go straight to hell.

"Why? Don't you want to be here?"

"It must be the middle of the goddam afternoon! I've stayed too long."

"You fear me?"

"I fear my fear."

"Why?"

"I might lose control." And then I freely tried a small humorous grouping of words: "I've stayed too long at the fair!"

"I sense, Michael, that you cover sadness with humor, sometimes genuine, sometimes rather whimsical, but it never works as you would hope." He seemed to be looking into me, into, not through me, not at me. I needed to move, yet I could not.

"You're old enough to make a mistake, or even two mistakes," and he smiled, and I was at once happy and sad, and I felt more intensely the desire to leave, but I knew not how to do it without hurting him. Or was it a rationalization to remain there?

"Would you leave now after all that has happened?"

"I don't want to overstay Desia's hospitality."

"Her hospitality has no end. She wanted us to meet. Again."

"I know that, Charley. I know that. I know that I know that."

"Why do you fear what is happening to you?" he asked, and those eyes of his-though they did not-could have cut into me like a surgical laser, exposing nerve endings, and hurting even more than the piercing pain and hurt I was feeling already. Was it my inattentiveness, my disregard for the feelings he had opened up to me-the feelings that could so easily be mistreated and misinterpreted?

"Could I go home with you?"

"God is watching us," I said, stalling for time I didn't know how to use.

"Do you think we are sinning?" he asked.

"I don't know what kind of a sin it might be-what we've done, and what we've refrained from doing. It's like *forgive me father, for I have sinned.* And the response: *hit me with your best shot*. Yet God sees, and waits..."

He laughed. "Just for a little time. May I see where you live? You did tell me you lived alone."

Oh, yes. That's how it starts. "I elect to live alone." And I heard my words; they sounded strong with conviction. And not so nice.

"Please? I'll not attack or try to seduce you. I promise."

I was so tired of resisting. "I don't think I could have it any other way. If you promise not to seduce me, I'll order a cab to drive us back."

"You are so nice to me. Desia said you weren't always nice."

"I'm sure she did. Pm sure she said *more* than that."

"But she said you'd never deliberately hurt anyone's feelings."

"I do hope she's correct. I really do hope so. I'm so afraid of doing harm to you. I'm so afraid of bruising you."

"Have you any-I mean any-feeling for me?"

"This all has happened so quickly. I have to kind of sort out my feelings," I said, wondering if he knew I was stalling for just a litde more time.

"You must feel something. You certainly act as if you do."

"I do, but it's not exacdy overflowing, and I really do not fully understand it. And you know how I feel about sex."

"Lack of it will not hurt me. Lack of *you* will."

"How can you know that?"

'Just please believe me, Michael."

I felt very peculiar inside. "Then if we become good friends, will there be no lack of me?"

"If we become *best* friends, and I can live with you," he said, and he had such a deep well of emotion in just that one phrase.

We took a cab to my apartment, which, besides the living areas, also contained my study and laboratory. "I have to shower," I said, almost asking permission it seemed. "And I can see that glimmer in your eyes. I shower alone. No sex, buddy. Remember?"

"I will never forget," he said with the broadest grin I think I have ever seen in my life. But just a grin. We were still tip-toeing around each other.

"While I shower, why don't you make yourself comfortable? And then I'll show you around." I headed for the master bedroom, but he stopped me by clearing his throat as if it were a signal to stop.

"I thought you, being a scientist, would have believed in conservation. Like saving the water?"

"Oh, right! Yes, two people, one shower. You see that wet bar over there?"

"Yes, Michael." I swear I didn't see his mouth move when he answered me.

"Make yourself something to drink. If you don't want alcohol, there must be something there to replace it. WTien I get back, I'll show you around. Okay? And *then,* you may shower when it's convenient."

No answer forthcoming.

"Okay? Charley?"

"Yes." And it was almost a whisper. Then, "You've won the first round. But the war isn't over yet."

He was tying me up; I desperately wanted to shower. "We don't need a war."

"A war's necessary sometimes, to open the eyes of the opponent."

"I will hope, Charley, that there are no opponents here, and that adversarial action will never need to be taken." I waited for no reaction and went immediately to the bedroom, unburdened myself of my clothes and stepped into a comforting shower. I usually sang in the shower but chose not to on this occasion.

After dressing, I showed him my home, and upon completion of the tour, I asked him where he was staying.

"My parents keep an apartment here in the city. Are you rushing me to it, or could I have a shower before you ask me to leave?"

"The light of day sometimes changes what you thought the night before, when you were intoxicated and under a spell."

"I know," he said, and he didn't break into a million pieces, but he suddenly cooled down so far I thought he'd turn to ice, and he looked directly into my eyes and said, "If you don't mind, I think I'll shower at my parents' apartment. I know you want to be alone."

I felt a wave of honesty sweep over and through me but only cleansing me for the moment. "I want to be alone? Charley, I don't know what I want."

"Well, you just be sure to tell me when you do!" And he almost ran from my apartment. I hoped he had not started to cry. Why do people know they have said the wrong words, sometimes even before they say them? It sounds trite, but I was so embarrassed, even though I was the only occupant in the room. I stood there, in the middle of the modestly decorated living room, and I was very surprised. I had very quickly learned that Charley-well within him-had power, more power than I had ever realized.

I shivered. I felt empty and sick at my stomach. I had had an entire rainbow in my grasp, and I threw it away. I went to the bathroom. I tried to vomit, but I couldn't. And for more than a moment, I wished that none of this had ever happened. I knew it was a mistake, and again, for more than a moment, I wished I had never met Charley. Only then was I able to vomit. Profusely.

Chapter Three

Depth Involvement with Fragile Spiritual Entities
or
Missing Ones I Still Loved
or
Lacking That Former Passion
or
The New Passion of Insignificant Work
or
The New Passion of Significant Work
or
Menial or Not, All Work, When Done with Passion,
Runs to the State of as Perfect as Possible

And ALONE can lead to private tears.

Running to the state
of perfect,
Sleepwalking on ice,
the same as something one does,
with passion,
having only done once,
and repetition,
with passion,
no difference is made,

grading of,
passion remaining
the same,
as it always was...

As I used to often say to Sarah and to my son Daniel when we three were together: "God only knows what I'd be without you two." And I missed them with a passion that I realized quite righdy that I would never have again.

(Note: To do some Sarah and Danny stuff here, and then to delete, erase this note. This next part should not be here yet.) God! Missing them, I could cry for the rest of this terrestrial time frame.

THIS IS MY START POINT FROM LAST TIME ENTRIES.

This comes much later, like never! No, like in Volume Three. But it cannot. It must go where it wants to go, and at times, I know and fully accept this danger. I had to accept many separate dangers.

I continued to accept invitations to Desia's parties, and I continued to "bump into" Charley, as it were, and as it was, and as it was to be.

"May I speak to you privately?"

"Always."

And we retired to one of Desia's guest suites, as she had set it up for us.

"Charley, remember when you asked me to tell you when-"

"You don't have to finish it. I remember."

"Well, I think I'm beginning to know what I want."

"At least it's a beginning, Michael." He still looked into me with a passion that seemed a natural part of him...now, but I began to notice a speck of fear as he opened his mouth to speak. Everything seemed lethargic and slowed, as if in slow motion, words were given some odd sort of length as he spoke, and his normally quick eye movements had slowed also, as if he needed to see what apparently he did not notice.

"Michael, I'm scared. I can't live on the edge of the world." Charley seemed as if he were recovering from some pathological event, as if he had been caught in a whirlpool, a loss of consciousness, a stroke perhaps, and was now postictal, a sudden leap into a nightmare which had yet to occur, but in the (or a) tomorrow, which was to be his last nightmare, his last burning dream. It seemed as if his face were far away, and the layers of his skin were peeling off in fire. And then this image was gone; it disappeared as quickly as it had come into my mind and setded there for perhaps only several nanoseconds, but no more than that meteoric scrap of time. A very fast vision, if that were the proper word for it. It seemed no more than a flashed apparition; it almost disappeared *before* it appeared.

"What does that mean, that great little statement of yours?"

"No words can give it meaning. Not at this moment."

"It has passion, I'll give you that," I said, almost choking on my own words, fumbling, but making so good a recovery that I thought he hadn't

noticed, and yet my voice went up to fever and down to ice when I spoke his name, and not for the first time.

"Charley, what does this 'edge of the world' mean?" But I thought I already knew what he meant.

"I feel I have to tell you that I cannot exist without you, but I don't quite understand why I have to say these words."

I took a deep breath before making any sound, then, "Snakes hide in holes, but you transcend hiding. And do not think there is a comparison. I simply *found* the word 'snake' in my mind and equated it with hiding in holes. You want to communicate on another level, but you feel the constraint of time." And at that moment, I knew not how to say anything more to him. Yet, of course, I knew I must continue. It was as if the conversation was buying us time, the time we both knew was running out on us. "Man-time, that is, man-created time always runs out before we think an end is in sight, Charley. Is that at least a part of what you are feeling?"

"Words," he said, and seemed to again be sobbing, but only from within, yet I could feel it, and it seemed that if he continued, he would surely explode. I could feel his "inside shaking," as he grabbed me tightly and spoke softly in my right ear: "Words cannot tell you, and words are totally inadequate to explain my...my feelings...my..." And his lips kept moving against my ear, but the sound had stopped, and the lips moved, and inside, Charley's viscera was convulsing, but without a rhythm, without cadence, and as he held me tighdy, I pulled him even closer to me, hoping to slow down this turmoil, this terrible disturbing disorder.

"Would it help to come right out and tell you that I love you, and I cannot exist without you, also?" And I murmured this into his left ear and let my lips run over its terrain, caressing his ear and making him relax into a tingling kind of blissful reaction, and yet, as I knew it would be, there was no sexual arousal, and it was only because he knew I did not want it, and he held his sexuality in check, so as not to push me away. And I was successful; the pressure inside him was gone, I hoped, for good. I did not have to hold my sexuality in check; I was a goddam *monk*.

Time moved forward in its inevitable way, a slap in the face of those who so desperately needed more of it. Charley had abandoned his parents' apartment and had moved into mine. Desia's plans and invitations had succeeded in putting us into the same place and into each other's keeping. Charley had now begun to read *The Catchers of Heaven,* and expressed a virtual rainbow of emotions. He was, at last, showing some lessening of the doom that lay in the deepest part of him, and this "doom" rarely erupted into the hellish living "daymares" it had so frightfully burst upon us before; we were now settled more into each other's

sense of protected and secured worlds, and these, too, merged, and we were almost one person.

The Trilogy monopolized most of our time, but there were still Charley's nightmares, and I began to wonder if he would benefit from my still secret *GATEWAY TREATMENT*] the experiment to expand his consciousness and develop his higher mental powers. I put the treatment on hold, as he was so very much engrossed with the Trilogy. He would read aloud sections that struck him deeply, and we always pretended to get drunk so he would end up sleeping in my arms, like my late son, Daniel, who slept in Death's arms.

But more than a son, he was a friend who wasn't afraid to touch and hold and kiss me all over my face. *[After all we'd been through, I should hope not)* And as long as we both kept sex at bay, I would return the physical affection. This was our unspoken contract, and we knew its terms, as we knew intimately the features of each others' faces. (And we knew them very well!) We knew that if we violated this implicit contract, we'd both lose each other's love, and we desperately clung to what we did have. But it was building, and as we felt the intensity increase, we tempered it so as not to lose what we did possess. And I could not keep out of my mind Charley's desperate plea to *not throw him away.*

There was always something to talk about with Charley. He made it quite clear to me that he would never try to (sexually) seduce me; but for every other emotional tenderness, his promise was as clear as mud. There was more than a fair amount of physical affection, and he made me feel young. Lying in bed, just a few minutes before we entered the arms of sleep, he would kiss all of my face, every part of it but my lips, and if he kissed my lips, it would like light brush-strokes on canvas. It seemed both strange and pleasant, but I never took into my keeping the idea that we would ever be lovers, in the full sense of the word. And I tried never to let it come up or verbalize it to him.

It seemed fine with him. The words and the physical (yet limited) affection, and most of all, falling asleep in my arms-these were his joy.

Occasionally, we would break habit, and fall asleep in each others' arms, but this was a rarity, a vestige from a time which had never existed.

I was the one who usually woke first, and I would carefully wake him by very gently kissing his eyes until he opened them, and a broad and great smile would exhibit itself on his unusually expressive face.

Charley was a great help in trying to organize the Trilogy, and there were very few things in it that were slightly less than wonderful to him. He loved every word, every chapter, and he would make me a litde self-conscious when he would read every word aloud. Yet he read it beautifully, as if it had been written exclusively for him to read aloud. He drove to die surface of me, my tenderness, and expressiveness, and he bol

stered my faith in my words. He was always at my side, and I was never bothered or bored, and his love began to become overpowering in its buoyant and joyful significance.

He wanted to know more and more about the subject of flying saucers and frequendy pumped me for news of the Alphacom Team. I tried to explain all that was possible to explain. I tried my best; the only attempt I could make at best, was to take a historically colossal amount of knowledge of UFO activities from ancient times to present and try to give him a chronological and sequential overview.

He did surprise me, though, and knew a lot more than I had previously thought. Yet it seemed strange that this boy seemed to know so much. Yet at other times, when trying to fill in the blanks, it was an almost impossible exercise in frustration.

My "point man," Bob, called and requested my presence at an Alphacom Team meeting. They were sending a military jet, or as I had suggested and hoped, a NASA Lear jet. I had one assigned to me, and I had my desk and files on that craft. Often the "team" would fly someplace together, and then we would use one of the converted looking-glass airborne command post B-52s. These "looking-glass" flying command posts were part of the U.S.A.'s "protected by always being in the air" command posts in the event of a nuclear exchange, or accident, or World War Three.

I explained to Charles as softly as I could that I could not take him with us, but he believed that I had promised never to go anywhere without him. Yet he seemed only slightly disappointed, and asked how long I'd be gone. I said I had no idea. He almost seemed relieved.

Chapter Four

Charley the Fragile
or
Charley the Rainbow Melt
or
Wide Experiences and Deep Involvement
with
Other Spiritual Entities
(Fragile, Too, but in Alien Ways)
and Known to Me As the Out-of-Towners
or the OFFWORLDERS and
This Atavistic Family is Mine [1]

I returned from my trip, and Charley says I must put at least most of it in Volume Three. I agree.

For some reason, I found I was again in one of Desia's guest suites, and after showering I found myself getting back into the California king- size bed. I was unusually tired, and somewhat emotionally exhausted. And then Charley was showering, and my mind went into conversation (as it usually does when Fm even remotely alone) with the OFFWORLDERS. With their voices in my mind, it strangely seemed as if all were talking out loud. Then there was only one voice, and his was very familiar. More than familiar. I was almost sure it was my other- brother, but I had to be certain.

"I don't understand what it is that I must do," I said silently, inside of my mind. "It almost seems that I hear jealousy, somehow. You tell me repeatedly about the temporariness of Charley, that not even a photograph will allow him to exist for me for long human time frame. Who are you? Identify, please. Please!

"What you've said is what *can* happen. You control more and more events now, and you know my name. You've known it since we were young together. When you were a small child, and you had what others there called your first 'abduction,' we made the scoop-like mark on your right leg down near the beginning of your appendage for standing and walking, yes, your 'foot.' Thank you for sending the word to me. Your thought-bounce is getting much more accurate. I took a piece of your flesh to keep you alive for me. We keep it in stasis, and you were able to be with me, and I was with you, and you know very well who I am. A photograph-type of instrumentation, even in several dimensions would not have bound us as well as did your flesh, your cells, genes, genetic information.

"I want to come back and finally take you home. You've been asking to come home since your childhood. But with your Charley...he can lift you up to a kind of heaven, or drag you down to a planetary hell, for he is much too human and is ruled too many times by emotions."

"I know, your name is SA. I remember."

"I am so sorry, my brother, that you lost your two beloved, your Sarah and Daniel and the baby that was inside of Sarah."

"Is it possible to ever see them again?"

"I cannot answer that now. Your thinking is still very unclear and vague to me since the tragedy."

"But, dear other-brother SA, Charley doesn't want me to throw him away."

"You need not throw him away. Give him only your loving friendship, and he'll be well in his emotions. Love him this way until your *CONVEYANCE* arrives to gather you up to us, to bring you home. I shall meet with your *CONVEYANCE* in the middle of the *void*, what you mistakenly call a 'black hole,' and by that time, your Charley will enter his final happiness. Thus you will neither throw him away, nor hurt him in any other way, and with the changes in space and time, twisting to your orders and will, your Charley will never be thrown away, as you and he have used the word meanings. And you shall not be able to deny my realm. And yours, too.

Charley's home is on Sol Three. Your home is not. Know this until I arrive to meet your *CONVEYANCE*. I love you, my brother. Know this and be happy. Know this, and Charley will also be happy. Know this, and you will never throw Charley away. You will be with him, and you will be with me, at once and at the same time points. There are no problems upon which your heart must continue to dwell. Know this and be happy."

"I know, SA, I know now. I understand now."

Time had been suspended, it seemed, for Charley had not finished showering. And the thought-transfers continued.

"Know these things, and your essence will transcend any barriers in which you think you believe. The halo will be removed from human science, and your thoughts will create the reality you desire and need. Know all of this, my beloved brother. Know that Charley loves you. Know that I love you. Know that your love transcends time and space, transcends any wall that you may meet on your way home. Such walls will fall before your words. All barriers will fall before you and at your feet, they will fall because your thoughts are powerful; You must use your Thought-powers."

"I know, SA, I know."

And it seemed as if time had been released from its suspension. But for only a moment. Or two.

God sees, and waits...

Chapter Five

They Say the Mother Is Bleeding
and
The Brother Is the Human
and
The Brother Hurt Mother and Mother Is Crying

The crop-glyphs, or the simple to complex crop-circles, that exist not only in England, but in every country within the "global village," by virtue of their increasing complexity, apart from causing headaches and frustration, very well may be trying to communicate messages concerning the endangered planet on which we not only live, but which we are-more quickly than slowly-destroying. (I think it valid to say "murdering.")

Will we ever see the messages? Will we heed the warnings? Is it difficult to list all of the ways we are endangering the planet's (mother's) survival?

Yes, it *is* difficult to list the myriad ways of destruction; the methods of *planet-killing* are easily accomplished and rationalized by man. I was eleven years old, just after my first "missing-time" event, when I began keeping notebooks, diaries, and writing short essays, compositions, short stories, poems and novellas, articles, reports on the experiments I conceived in my basement laboratory, and the et cetera of my life. Much of what I had written seemed to have a thread running through it. As I began to realize the import of the industrial revolution, that and my understanding of over-population began to become important to me; I could not see it clearly at first, but I was writing destruction scenarios of this planet by man.

My first promotion to a consultant to the government was to write "hot spot" scenarios, and scenarios of destruction. My security classification grew higher, and my duties grew much more difficult to both understand and believe, a kind of stepladder to an apocalyptic future.

Ominous portents began taking a more realistic shape, grim and haunting. I wished I had never been privy to the knowledge that continued to come to me through ultra-secret briefings, like darkened spirits in the bitter cold of glacial, hostile nights.

The words kept ringing in my ears, "and he gathered them into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon. And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air; and there came a great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, IT IS DONE." (my capitalization, my upper-case letters; I deemed it necessary.)

Who hears the hopes of the hopeless?

I am doing all that I can. When may I come home?

Pull up a miracle and sit down. Mother is bleeding; her trees cease to stand. This is the Book of Inserts. This could be called the Book of Damnation, but perhaps that would be a little too strong, a little too gamey. The longer the damnation is in the collective mind, the more it will reek with a stench, never before this puissant; even stronger, more potent is the hell of trees in bloom, pretty, but look at the factoring in of the mechanical operator (value or symbol) that is a known property, perhaps the tributary which is the River Styx.

Hells are quanta. Someone must take the high ground. *Someone* must perceive the short supply. For the case of hells being quanta, they are all the small hells which come together to plague this planet, like a dream that is good and goes bad. Like when Pd call a death. First I would hear nurse saying, "He's going sour on us." And as a very wise man had told me: "I can assure you this: Death is perfecdy safe." (But only for the deceased.)

And let it be noted that surely there are left too few processes of the heart. Yes, and that a man may damn himself every time he takes into his lungs that air that he has allowed his fellows to foul.

For no offense,
you and you
charge
to gain;
and be swept up by
a torrent,
popped in syncopated time,
within corridors
of agony;
and,
just in case a rebirth is noted,
as is said,
none but

those in pain
can tell
when the clouds will burst
and make brief
that kind of gain
that has no
substance.
In fact,
for no offense.
you change
to attain the profit
of madness,
though every time
it is the same;
and always,
you think it not.

In these times, the times that have yet to be given names, smallish beings are revealed-somewhat less than what they are-they, blustering their way through an eternity or two. The word is "inevitability," and it, at certain times, plays second fiddle to its mirror image, though it yet might be a third string. Squeaking in, riding in on the inevitability of crossed voids. Oh, and before I forget, tell the gaffer to bring his light meter here to me, for this scene stands in too dark a light.

Chapter Six

The Void and Its Energy
or
The Energy Thrust into My Body to Kill the Dismal, Distressing Cells that Threaten My Life
or
That Putrescence that Medicine Labels Carcinoma
or
You Can Soak up Just So Much

I believe in the conservation of energy. I can reduce my consumption of electricity, and therefore I think, within some dark sphere of interpretation and knowledge of medicine, and rather poetically a false fact, the radiation treatments might make me glow; perhaps-what a great piece of work is that word *perhaps*-. So much can plug into it-there may be enough glow for reading and writing. Thus turning off another light (and turning off another life, it would seem). This body doesn't take radiation very well, as Pve told Charley when he seemed strong enough to accept it.

When you are dying, you must think of the fragile natures of the ones who love you; if this is done, there can be no room for self-pity. The feelings of others must be considered, for they hurt "perhaps" more than do you. "Perhaps" will not do, for the ones who love you bruise more easily than you.

Permit me to say something so well-known, but it must be stated, if what is to follow, follows. People have their limits. You can soak up just so much, and then it begins to show! You vomit; you lose your hair. You feel weak, and to prolong your life-to buy a little more time, perhaps (there goes that word again)-you permit treatments that seem even worse than the pathology itself. Your life becomes the epitome of misery. And as you look about, you sense no shelter from the assault. Not even in the arms of those who remain invisible.

I knew several others; they'd get a week's worth of Seconal (secobarbital sodium), and they'd stockpile it for when the pain would not give in to *any* analgesic, and the dignity and quality of life were sinking low, like the day's sunlight, entering through the windows of their Souls' Houses.

INSERT, SPECIAL: And to the Book of Inserts (from 1970) we move rather quickly: Carbon, carbon, double bond, pi bond (the transcendental number that still remains a constant), most vulnerable to chemical attack; electrons and photons are adventurous, going beyond what is expected, and surprising the theorist more often than not.

Yet pi stands alone, is cosmologically inclusive almost, a constant in a variety of mathematical problems and quantum mechanics, no good without Heisenberg's uncertainty principle (into which a lot plugs) and Planck's quantum principle (idea, it was Planck's; would that we could speak with him now), a principle (which could include the BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT *continuum), again an idea that light (or what we might call a "classical wave") can be absorbed or emitted only in discrete amounts or quanta, and there exists a proportional quanta of energy to the light's electromagnetic spectrum's frequency.*
(Andperhaps not a radio, nor a TV, nor radar, nor microwaves.)

The wave equation is only a partial differential equation in one, two, or three dimensions. Thus the solution represents the propagation of a wave with constant velocity, and so it becomes the fundamental equation of wave mechanics which specify in solution, the possible dnamic states of any atomic system. Thank you, Heisenberg, for your uncertainty principle. Would that I knew you, and could speak with you in this time frame. And if this were possible, would it continue to remain "uncertainty?" Wouldhe see it as the same, and as necessary still... ?

Why do people pick at people? It's us against them... Sickmakivg at stomach; always has been the case, always will be the case. In more advanced races-peoples, if you will-love and gender are never prerequisites. Man takes film of the struggle for survival of animals, and then says, "Why do you think they're called animals?" *Yet rarely do they kill in anger, as does the human animal.*

*This still beautifulplanet-if it dies, and no outsider equipped with more knowledge of planet restoration comes to its rescue-and the human animal does nothing except continue to poison it—this surely will be known in the universe as the cruelest kill in one o/*THE FOREVER'S *greatest creations. Advancing to 1992 in the time-space block, I've heard it said that the U.S.A. may go back to Iraq "and make the rubble bounce we will kick ass, and*

Man will stop kicking at his own self-threatened body and that the blue-green oddity-rarity upon which he dwells, may, in fact, be preserved. And not pickled with poisons as it seems to be becoming. One of the secrets of the universe is "to be becoming. "

As I move away, I know something has changed in me. I don't want to go back. I cannot, with this kind of resolve, go back. I'll surely die if I go back. To remain alive, I must leave. Some call it alienation. I must, of course, give it a term that is something else: to be *selectively* cut off from planetary affairs by leaving the planet, and going home.

I'm not sure where I am now. Sometimes I wake and feel a great emptiness. But, at other times, I know exactly where I'm going, and I feel filled and very much satisfied. I am getting to the point where I am reconsidering my desire—my good taste-to have learning become a permanent ongoing and evolving activity. The "ghosts" I live with say: "Yes! Do it!" At times, I think I'm finding out too much for a special reason, and I cannot always speak concerning the exact nature of this special reason.

I do hope some of you out there understand that this kind of sequestered data needs to remain solitary and hidden, at least at this point in human history. I think you are out there. I think you know of what I speak. End of transmission.

INSERT, SPECIAL: A conversation in The Void of this *mind- sphere: To begin, I poured two iced teas. Conversation commences:*

'Let's have a toast, shall we?"

'Yes, I'd love it, " and it seems my son's voice.

"Okay, then. To higher vibratory rates. "

'Yes, to higher vibratory rates."

"And to the end of power-seekers. "

'Yes, to their end."

"And to the end of hopelessness of justification. "

'Yes, to that, too. By the way, Father, why are you here in this place?"

"My name's on the door. And, son of my flesh, I have a good one for you."

"Tell it to me, Father. "

"Well, Ido not think that UFOs exist."

"Why so, Father?"

"Well, UFO stands for 'unidentified' flying objects, and I don't think there is such a thing. You *may be unable to identify them, but I am sure that* those *who operate them, who send them...they know what they are!"*

"But Father, the United States Air Force says they don't exist. "

"That's wrong, Danny. It's the Air Force that doesn't exist," I said.

And between my word-thoughts was: Strange. Why is he calling me 'Father?"

And of course, he could hear my mind: "Oh, I hadn't thought about it that way. Thank you, Daddy. "

Oh, good. This was more like him.

"Perhaps I had best add one more fact. The United States government is correct in saying there are no UFOs. V' stands for 'unidentified. ' The U.S. government knows what the UFOs are. So, my dearest son, technically the government is not *lying. If they have identified them, they are no longer UFOs, so of course they don't exist. But thank you for thanking me. That's better. Thank you, Danny. Thank you for calling me Daddy' again. "*

'You 're welcome. See you soon, Daddy. "

"Yes, I hope so. "

"Oh, before I forget, Mother sends her love. Straight to your heart, I'll bet."

"And I send mine to her heart, Danny. Hope to see you soon, both of you together again.'

"Good-bye for now, Daddy. "

"I'll continue to miss you both. Both."

And all of it faded away at the end of that time frame, that "slice of time," that which I now know is called an overlap, or time-review. Dearest God! Give back to me my family!

And God's voice I hear in my mind (at least I thought it was His.): *A lover is a pillow for your sadness.*

And I answer: But I haven't one. Just a pillow do I hold as I sleep the sleep of the dying.

Chapter Seven

Charley Begins His Readings from Danny's Journals or Sublime Articulations or My Inner Request Is Continued, It Being the Petition to Go Home (the only petition I can now know)

"Michael, please let me read to you."

And I knew what he wanted to read, even before I saw one of Danny's three journals in his hands.

> *INSERT, SPECIAL: I think-at this particular point-everyone urgently requires or needs a tickle or a laugh. But I cannot seem to blue- pencil (or blue-pen) my way out of invisible words. Ido, instead, have a couple of potential titles for future works: "From Chaos Arrives Confusion, " by (Dr.) Michael Wolf or (Pres.) Dwight Eisenhower. Or "Something Wrong with Your Accommodations ?" by Michael Wolf or Truman Capote. Or "The Book of Words," by Michael Wolf or J. (Jerome) D. (David) Salinger, both authors having creative problems and seeming to disappear, as it were.* Phoenix Tempo, *a new novel, and screenplay, directed by "Allan Smithee" (Sorry, last name is a movieland inside joke when a director doesn't want to use his*

I lit a cigarette and said to one of my dearest friends, who was Charley, "Danny and I had so many conversations and words and their clusters thrown back and forth to each other, but not like tennis or ping pong.

What we threw back and forth to each other were the most aesthetic and dazzlingly brilliant gifts from the most intensely radiant regions that existed inside each of us. And what Danny and I lovingly threw to each other was concern for the human being on this earth. And as Daniel and I grew even closer to each other's Souls' Houses, their respective doors were opened unto us that we might enter each other's souls. And it was exquisite. And it was unique. And it was...unequalled, at least in *this* universe."

And I took a deep drag on my cigarette, not seeing Charley's reactive eyes.

"You know, Michael, you could do without smoking. It might even extend the years I have left with you, my other-father. Do you mind that label?"

"Other-father? Not at all. And you could also do well to end *your* cigarette habit," I said in response, yet not choosing to verbally fence with him. Charley was always ready to go at it, as it were, to verbally fence, and more than not, to win the contest. He was, at times, alarmingly close to my own son's behavior patterns, and if I were blind, and if Charley so desired, I would have believed he *was* my son. In a curious way, I had a sense that in some uncanny way, he was actually more like Daniel than not.

"That's right, Doctor, my dearest other-father, do as you say and not as you do." And I thought I heard a silent snicker. But there are times when I neglect to point out that there was a whimsical, capricious, and comical side to Charley, in the sense of the big picture. He made me laugh, when, on too many occasions, I would have given a real workout to my lachrymal glands.

"Read my son to me, that you may bring him back, Charley." Daniel's journals were at times, written with his friend, Charley (who wants to be, but is not my real son). Yet within the reality of my stating that Charley was never my son, there may yet be some truth in his being partly or more my son in another perspective and way of thinking.

"And now, to Daniel's father, to Michael, and to my other-father, I will read to you with the hope that I can give back something of your son to you."

"Please. Do read to me, Charley."

He sat near the couch as I lay lengthwise on it, still smoking the same cigarette. After our discussion of cigarettes taking some of my years away, I felt it important to put the bloody thing out.

It was as if he were reading my son back into existence: "I am writing parts of this journal with my best friend at my side and with his input. He is as if a brother to me, and this becomes a collective enterprise, and so we hope that our thoughts may find their way to people other than we two. I adore my father, and I should think if my mate here, Charley,

knew him as well as I would hope, he, too, would adore him. My (and here Charley says 'our') father, knows so very much, but little does he endeavor to instill the knowledge. It is almost as if the body of knowledge that Charley and I must try to assimilate will, of necessity, have to be our own answers to our own questions. Charley does not enjoy the advantage of living in this home, where he could have the chance to see my mother and father complement, supplement, and fulfill each other, as an integral part of the 'big picture,' as my Dad always calls it. When my Dad is balanced in his thinking, he becomes inspired and is so very much filled with a kind of happiness that I never have occasion to see in other beings that are human. Yet he is so much more than just human; he lives both on this earth, and also in other places that I am just now beginning to really understand."

At this point, the reader is to know that Charley is still quoting from Daniel's journal, but I hesitate to continue with quotation marks. Let the reader understand that Charley continues to read:

This doctor, this scientist, my dad, is looking for a special kind of freedom, and that it is to want nothing, (even though he sees himself in our family as a substantive part of its reality, and is apart from the inner freedom for which he strives; yet his freedom is able to contain a family-a wife and a son-and still be the special sort of deliverance he seeks. So again I say his way is to want nothing, to depend on nothing outside his family's boundaries.

His is perhaps a little like Ayn Rand's philosophy, but without the terrible consequences of egoism. He desires to do things, but without attendant power, without larger-than-needed riches. In speaking with him, he said that Ayn Rand was "onto something," but because she held on too tighdy, "it," the goal, had slipped away. This seems to be something of the Zen philosophy. "It" could not be held, could not be put into a cage. She—he told me—was very impressed with people who refused to compromise, but her vision was flawed when she wanted to call it "good selfishness." She kind of lost her own point, because, Daddy said, "she wanted to put selfishness in a cage," and wound up doing exactly what she said people must not do.

Dad says a man's vision must be kept unaltered and intact, that he must not compromise because of any external pressure: he, in predestination and finality, must live comfortably within the self-established boundaries of his own belief system. And yet, at the same time, he must keep his mind open for new-but refined and pure-ideas to enter.

Without my best friend present (and this is said to ennoble and elevate Charley, for it is truly a great tribute to the faithfulness of friend- ship-A«; it is), I feel somewhat half a person. I tell my father that he has taught me so much. And how does he respond? He tells me he has

learned more from me, than I from him. Alice would say that this is getting "curiouser and curiouser." And then, not missing a beat, as it were, he (my dad) informs me that I am very special to him, and that I am special by virtue of...God, I really do not know why he speaks of me as being so unique, but I must admit to not always hearing the words between the words.

My father could give a seminar, and if one listened very carefully, and *really* knew how to hear him, one could listen in a very different way, and hear a second seminar between the words of the first: This is the very elaborate and puzzling man who helped to create me by seeding my mother's egg and continues to make rich my being. And this enrichment continues, even when we are not together. I find it most difficult indeed to understand sometimes the magnitude of his complexity. Yet I am beginning to create in my own and separate mind, a better understanding of him. I think he means that all people who are creative and original enough to become prototypical *are*-by their existence-*extraordinary and unique*.

A singularity is what my Dad calls it; a singularity of vision.

Charley stops reading and hardly seems to speak the words: "Will the cancer kill you?"

And I can only answer: "I shall have to see to it that I kill it first."

Charley accepts this better than his fear that I will dispose of him as if he were some unneeded refuse, that I will throw him away.

"I'm sure it will not cause your death. But, even in your conquest of this beast, would you want or think to throw me away?"

"Why do you continue to say that, and say it that way?"

"You mean *throw me away?"*

"Yes! As if you were some garbage!"

"Well, isn't it true that I've become a burden to you?"

"That is the height of stupidity, Charley."

"Is it really, Michael?"

"It's rubbish!"

"There it is-you've said it."

"Dear Lord, Charley, how do I get through to you?"

"I guess you don't, my dear Michael. I guess you don't."

I hoped I'd soon wake from this dreamscape and its resulting nightmare.

I feared it might go on until it ended.

Chapter Eight

Walking Through Life in the Arms of Morpheus
or
The Long Way Home
or
On Charley's Continuing Fears of Being Thrown Away

Sleepwalking on ice,
the same energy as a manifestation
one observes with passion,
and deciphers;
almost too well done
to be serviceable,
suitable
and profitable
to the mind. [1]

I saw him appear and said, "I miss you, Danny."
"I miss you, too, Daddy. When will I see you again?"
"I don't know, Danny. I don't even know how *this* happened."
"Tell me how much you miss me, Daddy."
"With all my heart, my Child of Light."
"When can I see you again, Daddy?"
"I don't know, Danny. I don't know."
"Daddy, you're fading..."
Or was it something like the "phasing" my little grey friends attempted to explain so thoroughly?

ANOTHER TIME REVIEW ENDED. OR AN OVERLAP. I wondered if this was really so pleasurable. Or was it torment of a kind? But what else had my life been, for the most part, but *that*? One unimportant little span of one person's existence. Brief, but with too much interruption and delay was this particular span of my being on earth.

It surely is troublesome and perplexing when wise men do not profit from wisdom.

The *waves* of *warm* that Charley sends to me.

Charley appeared in the open space upon finishing a shower. I looked up to see him throw open his hand in the air and catch a stream of stardust and throw it-sparkling and catching the radiance of distant lighted energies-into my face. The same dust, it was, that could ignite my eyes forever. "Now that I feel clean and pure, would you allow me to continue to read Danny's journals to you?"

"Do you really want to?" This is a question with which I petition him as I flash the inquiry into him with my newly inflamed eyes.

"Yes." And as he answers, he sends me *waves* of *warm*.

"Why?" I needlessly ask.

"Because when I do, he lives for you," he says with a smile, "And he infects me with time and distance, a power over the dimension of time I know now that I am somewhat able to control. I think I've been given this power, and I do believe you have more than a guess as to who did the giving. And so, for small time periods, he lives for you."

"And for you, too?" I ask, again superfluously, for I can hear his mind as if it were speaking to mine-as if his lips were moving and sound was being expelled.

"Yes, Michael, my other-father. For me, too."

"I feel so much love inside, I rather think I'd split open and burst," I said, remembering I had said the same words to my son, or at the very least, a paraphrasing of them, and I say with both my mouth and my mind. "You *do* make him live for me, Charley."

"And if I continue to make him live for you, you'll not throw me away?"

"If I throw you away, I do the same to my son. I don't know where on earth you've received that idea. And the way you phrase those words, and continually assault my ears with this same phrase."

"I've received it from you, from your mind."

"I didn't know that you could hear my thoughts nor did I believe thoughts could be heard from outside of my mind. And I do not think I'd ever think it the way you say it."

"You do now, Michael."

"You're going to think this very strange, but-"

"I know, Michael. Danny said the same thing."

"How do you know?"

"Michael, he told me. We were friends. We were like brothers."

"TO bet that he told you much more than that about me."

"Hesitantly, yes. He really loved talking about you, and making you seem very real to others. At least to me, this was his way. But I had to tell him the truth, the one that I hoped would show him that I wasn't trying to take you from him. That between us, to you he'd always be first."

"Why would you want to take me from him?"

"For many reasons, more than I could dare say in a small space of time."

"And do we fence or do we joust? Tell me that, Charley. Tell me that *novor*

"Michael, you are certainly thinking and taking the long way home."

"As long as the way leads home, Charley."

He smiled, and I was finally beginning to view the emergence and the inception of his new knowledge of the manipulation of the fourth dimension by mental direction. And for me to be able to say all of that in one sentence. How extraordinary!

And I thought, how could he have mastered something of which I was just feebly learning to theorize? But he did not seem to simply apper- ceive it. I was just learning to adroitly experience the ascendancy of dimensional manipulation-what *they* called "Review"-the zenith of "time review," only an overview of it. And here he was, eons-light years- ahead of me, "reviewing" it and bringing back my son to me.

"You know why I try so hard to bring Danny to you, even for just a small time period? I want a little of what he had with you...that I believe with all of my heart I missed with *my* father. Just a small amount of magic will do."

Charley smiled, and his face appeared to glow, and I saw what I thought was a new yearning in him, but for what? Such perception occasionally gives mental sight but holds back half the picture.

"Did you know that every time I think I have figured out all that you are, totally, you surprise me with something profound and new?" And I took one of his hands to shake in gratitude and appreciation. And I could tell easily that he fancied my regard for him and welcomed any additional affection that I might send his way. And thus we had absolutely no fear of falling into a sexual trap. And thank God for it, for we needed to be totally open with each other. Our friendship required that nothing be hidden or sequestered.

"I know you aren't envious or resentful. Michael, you were so special to your son, and to me, that if I should lose the substance of you to time, I'd find it extremely hard to continue with such an empty cup. Or if you should leave without me. Do you really think you know who I am yet? Do you think you've a more completed knowledge of me?"

"Of course not. But you are a continuing surprise to me."

"As are you," Charley said, "But I've discovered the-what shall I call them-yes, the time-overlaps, and I can, I believe, stretch them out. And I do it for you. And yes, I do it for myself. I miss Daniel so much that at times, my loss of him causes me to ache all over and to feel as if I were on fire, and not pleasantly. Two of the most special people in my world, and one is mosdy gone, and the other I know someday I will have to surrender to his people from his real home. What a bloody dreadful situation it will become when that time arrives in this place!"

"And by doing whatever it is you do, you have returned to me certain time frames with my son. Why should I want to leave when you can bring my son back to me?"

"Not exactly, Michael. I cannot precisely bring him back to you. I can just sort of borrow him from the time-overlaps. You see, when I was very young, and I was in South America, I had the same imaginary friends that Danny had, and, I believe, you had also."

"I think I understand, Charley. I was told of the same thing-the over-laps-but I never learned how to call them up, as if they were a program on a computer. Well, what you have done is assuredly more them nothing."

"Yes. Just a little more than nothing."

"Yet it is something more than I had before. When they were taken from me, I had nothing. You give me something that is much more than nothing."

"Do you miss Sarah? I wonder why you haven't asked if I could bring her back as well."

"I just know-in my mind-that is something you cannot do. And don't ask me why I know it, I just do. It must be a person with whom you've formed strong attachments. This is what my 'imaginary' friends told me a very long time ago, it seems."

"TTiat's correct. Were you reading my mind or simply exercising your newly arriving memory?" He suddenly appeared doleful, as if some ominous and threatening thought had expanded in his mind.

"These remembrances are not newly arrived, Charley. There seems to be a constant stream of previously capped memories. You hold in your hand one of my son's journals. Do you want to read more from it now?"

"Not yet. I need to speak with you."

"Of course."

"Michael, I'm frightened. I cannot continue to live with the pain of certain recollections."

And it seemed for a time that this discussion had ended itself. [1]

I could feel the constraints, the custody of time, that its spans were short and twisting and snake-like. And snakes are always hiding in holes.

Snake-like time also hides itself from the consciousness of thoughtful creatures, and this same time often creates nightmares of astonishing proportions.

Charley seemed as if he were recovering from some vile pathology, as if he had suffered a pathological event, and so vicious and foul was its presentation that it could only end by removing buckets of pus and other vile, long-time dead tissue from his being. It was almost as if he had had a series of convulsions leading to a stroke and was just now becoming post-ictal and had been weakened for a sustained period of time.

It was as if he had leaped into a nightmare that had yet to occur, and in addition, there would be a tomorrow which would be his worst nightmare, and maybe, perhaps, his last dreadful and formidable dream-as if the mother of all dreams—the last hot dream within a blistering time- frame, waiting just around the corner, waiting for his frail body to appear.

It seemed when he spoke of his fear, that his voice would go up to a fever-pitch, and down to ice, alternately, when he tried to describe his vision of a frightful singularity.

And he lay in the bed, with a voice weak and low and whispering to me, "I cannot exist without you, and I know you are leaving. I really don't know why I even have to speak the words." At this point (or many points before) I finally knew that Charley was a sorcerer. But he fell backward into too deep a sleep.

Chapter Nine

On Almost Losing Charley
or
How Does It Feel to Be Adored?
or
The Citadel of the Titans
or
Heading Toward Beyond the Human Tomorrow

Charley's father had said to me, "Thank you for saving my son. I heard that you were in hospital with him. He loves you very much, you know, and if anything, that's an understatement. I have difficulty in saying this but he needs the father you were to your late son. Again, I must tell you this is very hard for me to talk about, as I have not been able to be the kind of father my son so desperately needs. Please, Doctor, don't let him die, and don't let him want to die once again. One must make a commitment, that's the rule. I do hope you agree."

I looked at him, and I could say nothing.

Walking from my car to the University Health Centre, I was overcome by the scenes that were illuminated in my head. The snow seemed blinding with the high sun angle, mirror-like, and creating tears in both my eyes. I entered and showed my identification card to the guard.

"Psychiatric Floor, Doctor," the nurse said, as I asked for Charley. "You admitted him, Doctor?"

"I did."

I took one of the elevators with voice-announced floor numbers. When the door opened, I walked quickly to the nurses' station and presented my identification card. The nurse seemed alert and friendly, although I took some of the affability to be the natural reaction to a physician's presence. She wouldn't have known that I appreciated nursing staff more than most of my peers.

"Here is his chart, Doctor," the head nurse said with an unusually pleasant voice; oh, I had forgotten; this was the Psychiatric Floor, everyone had a pleasant voice, at least the staff. It was the patients who behaved normally.

I opened Charley's chart and scanned its few pages and summaries. "Toxic overdose, sleeping pills, hypnotic of the benzodiazepine type, specifically, flurazepam hydrochloride, *empty* bottle labeled Flurazepam Capsules, 15 mg, #60, one or two capsules by mouth at bedtime, Dr. Bennett, prescribing physician. Gastric lavage, caffeine, respiratory support, intravenous fluids, i.e., Ringers; CBC and blood gases, chest X-ray, EKG; twenty-four-hour constant watch ordered by admitting physician."

I saw my name on the "admitting M.D." line. But I had had no stomach to remain after the gastric lavage and stabilization of his vital signs. I was so damned angry, I had to Find something to do at home, or I would surely lose what little sanity I had left to me. Now he had come back, and I was here again. I checked the chart for his latest vitals; they were within nominal limits. There was also a Lead II type EKG, P wave, QRS complex and T wave looked nominal, and the strip was within normal, or nominal limits. Welcome to the dark ages of enlightened medicine. I guessed it was obviously still an art form. And I guessed correctly. "Medical Arts," what a name for such complicated technology. And my specialty was neurology, and we still knew just a little more than nothing about the brain.

On my way to Charley's private room, time again seemed suspended, quite suddenly it seemed, and it was not the hallway of the hospital, but a three-dimensional lackluster space.

"How are you, darling?" Sarah said, and I took her into my arms. She felt solid, but I hadn't yet normalized the experience.

"God, how I've missed you. Charley has sort of been staying with me. I hadn't realized how rough this had been on him, too."

"Michael, Daniel and I are just fine. But we miss you terribly. Take care of Charley. He's a wonderful child."

"But he *is a* child, my love. He can be difficult."

"Take good care of him then. Danny and I want you to be happy." Her voice seemed to be nowhere and everywhere at the same time. Then *my* time returned, and I was alone in the hospital corridor, and everything returned to normal, excepting me.

I was so very tired of all of these ordeals. I wanted to run, but there was no place that would have me, it seemed.

My chest heaved with discomfort as I found Charley's private room. I showed my ID to the on-duty nurse. She asked that I please buzz for her when I was finished with the patient. She smiled and in leaving the room, quietly closed the door. I took my stethoscope from my jacket pocket. Charley was deep in sleep, and there was perspiration running

down his face, yet, his chart indicated that he wasn't febrile. And there were tears in his eyes, in sleep.

His heartbeats sounded strong and consistent. There were no thoracic anomalies, lungs sounded good, and I checked a list at the foot of his bed, then took his pulse. The vitals I continued to take were in line with his last check. I was slightly concerned, as he had been connected to a heart monitor, but it had been disconnected, and the electrode pads removed from his chest were hanging on the monitor stand. I noticed a tube of electrolyte gel still left on the table.

It felt as if I were trying to swallow my heart, but it wouldn't work; my throat had closed up, and even saliva went down with difficulty. It was dysphagia, difficulty in swallowing. And I swallowed *time* by the year, it seemed.

As I watched his face start to open up to the surrounding world, he began to sit up, but with difficulty. So far, not a word had been said. I helped him to sit up and held him with a gentleness I thought I had not, considering his using my prescription to OD, and taking his action as an insult. Yet, I knew why, and I had enough guilt to spread around the world. Several times. I helped him to lay back and raised his head a little more, until he indicated with body language and his telling eyes that he was slightly more comfortable. He seemed more alert and smiled weakly. His dry mouth began to move, and I helped him to take some water with a straw.

"A long time ago—"

I interrupted to continue, "In a galaxy far, far away."

We both laughed, and the invisible tension, hiding in the air, seemed to dissipate, disintegrating in a hostile world, and finally the room seemed cleared of our mutual stressors.

"I'm so bloody sorry. I picked up the extension and overheard you being ordered to report somewhere—I don't remember where it was—a number of some kind. Was it S-something, and then the number four?"

"Never mind. When I do go, you'll either come with me, or meet me in Las Vegas."

"What in the world would you be going to Las Vegas for...are you and the American government gambling?"

"You don't know how close to the truth you are."

"It's that group you belong to, isn't it?" His eyes looked for an instant like two question marks, black stamped upon blue.

"Something like that. But you know I can't talk about it. So, am I to assume that you are moving closer to wanting to be my lover?" And I was very ill at ease with the last word of my question.

"I wouldn't know how, even if I were indeed moving closer to that desire, which I am not. I just want to be close to you. And if I ever succeed in getting my head on straight, I want to help you, in any way that

I can. You're going through a very difficult time. So what do I do...try to help you? Most certainly not! I try to die. I fear you are going to leave me by myself, and I don't want to be alone and without you. I had started drinking, and I got crazy and swallowed all of those bloody sleepers. I am not even going to ask you-no, beg you-to forgive me."

"Good, because I won't forgive you. You are all that I have now. How could you do this to me?"

"I'm very selfish, I suppose. And when I drink, I get very...well, scared that you will leave me. But I need forgiveness."

"I need *you*. Everything I love's been taken from me, And now *you* make the decision to depart? Yes, Charley, you've hit me with your best shot, your foul, bloody best!"

He took my hand in his and touched his lips to it. "If you cannot forgive me, then will you accept a promise in its stead? Please?"

"I am waiting. God, I feel sometimes like I'm dealing with a child." And I vigorously attempted to keep the anger from showing in my eyes, and I knew it was an exercise in frustration. But we humans tend to do these things, don't we? Even when we perceive with prescience.

"You are. I'm not twenty-five years old, I'm twenty-five years *young*. And I promise never to even think about doing something like this again. Ever. Forever. I can't put any blame upon you, for something—"

"Look, the shrink here says you'll need some supervision for a while, so he'll release you, but only to me. He called me. Thinks we're lovers who had a fight. Especially when I told him we weren't father and son."

Charley laughed, and I laughed, and I could see color returning to his face. "The shrink presumes too much. But he could never really comprehend the nature of our relationship. And so he had to put it into his bloody pedestrian terms. When can I come home?"

"Where is home?" I asked, as if I were giving an oral examination.

" *You* are home."

"I beg your pardon. I don't think I heard that quite right."

"You are home, my home."

"Then why did you want to bum it down? Figuratively, that is. And Barbara, doesn't she matter to you anymore?"

"I thought it was going to be demolished. That you were going to allow it. That you were going to leave and not return."

"You thought wrong, kiddo."

Later: "Please sleep some more, and I'll arrange to have you checked out into my care."

"I will."

"Sleep and let angels attend thee. That's from something, but I haven't slept since you've been in hospital, so I don't remember."

And Charley sleeps the sleep of titans in citadels, castles and fortresses in locations that only Charley could know.

Chapter Ten

Charley Lightman Is Discharged and Continues to Read from the Book of Daniel or Noble Words Sublimely Articulated for My Son's Writings Run to as Perfect as Possible

Charley, now quite recovered, and anticipating the final date and tickets to travel to Nevada would be for *two*, reads easily, and not within the boundaries of his former fears, from Daniel's second journal: His voice was mighty in volume and pure of being and spirit. He read it with love, almost as if it were an actor's part—the part an actor might wait almost a lifetime to play.

Again, I do not put my son's words in quotes, but Charley Lightman reads them to me, to anyone else who should be listening, and he reads them aloud to me with a passion that I could only call pure and simple and uncorrupted and uncontaminated and immaculate and stainless and unmodified and undiluted and with love, unconditional:

How I loved to go on rounds with Dad, and how dearly I loved it when he would ask one of his residents to "please present this or that pathology." Disease was either presented or offered symptoms, making itself a presentation. Oh, how I loved the way my Dad perceived disease and its processes!

Or when he'd so confidently say: "Oh, that? That would be a breach presentation, and we should look for neurological symptoms, for cranial trauma." The way physicians speak to each other is somewhat like priests and rabbis speaking magical, mystery languages, all sacred, all very secret. It seemed like necromancy when it came from my Dad's lips, and

the enormous respect and—I'll say it—fear with which his residents reacted when it was sharp and cutting from his lips to their ill-informed minds. Yet he was always attempting to be kind and caring about people; I remember once leaving hospital with him, and the residents seemed huddled over a motorbike in need of mechanical attention, and the way he walked over to them, took a look, and said, "Awesome bike, doctors." And proceeded to show them what was wrong.

My father knows how to make the magic work for the reason that my father feels compassion for patients, though it often drains him emotionally. Compassion is a word that should be in the Hypocritical- Oops!—Hippocratic Oath. First, do no harm. Second, or in my Dad's mind, feel compassion for the frightened patient. Not the never-care attitude of detachment.

My special Dad has a singularity of vision and is the most original man I have ever known, though I haven't known many other adults except for my other teachers, and I say *other* because my father *is* one of my very best, beloved teachers. And my mother is one of my teachers, too. But she so very much hates (maybe hate is too harsh a word), yet she intensely dislikes my Dad's work, for it keeps him away from us for at least a fortnight at a time. A fortnight is so much longer than one would reasonably think and feel.

Doctors are not gods, not even minor ones, and I've seen the botched work of others my Dad tried very hard to un-botch. And, no, my Father is not a member of the Physician's Fraternal Order, that select group who would never testify against a brother physician; No, when he sees malpractice and its terrible consequences, he is the first to offer testimony, and did so, even long ago when physicians never dreamed of hurting another, no matter what harm was done, the patient. We—people—need each other. People should be kinder to each other; our hearts should almost burst open with all the love that *should* be contained within. (I think I heard something like that spoken by my father.) We need each other.

Dad often-no, in *every* case-talks lovingly to the patient under anaesthesia, and he did this before it was suggested that the patient could hear while under the gas. And he always, before an operation, for he is also a neurosurgeon, asks the patient what kind of music was the patient's most favorite and has it played in the OR for the person under the knife. My father believed, even before it became fashionable, that patients could hear under anaesthesia, and he believes, also in coma. He always speaks to his patients, even those in coma, and touches them, and if they are in need of a hug, hugs them. In my mind, the entire world is ill, and it needs a hug. Yes, the world needs a hug. A *big hug*. And even-per- haps—a kindly wake-up call. Why do people suspect pure love physically, but not sexually, given to a cherished one?

Now for a "look-see" at what I am and what I am becoming. He (my father) has always told me we are always in a state of *becoming*. This is a little personal, but my friend Charley I perceive as a bit jealous because my dad isn't his. And in a way that should never be misinterpreted, and I repeat, misinterpreted: In a sense, Charley is "in love" with my father, but not as a man and wife, or any other kind of sexual male-to-male love. Yet perhaps a very fixed and unerring kind, residing just within the mystery of whole, unspoiled love. People are so cruel, and so quick to misinterpret a young man's, or even a grown one's love for one of the same gender, and people always become so terribly confused and use those bloody stupid words like "fag," "faggot," "queer," or even "homosexual," when-in the instances I refer to-when there is only love, lo*we...without* sexuality. Love, unconditional.

Men are so afraid of showing affection to one another, that it might be mistaken for little, dirty-minded ideas of what I heard called homo- phobic gay-people haters. Now I don't think I need go on crusade, but I must learn to be sensitized to that kind of love—I've seen it in school: Greg, a really nice and smart and sensitive kid, was so unhappy because he was in love with another student who was straight, and it tormented Greg into suicide. The loss of a life over a way a young man wanted to love is unacceptable to me.

Dear Lord, open people's eyes. Can postmortems show that a lack of love ended bodily life? An autopsy on unanswered love? How bloody sick-making! And we call ourselves civilized! God, I wonder if my dad ever ran up against this kind of problem. And if he did, for he is very good-looking, I think he'd be kind. Incredibly, remarkably kind.

He did stints, so to speak, in cinematography with Fellini and other directors. He—as did his father-took a good crack at acting, writing, and directing. He said it helped him reach his students, but I think he always secretly wanted to write and make better than average films, better than the crap most people seem to accept, as if the creators of cinematic art knew what people really wanted to see on the screen and took it for granted that they were more than a bit ignorant. And in some cases, perhaps most cases, that people who pay the price of a ticket were bloody idiots! I see that I do become angry with the issues of the world. And the issues of art and science, which really is the same thing, just opposite sides of a coin. There is a great drama in science, and there is a great science in drama.

It is noble to love and be loved, no matter what kind of love it might be-just that it be honest. Just that it expresses all of you, the whole of you. If there is such a thing as *true love*, then it would be a vestige, a rarity, a shadow, hidden somewhere among the profusion of garbage that can find no purchase, that can find no home.

The nobility of the essence of love—it is this that has no equal in this, or any other world. But, how do we get started, once the fear is sequestered? What is this love's method, and what is the form of wisdom accordingly defined within its very "together," unsplit totality?

To look into the heart of God? To read God's mind? Who was it who said (my Dad told me, but I've forgotten, perhaps woe unto me for being forgetful), but again, to tell all who read this, he said that someone said: "God doesn't roll dice." And something else from the Bible, I think: "And he that troubles his own house shall inherit the wind." (But, I think I may be paraphrasing.) And there was something like, "And the fool shall be servant to the wise in heart," or something like that, again paraphrasing; I think it is in Proverbs. I must look it up for the exact words, but take from the words a feeling and a power. And my dad said, "seems the closer I get to ultimate truth, the closer I get to the 'end of the beginning.'"

My personal answer for me in this moment of my time is this: THAT THERE ARE WONDERS BEYOND BELIEF I WILL NOT DOUBT; THAT THERE WILL BE LIMITATIONS TO ALL LIFE I WILL BELIEVE. FOR I MUST HAVE SUPPORTS UPON WHICH TO HANG MY LIFE.

And Charley stopped reading aloud and said, "God, where did Daniel find such a phrase like that last one, '...hidden somewhere among the profusion of garbage that can find no purchase.' That hit me right in the heart."

"Daniel was always hitting people in the heart, Charley, and sometimes the guts. He was prolific and so damned good when he wanted to make a point. His prose was sometimes poetic. And often it seemed to project itself directly into your soul."

"I should think so. I am sorry if this hurts you still."

"It will never stop hurting me."

"And with the death of people like Daniel will come the death of compassion."

Several tears, mine, more than several. Then Charley asked, "Will this constant mourning ever cease?"

"Of course it will end. It will end when Sarah and Daniel become alive again. Or it will end when I am subdued by the end of my life."

"Please, don't say that."

"Would you rather I lied to you?"

And not answering my last question, Charley began again to read the words of my son:

When Mother's away and working, this home seems even more emptied of life. I miss her terribly. But when Dad's away, I feel even more emptied, if that were possible. I try to remember and keep the words

written and handy to re-read. Mother is sometimes very distant, and cold, it seems. Cold, but only until Dad has returned. As if by magic, Dad, and only Dad can bring forth the feeling in her. This is, perhaps, because she throws all of her energy and caring into her acting. But I know she loves me because I never need to ask and be reassured. Dad says to be economical with words, but *he* isn't, and sometimes, I really don't know why I must, also.

Dad says he misses going to PJ. Clark's in New York City. I guess it's a place where theater people go to drink and be seen and find out what's happening in show business.

There is one (one?) mystery about Dad I can never seem to understand. What does he mean when he says he's "too tired to sleep," and even, "too tired to rest?" Lord, sometimes my Dad...no-strike this. I think about my family-we three-are so lucky now that I have seen other families, and how their members, in a variety of ways, abuse each other. And I hope soon, we three will become we four, when Mother has another child. We three have spoken of becoming four, and if I should have a brother or sister, I will not be jealous. I have seen so much sibling rivalry in other families, I would dare not wish it in ours.

And what is with this business when I can't even attend one of my own father's seminars or symposiums? I guess it's because of the time conflict. I'm attending school at the same time. Now that I think of it, I think it possible I'd make him very nervous. I think he always wants to be at his best with Mother and me...How I miss them when they're not here!

For a last entry here, I would like to address the situation that the world finds so unendurable: I see it in the faces of the poor black and white children here in the U.K. and also in the U.S. and all over this planet. I saw written on a billboard in a slum: "REVOLUTION Is THE ONLY HOPE OF THE HOPELESS." My Dad once became angry; now he believes that "a little revolution once in a while might really be a *good* thing for the human race," since, he says, "there is only a little time left." I am watching, and I see the sharks swimming closer and closer to the shore.

But I do not think I want to be simply (simply?) a reflection of my Dad's thinking. He's given me a library card to both his mind and his soul. I also have library cards to the library here and the one in New York City, and there are literally thousands of books right here in our home. I could check out numerous books and spend the rest of my time on earth trying to understand the ever-expanding consciousness of my *own* mind, but I must carefully avoid becoming an extension of my father's thinking. Soon, I shall be away at university, and I will develop my own original thoughts and belief system. (I just don't quite know how 111 stand it, being away from my mother and father.) And then I'll meet someone, and we'll have children of our own, and I hope to God I will

be as loving to my children as my mother and father have been to me.

Charley stopped reading for a moment to give me the "evil eye," as I had lit up another cigarette. I took a deep drag and put it out in the ashtray. He took the dead cigarette from the ashtray and lit it for himself, taking a huge drag from it and said, "How does it feel? Seeing *me* smoke it? How does it feel, my other-father?"

"Not good."

"Good. Then you know how I feel every time I see you light up. And you are fighting *cancer*, God damn it!"

"The cancer is in the colon, not in the lungs."

"So you, as you fight so hard to have it not spread, invite it into your lungs?"

"Good point, Charley. But when we go without, we're both a couple of miserable people. To each other, too."

"I'd rather you'd be nasty to me than be dead." He seemed a little perturbed but said, "Why don't we get out of here for a while. I have my car. I'll drive. We could also get something to eat."

I weakly protested: "But it's getting dark."

"So, it's getting dark. We'll have a nice drive in the country, and maybe you'll feel at least a litde better."

"I'll never drive a car again, so you'll *have* to drive."

"Good. Let's give it a go, shall we?"

"Yes, let's."

And we left the flat for a drive in the country. At least out of town it was. Very far out of town.

Chapter Eleven

Is It All a State of THE BECOMING?
or
The Grand Unified Field Theory
or
They Have Not Proved that Protons Are Mortal and the Entire Universe Is in Decay (Tra, La)
or
A "Wolfian" Lecture

FROM Dr. Michael Wolf's lecture series: "THE BECOMING"

The following are notes for my theoretical physics dissertation, which I term "A New Theory of Wave/Particle Duality; Or Simplified Unification."

(Twelve young Ph.D.s in theoretical physics could equal a "gaggle of geese.")

(Theoretical physics is like entertaining God!)

Should a scientist attempt to take moral/ethical control, exercise, exert, and wield control over that which he creates? (And there is the quote I wish to remember: Young Ph.D. in theoretical physics said to me, "I*m a scientist! I know what Pm doing!" My response to him (and Dr. Edward Teller *loved* this!):

"I too, am a scientist. I *do not* know what I am doing. And that is *why* I am a scientist!"

A note to all of us: We must learn again how to sing, but we must sing *new* songs.

A conversation with scientist:

Scientist: "If it works, don't fool with it."

Me (Wolf): "Do we understand *why* it works?"

Scientist: "No, but that doesn't matter *because* it works."

Me: "Then if we do not understand why it works, even if it works, I am *obliged* and *compelled* to fool with it. And take this: the data and discovery occur because of *error* and *redundancy; error* is part of *balance*, providing pathways to Truth and unification of all forces and matter."

Getting axiomatic and foundational is a little bit tricky, especially in logic, because it is an Mwdemonstrated proposition, concerning an *un*defined set of elements, properties, functions, and relationships.

And now a few words on why I think as a theoretical physicist: Faithless, sly, shifty, tricky, clandestine, and furtive sometimes is Truth, slick, slippery, and when one tries to hold it, it will surely fall away from one's grasp-

The scientific way of forming concepts differs from those ways used in daily life-not basically, but just in the more precise definitions of concepts and conclusions. In addition, the scientific way of thought involves longer and more difficult systematic choices of material that is experimental, and greater and more logical economy, as in the effort to reduce all concepts and correlations to as few and as little as is possible: Logical, independent, basic concepts, and axioms...

Note *this*, ladies and gentlemen, that a theoretical but chaotic mind will inevitably take a swipe at quantum mechanics (picture a panther), but QMs will hold up, even to chaos, for there is an order to chaos, also.

Physics bases its concepts on measurements, and those concepts and propositions that lend themselves to mathematical formulation. The foundation is thus defined as *the part of the sum total of knowledge capable of conversion to mathematical terms.* In my opinion, physics is limited only by the limitations of the methods themselves!

All science is the attempt to make the seeming chaotic diversity of our sense experience correspond to a logically uniform system of thinking, even when the chaotic is qualified and quantified as part of the sense experience. In such a system, single experiences must be correlated with a *theoretical* structure in such a way so that resulting coordination is convincing and at times, even unique in singularity, but convincingly unique.

Sense experiences are given as subjective matters. The theory that attempts to interpret them is entirely man-made. It, because of these factors, becomes the *result* of an arduous and laborious process of adaptation to this conclusion: Hypothesis or assertion subject to verification or empirical status, a "proof," yet still hypothetical, never final, never a finished body of work, and there are always questions, always doubts.

Now, something inside of me says "true" when I extrapolate from years of sense experience, that if unification is to be found in a perfected

state, we must factor in the word BECOMING; that all things in this universe are in a state of BECOMING. This may help alleviate and assuage the knowledge that things are never final, never finished; there are always, and will always be questions. This equates well to my concept of THE BECOMING. *

Now we must look once, and hopefully, somewhat painlessly-no one should growl with disgust now-at Max Planck and Planck's constant. Very simply, or as simply as I can put it, Planck's constant is the symbol "h" in physics and is the constant of proportionality relating to the quantum of energy that can be possessed by radiation to the frequency of that radiation. As my colleague Steven Hawking, right here at Cambridge, the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, a chair once held by Newton and later by Dirac, puts it: "Planck's quantum principle is the idea that light (or any other classical waves) can be emitted or absorbed only in discrete quanta, whose energy is proportional to their frequency."

The Zen Event, CERN, high energy collider, the sound of one hand clapping, particles emitted from one end and *not* the *other*. As for the math, I don t think you need to see it just at this point in chaotic confusion.

So, Dr. Hawking and I both speak of proportion. What we are both trying to say is that light, X-rays and other waves of the EM (electromagnetic spectrum) cannot be emitted from any source in an *arbitrary* way or in an *arbitrary* rate, but only in certain whole pieces that Planck called quanta. Each singular quantum or package has a fixed amount of energy that is always greater the higher the amplitude-or better, perhaps, the higher the frequency-of the specified waves.

But this only serves if we try to explain the emitting of the radiation from bodies of matter that are hot, but this is not rationalistic or deterministic enough.

So, who comes along to help us with determinism, but Heisenberg! Yes! Heisenberg with his uncertainty principle, which says that Planck s constant cannot show determinism without saying that the quantum mechanical principle is the product of the uncertainties in the values of certain and related variables. So we must say that the position and the momentum of a particle is greater than or equal to Planck s constant. But, the velocity of the observed particle cannot be predicted i one as to use at least *one quantum*, so this quantum will disturb the partic e an change its velocity in a way that we cannot predict.

Predict. Is this a state of BECOMING? I hope I'U be able to c you,
so that you might see a new theory of wave/partic e u ,•
I can take for granted that you've all been exposed to at eas ^ ^ $f_{\alpha_}$ in theoretical physics, because rather than confuse y^{∞} ^* ^cal con- mulae, I shall attempt, instead, to put all of this into a p expert,
text. So help me and think! A theoretician is a stu en and
finality has yet to come to us all...

Row, row, row, your boat...(Dream, that is.)
Are we His, or is He ours...? (Dream, that is.)

Thus it goes: Not to dance, not to laugh (maybe little giggles, sniggles and titters), little sighting glances: With open eyes, thus will it be the secrets of science, from me to thee...

Chapter Twelve

Is Space Really Empty? No, I Think Not
or
I'm Draining Myself Much Too Quickly
or
What a Drive in the Country Can Mean
or
Saying Hello to My Other Family and Hearing Them Say Hello to Me

Charley rings his wife, Barbara, tells her he is still on location and will call or return as soon as is possible. Unavoidable problems, he tells her.

And I say, after he hangs up, "Bloody awful lie!"

"I know, but I need time to really make her understand. I'll return to the house when you fly to Nevada."

We took the stairs to Charley Lightman's car and were soon off to a quickly darkening countryside, with little substance still able to catch the slightly fleeting light, the reflective object remaining to promote the last petite bits of light. The sun was setting, and we thought we'd stop at a

pub we had frequented before; the beer was dark and warm and the food better than usual. We both started with gin and tonics.

"Where shall we go?" I asked, sipping on my drink, feeling the warmth as it dropped into my stomach. We both laughed and lit cigarettes, and there was a gently and gingerly brotherhood of thoughts and emotional portions that flew mentally back and forth between us that was made possible only through our honest facial expressions and the candor and frankness of the developing friendship, heavy enough to touch a soul.

"Let's just try to relax, Michael. Let's smoke and drink and get very happy, and then we'll decide where to go."

It seemed as if something of Danny were in Charley. His studied carelessness, his easy, trusting smile. We were soon on our third drink and feeling the world indeed an absurd and funny place in which to be existing in this opened-soul fashion and configuration.

Charley was feeling so very unblemished and free from imperfection and raised his glass in a toast, "Cheers, Michael. And to you, the friend I know who will always stand by me. And perhaps stand by me when trouble comes near to my existence, and you, my encourager and advocate will, as you put it once, 'stay the course,' and stand together with me against all of the dragons that will surely emerge from my dangerous life."

And I, too, was feeling light-headed and most protective and affable, toasting him, "Here's looking at you, kid," with a rather miserable Bogart impersonation.

And we both howled with laughter. "Fish and chips. Okay, Chuck?"

"Please, do not ever call me 'Chuck' again." And he tried to look very serious, flashing the light of his eyes into the dark of mine and lighting up my eyes and burst out into a large, happy laugh. I could have sworn I was looking into my son's eyes.

"I've never, ever been called anything other than 'Charley.' How would you like it if I called you Mike?"

"I'd probably buy a gun and shoot you in the ass. Hey, we're both getting a little tipsy. If we're going to drive-"

"Never mind, Mike. This is my last. And I drive-"

"Mike?"

"Well," he said, laughing, "How does it feel?"

"I'm sorry, Charley." And we laughed together and were gentle and easy upon one another.

"Let's please go for a drive, Michael."

We had finished eating, and he paid the check, and we left the pub. As we walked to his car, he put an arm around my shoulder. "I'm sure this has passed, at least once through your mind, that we cannot become *more than* friends, and surely it feels so very precious to have you loving me, and I loving you. What an exceptionally brave friendship is ours! But sometimes I think-"

And he was interrupted by the disappearance of every solid object around us, and a voice I knew-that wasn't Charley's-but that was my other-brother's voice, requested, with an immense amiability that was at once both desolate and sad and gratified and glad, to slip into sleep for a moment or two. Or was it more than that?

And that was all we seemed to remember, as we awoke, somewhat postictally aphasic, yet not seemingly related to any overt form of brain

damage, temporary or permanent, and we were parked on the outskirts of a not-so-nearby farm. Suddenly, our memory of the event was all coming back, and he grabbed my hand.

"Why did they cap our memories?"

"'Cap' is the right word, but I don't know, yet please, Charley, when I leave for the States and go to Nevada, don't tell anyone about this event Not anyone. Not ever."

"They were so nice to us. Why should we have to forget so perfect and radiant an experience for a few minutes?"

"Charley, it might have caused trauma had we immediately remembered. Besides, you know we were in a different time frame or perhaps even a dimension. Or perhaps, *finite* and *definitely* a different dimension. It may have been necessary in a medically protective sense. And certain laws of physics might very well come into play here. New laws."

"God, Michael, I don't know why anyone should fear them. Their emotions were right out in the open for us to know. They weren't hiding anything. Damn it! I wish we were still with them. I feel such a strong yearning, a longing for them. To be with them again. Especially that short, Grey fellow who seemed to know you so well and cared about you so much, it seemed. No, Michael, it didn't 'seem,' it happened. I know that now, I *know* it. And would you believe it? I wish we were still with them. They wanned me inside, something that alcohol could never even remotely imitate."

"Don't look now, but I think we shall be with them again tonight, or whatever day it is."

We left the car after the engine suddenly stopped, and the headlights dimmed down to nothing. The object was descending to a point of about five hundred feet above us, then stopped quite suddenly, and hovered, almost straight over us. A bright white beam, whiter than daylight, shone from above, but almost instantly turned blue, engulfing us, and it seemed like an elevator. Charley was shaking with wet fear and held onto me and whispered into my ear, "I know why they cap our memories now."

We both held on to each other, as if for balance, as if we were magnetized with opposite poles pointed toward each other, locked in a kind of magnetic fear-coping strategy, and soon we were not cognizant of any motion whatever.

I released Charley. We were standing in what seemed to me as a very familiar room, brilliantly lit, but not as much as to hurt the eyes. The light seemed not to emanate from any single source, but was everywhere. The doorway that closed appeared not to have any juncture or architectural connection or seams or handle. The room was devoid of conventionalities as we knew them yet was still very familiar to me. I could hear Charley's thinking, and the room seemed familiar to him also.

The little Grey person I had known since childhood stood there with his hands opened and out to mine. I immediately put my hands in his and heard in my mind first his greetings, and following at once, his desire not to be picked up and hugged as was my intention. Then, hearing my mind's response, he dropped his "No, please don't," to "Yes," and I gen- dy grabbed him, picked him up, hugged, and caressed him, and felt his thin, litde arms around my neck, returning the hug. And it really seemed a strong hug for a little guy with dolphin-like skin. It was pleasure to both him and me when touched.

"I've missed you, my beloved and esteemed kinsman," I said aloud as I put him down, still holding his hands and feeling the flow and then the flood of his emotions.

He answered without speaking, and I knew Charley could hear him, too: "And I have missed you, too, cherished brother Michael. It has been a long waiting, and this is your friend, Charley. I remember Charley as our guest, but I do not think he remembers me." Charley still appeared genuinely fearful, and the little friend put his hands out to Charley to welcome and calm him. Charley sighed and was serene.

"Charley," the little friend answered, "We come from Reticulum Four, as you would call it, the fourth planet of the Sol you call Zeta Reticuli One and Two, two of the many binary heaters and lighters you call suns."

Did Kolta miss his home and his people, his *close* people? I wondered.

"Not when I am with friends and kith, connecting kindred who love and give pleasure to my senses," he answered to my mind.

And, turning my thought-throwing in Charley's direction, I said with my mind, he has very soft dolphin-like skin, and like dolphins on Earth, he loves to be caressed and soothed. This is one of an abundance of ways to express love to him.

He proceeded to take us to his navigation post and a short tour of the *CONVEYANCE^* and in my head the *CONVEYANCE* stroked my mind with its soothing, delicate electric touch.

Charley now seemed very happy, even euphoric, and wondered whether there was more than normal (for him and me) oxygen aboard in the sweet-smelling air. Kolta said yes, that there was more oxygen, and that it was causing a moderate amount of unclouded, light-headed pleasure, but it would soon wear off as our brains became conditioned to it on a steady basis.

It was strange, but I also felt Sarah and Daniel near, yet this feeling was not answered. I knew it was not the proper time to question Kolta about this feeling with Charley present; it would have been too much for Charley to absorb on rather short notice and with no preparation. If one thing could stand out in Kolta's personality, it was his way of gendy interacting with humans that he accepted with gracious caring.

Charley asked if the "aliens" had friendly motives for coming to Earth, or was there some hidden agenda, as he had once heard postulated by a particular religious sect. And we were told, "We believe that evil has no proprietary place in this universe, even though it wasn't exclusively found on just one planet. It is truly difficult to understand why beings *invent* and personify evil, when the only true demons were the ones running freely around in a being's own heart, until one sees the wisdom of purging them."

Yet why does malignancy and evil have such beloved homes on Sol Seven?

The answer, at times, is more than a measurement of the open demonstration of human-equation factoring.

One must be warned not to take the poison before one has the antidote.

"When will we see you again?" Charley asked, as he knew the time had come to return.

Soon. Very soon. Yes...

"What day was that we started our little drive?"

"It's Saturday night, isn't it? That's *this* night." And he seemed so sure of himself.

"Feel your face," I said as I felt mine, and it seemed to be several days' growth on my face. I looked at him. He didn't seem nearly to have as much growth as I had but noticed that there was more than a day's worth of hair to be separated from his face. Since I had begun to spend time with him, he had started to shave daily.

He looked at me quizzically. "It's got to be at least a couple of days—"

"Look up and to your left."

"It's Venus," he said, still a bit groggy.

"Oh, then Venus is descending."

We woke to night again; it must have been several days, and we were both exhausted, and our bodies and minds screamed to us to rest. We checked into an Americanish motel, the nearest one we could find and took a single room with twin double beds. I still felt ill at ease and stripped and messed one of the double beds so it would appear to the maid (the maid!) as if both beds had been used; Charley and I intended to take separate showers, but I was so sleepy that I found myself weakly submitting to a shower with him. We soaped each others' backs, rubbing them with the wash cloth and both finding our eyes with soap sting, and we laughed, and rinsed, and hugged, and got out, and dried each other. And...there was no thought of sex and no word of it, either.

We piled into the bed, shivering, and the room seemed chilly, and we put ourselves into each other's arms, and we began to warm each other, and I held on tightly to Charley, and he held on tighdy to me. We felt

elated, and it was strange, but we seemed to be tuned in on each others' thoughts, and *nothing* at all about the fullness of the experience seemed dirty-minded, not in the slightest or most subde way. It was an extraordinary expression of pure, innocent, physical love which was a deep friendship, and I think, for the first time really, that I was totally comfortable hugging him, and he hugging me, both in each others' arms, equal, warm, loving, and innocuous and immaculate and innocently sinless-sinless at least to the religious zealots who condemned the so-called gay love, which was, I believe, all right to *be* gay, but *not* all right to practice it I wondered where within their parameters we would fall.

And our thoughts were in each others' minds, moving in a most unusual way, back and forth between our heads, which also touched each others', and we both felt clean and innocent and pure as we listened to each other: To the thoughts; we could hear them as if spoken. And the thoughts were quite harmonious and radiant and awe-inspiring. I was, finally, totally untroubled, totally comfortable with him, with the physical Charley. In my mind, I asked him how it felt to be adored. It was not, but seemed as if a miraculous, astounding dream, out of which I never wanted to awaken.

In this, I was secure. I wondered, and he heard my thought, if it were possible and not naive to be a friend and lover to one another in the platonic sense, transcending physical desire and tending toward the purely spiritual ideal, with no sexual element to drive the two participants apart. (Or, at least, *one* of the two.)

Charley and I woke repeatedly during the night, each with something more to communicate to the other by thought transfer, the bouncing of thoughts, the throwing of thoughts (but gently), the dribbling of thoughts, but not blocking them or the drop-kicking of thoughts and their melding moods, the distilling, the plop, the trickle, the weeping for the lost ones, and all of this back and forth, from mind to mind.

But there were also vague fears that came forth from our deepest places, fears in each of us, fears for the children that would oudive our advantages, our assets, our gains, our utility, our benefits, our worth; but we held each other close to each other and spoke not even one word out loud.

Thought transfer continued at a rapid rate, and then we'd-together- fall back into the waiting arms of the sleep god called Morpheus, a god also of dreams and of the forms dreamers see within the dream impressed upon the one who accepts the dreams and their appearances. The UFO experience had left us in utter fatigue. And I was no longer self-conscious about that occasional hug that—when we were, in a sense, in each other's keeping—he felt he needed from me.

I understood, finally, that men, friends, a son, all who did not secretly fear a loss of masculinity, could enjoy more cogent, deep feeling, and

surely profit in the highest spiritual sense possible. I understood, finally, that they, by expression of same-gender love need not feel as if trapped in misdeed and transgression.

Human beings, and most especially those who are fragile and breakable and susceptible to the greatest of hurting, *most need love*, and this *love* is most probably the strongest of forces in this universe.

Chapter Thirteen

Dying Is Safe; Just Let Yourself Go
or
To Look into the Heart of God but Not into the Heart of Man when All Those Demons Are Running around in It

It seemed totally off the wall, but some of the words from Daniel's journals were jumping back and forth between Charley's and my mind:

> Why must we fight with death, fight it and fear it? Sometimes I think I take myself too seriously, but as Dad says, "So what? Big deal! Think as you wish, for you are only responsible to you! And I only care that you are happy, Daniel." *That's my dad.* One of my dad's patients once said that death was her lover, not her enemy. So diverse a consideration!
>
> The essence of the "New Wave," is not having enough videotape to record sixty minutes of New Wave "brilliance." I may look narrowly, and want to look less narrowly, but I ran out of videotape.
>
> Yet, there is a new paradigm taking the place of the older one, a model that was-That is-

Charley, get out of my mind! Damn you people dancing in and out of my mind! I cannot be where you want me to be.

Soft rain: To love the world enough to clean it up for the children, to live in unity and in harmony, and to make God Himself cry out with happiness. The rain of joy! Not hard, acid rain, but soft, balanced rain. No chemicals other than the ones that should exist in the life of the Mother called Earth. The joy of unity, the harmony, never sequestered, to be ignited with imagination, to love all entities with which one inter-

acts, and new level and expansion of consciousness. God's tears of joy...*soft rain.*

THERE ARE EXTRATERRAN DREAMSCAPES THAT ARE NO DREAMS. And then, there were...you know, Sarah, and the extra-terran dream cities. Located in the advanced extra-terran minds, you'll recall, from that extraordinary conversation we had just after making Daniel. You must remember that, Sarah.

Oh, yes, you told me.

I tell you again, my darling Sarah. Copenhagen, New York City and Greenwich Village, from which *real* education sprang, Kyoto, Dresden (before the fire-bombing, and the painting called "Guernica"), and there are so many more, and my voice is tired in this space. This space where it is so very hard to speak. This space that seems not real to me. But I can easily say and throw this thought to you, my dearest wife: We were so lucky to have our son at and participating in our wedding vows, vows we made to each other and covenants and pledges we three made to us three. Could we three have loved each other *too* much?

And from her form, there was no immediate answer that came forth to plunge—as if a knife-into my chest cavity, the cavity where my Soul's House had been built.

And there is, and I'm not too sure of the exact quadrant, a star that I once saw get bigger and bigger until it took me away to another home, which was the *real* one. My brief stay on another *home* was most informative. In some time, in some space, or space-time, will I return and stay?

And after I was returned, there were (or there was THE BECOMING) the development of "teams," and "missions," and "projects" under the National Program Office, established by secret Executive Order, Ronald Reagan, President at the time of establishment. Then came all of the secret agendas, and one part of a government did not know what another part was doing, thus what was uncovered was "nonsense!"

What about America's mental and physical breakdown? Wonder if it was planned?

Don't wonder. You should know by now.

And they had to take Sarah and Danny from me.

But you'll see them again.

What about the world's breakdown?

There will be *one parliament* for all so-called nations who just cannot seem to get it right anymore.

Chapter Fourteen

The Persistence of Human Cosmic Memory
or
Footprints of the Old Ones
or
Science Imitates Art Imitating Science
but
We Have a Great Many Members
in the Dreamers' Club (DC)
or
Alien Family Robinson

I know of an entomologist, who with his colleagues at the American Museum of Natural History, has been attempting to extract DNA from thirty million year old termites trapped in amber. Was it not that scientists joked about PCR trickery?

PCR-Polymerase Chain Reaction, was used to amplify very minuscule amounts of DNA samples from a perhaps too-wide collection of specimens from very strange sourcing techniques and origins and rootstocks. Interesting feats, but this informational data from the DNA never had been linked or correlated with "evolution's" possible anatomical changes and the incredible knowledge yet to be obtained.

And then, the jokes about PCR had to suddenly stop, for using this method facilitated extraction and amplification of thirty million year old termites fossilized in amber, found in the Dominican Republic. Many of us who worked with DNA had never considered obtaining and amplifying DNA from very old insects in amber-never considered because we too often think that feats like the aforementioned cannot be done.

Compare this with last lecture, thinking protons were not mortal as we have never identified their signatures from all those damp old caves

where we spent years looking for proton decay signatures.

Paleoentomologists, specifically Conrad Labandeira at the Smithsonian (I knew there was a good reason for my renewing my membership in the Smithsonian Institution!) says, specimens preserved in amber "were always special, because the specimens are three-dimensional, enabling you to see things such as the mouth parts and genitalia in detail. But having the DNA will allow us to get a molecular handle" on the evolutionary history of those specimens.

I think it more than fair to mention also the case of entomologist Dave Grimaldi and his colleagues at the aforementioned American Museum of Natural History. They once joked about PCR, but they have succeeded in extracting and amplifying tiny remnants of DNA from a thirty- million-year-old termite fossilized in amber from the Dominican Republic. This now allows the more-than-good possibility of linking specific aspects of body size and shape with DNA sequences.

(I knew we had a need to get a sequencer once before in our DNA/ RNA experiments.) This is truly great science, and it is so because people stop laughing, and then maybe the too old halo on the top of Science's Head may, indeed, have to be removed. This work has smashed the world record for the oldest genetic sequences.

With the Michael Crichton book, *Jurassic Park*, this must become-and things are always in a state of becoming-"Science Imitates Art Imitating Science." An amusement, but within, a series of evolutionary truths, unearthed, if you'll pardon a slight double meaning of sorts.

It is truly a wondrous time in which we live. For example, there are many new technologies, and as I call it, "Technologies invented *as needed* for human mental growth and expansion of ideas, and seeing with better eyes, where these same dazzling items lead. *We* need to see with better eyes than these." (Is it sanctioned to fly toward dawn? Is it more questions than answers?)

Or, can't we just be nice; then maybe *they* wouldn't have to land in seclusion. Or, I, personally, would settle for: Can't we just be nice to each other? There is a moral imperative here, but it is lost on our claim of primacy of the planet we are presently killing. Were we only tenants, we'd have been evicted long before this time frame.

The magnetic fields of this earth are sometimes wickedly like rough seas, but this planet, with its convoluted atmospherics, its difficult-to- negotiate ionosphere, Van Allen Belt, trade winds, natural phenomena, the unstationary air as it is—not like where they come from, with their *controlled* environments—make for unsteadiness of navigation, once planetary orbital insertion has taken place. Thus a *CONVEYANCE* of theirs can be buffeted like a small boat at sea; and let's not forget to mention the man-made interference, like the chemical and electronic lasers, masers, and neutral particle beam weapons, (any energy beam weapons,

or hybrids of them, or kinetic, or X-ray, or...many, many more, including the new "pulse microwave" systems, courtesy of the S.D.I. Organization; it's like navigating a ship *not* in bristol fashion.)

This cannot be so. You're talking *science-fiction.*

Oh, if you think that, then I quote from old, declassified manuals: "Directed energy concepts: Innovated applied research in the generation and propagation of directed energy plays an important role in defense. Systems now being considered include (but not limited to) chemical lasers, excimer lasers, lab X-ray lasers, Gamma-ray lasers, and free electron lasers. Hybrid approaches are also of interest." (tra, la!)

More?

Okay. But hold on to your realities, dearest reader. This is going to be a bumpy cruise!

"Interests in the concepts include the full range of embodiments, i.e., low mass space-based, ground-based, and pop-up systems. And, included in the directed energy problems (though they are becoming less and less problematical) are such diverse topics as weapon pointing, beam control, acquisition, tracking and pointing, mirror technology, beam propagation through natural *and* disturbed environments, optics, and countermeasures. Then, kinetic energy weaponry (the KEs) are candidates for S.D.I. System, including ground-based exoatmospheric re-entry vehicle interceptors (ERVIS rhymes with nervous) and space-based interceptors (SBI), high endoatmospheric defense interceptors (HEDI) and (BIG) hypervelocity guns (HVG), electromagnetic (EM), electrothermal (ET, no jokes, please), and the trusty new hybrid systems."

And I could write another book on just what we're testing right now, and what are we testing these new weapons on?

I'd honestly have to say, on "non-existent" unidentified flying objects.

This is definitely not a helluva nice welcome; especially when we sent out probes saying, in essence, "Greetings, come and visit us sometime."

Well, it would definitely seem that they did, and it would seem that we did, fire at them, that is. Like accepting a luncheon invitation from cannibals and finding a surprise menu.

And certain secret agencies (more then secret, and *not* connected to other more than secret government agencies) are looking at, or have already, begun negotiations with them, and the planetary population is not let in on it, so to speak. Is it that we can not trust our citizens? Or is it that if they were told, and incidentally, that more than one in forty citizens are being abducted, it would boil down to political suicide?

And these last two words are not to be taken lightly.

...to ride their fantastic trips from dimension or time to another of the same, perhaps a little bumpy like a small ship on a very big ocean. But this only in an uncontrolled atmosphere as the Sol Seven's.

But, why does the government of the U.S.A. continue to fire their "Star Wars" weapons at the OFFWORLDERS? Is it because one super- secret part of the black programs government doesn't know what *another* super-secret part of the black programs government is doing? And what role should (that's SHOULD) the United Nations play in this life-or- death drama?

There are no more excuses! In other parts of this galaxy, not to mention other galaxies, cosmic neighbors are running out of endurance and patience...

God sees, and waits...

Chapter Fifteen

The Death Mask of the Everyman
or
Pseudonyms and Face Masks
or
Recovering That Which Cannot Be Recovered

The necessity for Dr. Michael Wolf to be on radio talk shows to plug *The Catchers of Heaven: A Trilogy* (a trilogy for "a viable legacy for the children of planet Earth"), for *the children,* and even for THE BETWEEN children, being created as I write this. This Dr. Wolf, who has been in the past referred to as "Dr. X," perhaps someday will be allowed the other preferable name: "ZE-EV." Or, maybe just Michael...

And when on television, he might wear a mask, and though it may be a death mask, it shall not be of *his* face, but of "The Everyman," and yet, in his mask will be seen his OFFWORLDER features. This is of course symbolic, and atavistic, skipping a generation, and perhaps the mask shall show nothing but his eyes, the whirlpool eyes everyone who knew him well called them. That, and *cow-eyes,*; die eyes that bore and the eyes that surge, they are the eyes that are mine.

It rained last night, and *the last night,* and there was an electricity in the air, for it was charged; the bolts of it shot straight down like an enlivened yet invisible wire, and after it lit up the blackness, a thousand drums were pounded on in the heavens, it seemed.

Someone screaming, "You have the *power,* you have the *power,* but some sinister and vile people will not permit it to flower. But still, you have the *power* to save your race, your human race, yet even in the strictest of terms, you really are not one of *them* Will you not see it before its lateness brings death upon all of you?"

And those who have the riches and the power are those who are deaf and blinded to the realities surrounding them, to the Truth circling in on

them, on all, equally, dreadfully. And again, someone is screaming, "You have the *power*"

We can no longer deny what is happening. Within certain and specific parameters, the world is in very bad shape: And we must realize, be inoculated, as it were, to the fact that environmentally, the planet is probably dying from our troublesome and over-zealous industrialization.

The crop circles, crop glyphs (and now the British Museum is calling them "pictograms") are coming from intelligent sources and are warning us that we must change. The word is *change*. Why do so many men, for example, Colin Andrews of the U.K., the foremost specialist on crop circles, say such a truth as this? And I am paraphrasing, but I find it extraordinary that humans, especially men, still refuse to talk about the greatest power on this planet, the power of love and expansion of consciousness.

Are crop circles equivalent to "mandalas," a word in Sanskrit meaning "circle," and a very powerful symbol, referring to balance and power and the universe?

Are the crop circles "mandalas," any of various designs pertaining and relating to the universe, and Earth's reason for being in this universe? And within this growing "pictographic" complex are there subtle variations and relationships?

And maybe *not* so subtle? I do think so. I do believe "mandalas" relate to the crop circles and are attempting to tell us many things which we ought to know, and which, perhaps we have abandoned and forgotten, just as we seem to forget how very fragile we and our planet have become. Special thanks to mankind and his greed, and his rape and slow (perhaps not-so slow) assassination of this living planet.

Yes! I am now very certain of this. We must remember!

Love, is it so common that we have forgotten its magic powers to heal the earth, to cause all of us here to desire to *change* the *world*, and to make it a little healthier for all of those upon it? And special is the need for a viable future for the children.

We must realize that we are not alone in this vast universe, that we have cosmic neighbors who cannot stand for beauty to be deliberately destroyed for wealth and personal power, things that OFFWORLDERS have most probably already passed beyond in their evolution.

We speak of unification of all of the parts of the universe, but be the earth less than a molecule, it is still noticed when no reconstruction is possible with the environmental disaster fewer years away than we can imagine. I suppose it must be difficult for an ego-centered race, humans, to comprehend their own termination because of what they have done— ***murder*** is the word—to their planetary home.

As I write I am forced to wonder if words are adequate materials to place flesh on the skeleton of memory, for the bones were of my bones, for the most part, so it must be also the flesh...

Flash to Overlap or Time-review

"Daniel! It is cold! What are you doing out there?"

*Just walking the parapet, Mother. We do live in a castle, do we not?"

And Sarah answers, "Yes, Daniel. I have almost forgotten."

"Then do try to remember, Mother. I am just taking a little stroll on the parapet."

"Then do try to complete your 'stroll' by dinner time."

But while I find my SELF in Overlap and Time-review, I kiss Sarah and hold her while counting down the time-sequences, and after I give Sarah half what I sense is the time, I push forward and pull Danny into a seemingly secret comer in the BIG PLACE and he says, "Daddy, while there is still time in this place, I just have to tell you I miss your hugs and need one now."

And I say, "Of course, my beloved," and I easily pull him into my arms, a perfect fit, and we warm each other. He feels just ever so slightly different, but I ignore this sensation and hold him against my gently beating heart, and I feel it, while it beats, calling out to his heart, and our beating hearts, that embody within them the tenderness of our two separate but connected souls, send out their super-symmetrical strings that connect and wind each to the other, and for the "quanta of time" that I do not yet fully discern.

And this so-perfect winding of the extraordinary super-symmetrical strings is elegant and gentle and connects us, and we both shed tears which touch each others' cheeks, as we know the "time" is winding down, and we can only hold on to each other's seemingly solid presence for litde more than a tiny bit of what we perceive as length and width of the spiralling and twisting and finally, the cessation of the litde gift we have had-unfettered and sovereign of manner and method-presented to us gendy and with dazzling adoration for each other.

And in too brief a time, I try to return to Sarah's embrace, to stretch it just a litde bit of a portion more, *she* and *he* are no longer there, no longer with me, as if the elastic band of time has snapped back into its former symmetrical configuration.

The very mysterious and eerie thing to understand is that when I am aboard a "living" *CONVEYANCE*\ I know that we control space-time and create dimensions (amplitude and frequency) by virtue (integrity?) of the production, amplification, and guiding of the waves, by using a 100 percent effective (no energy loss), anti-matter reactor, and its final annihilation reaction for the energy needed to power all elements of travel and

molecular manipulation, and any other requirements that are needed for full management.

The propagation of gravity and anti-gravity waves *sacrifices no power.* There is power for other "living" devices, such as "seamless" doorways, the manipulation of metal (made with cold fusion) and containing what we cannot but call "living" matter, intelligent matter, so that the seamless doors function with intelligent interfacing, and the size and shape of the *CONVEYANCE* may be altered to suit the needs of the moment. Einstein knew about gravity and anti-gravity waves, but he ran out of time in this dimension, his lifetime.

One of my support people for the Alphacom Team, my point-man and his dearly beloved wife-they are one of the most splendid man-and- wife teams I have ever encountered-has given me metal pieces from an inter-galactic *CONVEYANCE,* and I have used these pieces in water to give me energy and for healing purposes.

After teleconferencing with die Team and Dr. Luke Bryce, I have given several pieces to a major general to be taken to the new Russia, and its loose "confederation of independent states," to be compared with so- called healing metals they possess. The act of submitting these metal pieces might well be one of the most important acts of my life on this planet.

Mr. Charley Lightman isn't too fond of Dr. Bryce, but this would be natural, considering all of the complex factoring in the human equation.

Sorry to be repetitive, but I want my Sarah and Danny back and not just in time-reviews and overlaps, but for my time, and this time. *Now,* please...

From the journals of Mr. Daniel M. Wolf (age thirteen)

> I fear for many! I fear for the "androids of the very near future," for they may be very human-like [You got that right, Son!], and they will become everything from teaching aids, to slave labor, and if they feel *more* than human, they will be hurt *more* than humans are; their feelings will be toyed with, I fear, and who knows if God will have put souls into them before humans use and abuse them. If a priest in the future, with a power to re-create Jesus, or if E.T.s could become him (Jesus) through "shape-shifting," it would not seem so improbable that priests would attempt to capture Jesus, and hold him in their churches, and in their minds, a prisoner.
>
> And I say this: Know that you are a part of all natural things surrounding you, so please, do not destroy any thing. Life is the gift to be savored as long as you live. We can find the secret

answers—but they are already within us now. We need to live by the rules of life. Respect **every thing.** Do not destroy any thing.

If you sense feelings not only in higher life, but in what you think is not alive, respect even what you do not understand, even though you sense something *might* be there, because there is purpose and life in **every thing.** Develop a higher consciousness, so that you can live even that which you do not understand. But, at least you will be living it.

People ask my father, because he is concerned not only with science and teaching, but also with the mind and its yet undiscovered potentials. Yet I still need to ask him what is the answer to life. And he tells me, "Life is its own answer." And he still looks for the mind to be better developed, that it might gain a higher consciousness. And closest to his desires, he wants a viable future for us, the children.

We must take pleasure in pure being and celebrate the existence of **every thing** in the universe. To take pleasure in the purity of being, and if you do this, being becomes *more*. Again, *life is its own answer*. Dad showed me this by the way he tried to live; don't try to explain **every thing.** Just *live*, for now you know the answer to life.

(Signed) Daniel M. Wolf

Oh, dearest Daniel, son of my flesh, you knew. Oh, God! You knew! [1]

I knew, Dad. I knew.

Chapter Sixteen

What's So New About the New World Order?
or
Dreaming With Electric Eyes
or
Post-midnight Ideation of Doing Good Science
or
Some Not-So-Raw Notes for Your Consideration

The Alphacom Team, which will hereafter be termed the Team, presupposes that there are some questions in light of what is happening in the skies of this planet, and that for moral and ethical reasons, explanations must be verbalized. There are still, in the "body" of the free-world countries, ideals, hopes, and dreams; and there are the many citizens who may find it all conceptually too difficult to grasp.

There are no mindless masses that are now so terribly important to factor in, but there are people who need to be uniquely considered.

I do so very much believe in a tendency on the part of the true ruling elite to likewise presuppose, and take for granted, those thousands of millions of private people, families, mothers, and fathers and sons and daughters and brothers and sisters—that every world citizen may have "his" own individual singularity of vision and the hope of the hopeless, even the last hope of those without hope—all require *inclusion* and *explanation*.

Low profiles of thirty years; duration are no longer valid, nor a viable style of national or international conduct or guidance or behavior. During this worldly low profile for more than thirty years, I have been a witness to the rather incredible, increasing parameters of security blank- eting, which, I must admit-perhaps in a kind of cathartic response-that most American citizens and other nations' citizens are wise and discerning, and-I use these words with great respect-are *insightful* enough to know what is good for themselves.

There are men and women of great substance in this world, and it is my belief that they, collectively, could contract eloquently and effectively with the virtual reality of OFFWORLDERS.

It is precisely those power elite groups that have found that to make "villains" of OFFWORLDERS would rapidly speed-up a "New World Order" and/or World Parliament, so that the economic status quo and the petroleum-based world, and the stabilizing importance of illegal drug business enterprise (many nations would belly-up and collapse financially if this latter economic state were to end with the anti-drug wars actually being won)—it is exacdy that power elite that would suffer an ending, should the world resist them, and negotiate with the Out-of- Towners for the future viability of the children.

The 1950s notion of Extra Biological Entities coming to conquer the world sometimes seems refreshing considering the seeming human need for alien messiahs. But aliens do not comfortably Fit in with the money and power brokers' need for continuing world industrialization with its resultant pollution and-dare I say it? Of course I must dare-planet killing, surely not in the best interests of human children, and caring aliens, but most assuredly in the best interests of the power elite, and the petro- draconian, inflexible villains.

It is the government's old circle-the-wagons syndrome.

Chapter Seventeen

Inevitable Conversations with One or More Fictional Characters

The inevitable conversation with one or more characters in a novel with their author: "I am not a character you write into existence!"

And I must say: "Yes, you are. You are exacdy that!" And then: "Anyone else want to test fate with me today? You are all feeling so damned singular and three-dimensional. You want the contest *of flesh?"*

The rest of the peanut gallery calms down. That is, until next time; I speak only for myself as novelist, but this is why I want to finish that on which I am working—and get on to a new one, with new keep-your- mouth-shut characters and composites thereof.

And such a tragedy it is,
and much to our chagrin,
when it is
that our skin
hangs loosely from our bodies,
as we fail to
recognize such outstanding data,
that has
inevitably been
with us so very long as to
become mythologized,
and even more
so.
the word DEBUNK,
and its adhering tendencies,
and following

of laughter,
with heads thrown back,
in so much a behavior
as in mocking FASHION,
thus not to see
the brightly lighted
delight areas of origin,
so that a cosmology ceases to be
just that:
a view not so very highly
respected,
a covenant,
as in the BIGgest PICTURE,
has not been kept as such,
but
confusion with the rejection factoring,
in the newest of
the new attempts
in which to give paradigms,
and parameters
to a *LIVING,*
yet *SPIRITLESS*

TRUTH.

Chapter Eighteen

Science Is My Pillow to Hold When I Sleep
or
The Chorus of the Open-minded Scientists
or
Vanishing Females

Science is my friend. Science is a lover for my sadness, better sometimes than a pillow, but a pillow it need be when I need to hold-going into sleep-something in my arms. I *still* need something to hold in my arms during *my* passage into sleep's arms.

Dr. Candace Ryan once, (or was it many? many of her...) slept in my arms before I met Sarah, and she was soft and fit into the cradle and closure of my arms and chest. She seemed much too beautiful for a committed scientist. Candace taught me how to *dilate* love and how to feel protective of another. And she was the best delicacy on which to practice; she told me I could have as much love as I would want. Someone saw her abducted, by a UFO, and she disappeared from planet Earth that terrible day. I was beginning to think I had a vanishing effect on females.

Vanishing females. What a terrible shame.

Why are aliens taking away the ones I love?

Are *we* really doing that, Michael?

I don't suppose so. No, not *really*.

Okay, now you may "cut to the chase." We just now learned to use that phrase. Very interesting, *we* must say.

(And now another familiar voice): Who was *that*, Michael?

Oh, is that you, Luke?

Yes. Again, please. Who was *that*, Michael?

Just my spin doctors, Dr. Bryce.

That is absolutely "Wolfian" of you to say, my dear friend. Do you have a correct apogee, a correct perigee now?

You mean high point, low point?

Must you answer every question with another?

No, must you?

I still cannot remove the contents of my son's journals and diaries from my mind. I find that he has always been acutely aware of the absolute, express truth that *time* is moving away from *all* of us much too rapidly. And a Child of Light travels *with* light. In the sky, that is. And my son-while here-looked *down* at the clouds!

Isn't Michael—the name—enough? Is he okay as he is? Is he okay as he will always be? Why must one Fixate on one insignificant situation while avoiding a much deeper dynamic? Love? Love with self-discipline, perhaps. Why doesn't "Allan Smithee" direct more films? Is the last question the deepest? Or is the deepest question the last? WTiere are all the good guys?

New audiences that are aging understand the profound, as once they did as youth. We have turned a corner and have begun to teach each other about the precious and the holistic. Again, *soft rain.*

To know that you have a spiritual centre in the universe, reaching out to others, different, yet the same, a cosmic family, *cosmic kith,* to take the inner road to all consciousness, our wonderful obsession-never a new pathology-forever healthy, forever a sea of great faces, great spirits.

The simplicity of dying is so very safe, so very beautiful, lacking all *learned* fears. Now, unto the end, and there is no end, for we are energy, we are photons, we are electromagnetic energy; we are light and we go *on.* We must give up the brainwashing of fear, we must give it all up, and then all fear is taken from us and replaced with our whole light. And once the light is perceived, boundaries cease to exist.

We are all wise. We simply must dive into it without reservation or fear. Only with fear sequestered can we become enlightened. And one is sorely tempted to ask, "How do we get started?"

And we do this by forgetting every boundary we've been taught. Enlightenment can come and must not be dismembered into senseless fragments. Forbearance is the start and is soon a transformation with which to begin.

The youth-rather than doubt-*expect!*

Chapter Nineteen

The Hope of the Hopeless
or
Stained Glass Stares
and
More of Daniel, Journals Honeycombed
with Unusual Knowledge and Memory,
as if in the Inner Pride
of
Trees That Stand Longer Than the Life
of an Earth-tribe
and
The Self-realization That the World
Was Like a Wheel
and
Love Was the Axle, but the Harbour Could
Never Be Made Safe
from
Giant Seabirds Whose Wings Could Slap
a Ship of Hope to
Death

We must plan no arrogant and mammoth dreams to change the world; we must, instead, exit all traffic jams and the shrieking of our car horns; we must rid our minds of the interference of the pointless, demented, insensible and the diseased cacophony of noise, the background noises of our minds that serve no

purpose but to block the unmixed messages that wait for entrance.

Is it the background noises which prevent us from hearing in clear fashion the towering levels of new consciousness?

For when our minds quiet down and are rid of the meaningless, we may have the honor to become the greatest of receivers. And it is the highest of human sensibilities that we must encourage over the degrading and dishonorable and inferior qualities, for our true enemy is the insistency of ego and greed and the lust for power. Yes, our enemy is ego, our enemy is nationalism, our blindness is not to hear.

Only in the quiet mind can we truly hear, to hear truth with quiet and balance. The "big picture" (called simply "the big" by my Dad and his inner circle of "friends"), is *not* the binding to narrow limits, but, in a sense, coexistence with higher authority-the truths of our times. And truth becomes a constant in the "human equation" and raises man higher, higher to where he ought to be standing. It is never to be static, never to be stuck in the unease of the diseases of the spirit, of the diseases of the soul (rather the same thing, I should think). Spirituality has begun to diminish and wither on the tree of humanity all of the way down to its roots. And the roots of man must be revitalized, and man must Find his "group" power and give up what has been pressing upon man for too long: Man's disconnection and detachment and isolation from the great universe that surrounds him-even though he feels like a fragmented dot, like a speck, like a point in the void, his *aloneness* must be given up, and that freely.

And he must do it soon, before he alienates himself to all that is his need in this, his self-brutalized world. The *big* needs to be given and shared, and the *big* is the whole, the entire, *THE FOREVER*, the magic and power of attachment.

Charley, still reading to me the words of my son with an understanding I almost thought he didn't possess, takes a small break, almost as if for emphasis, yet it seems apparent that in his reading he is almost performing, and he treats the words of Daniel as dramatic speeches, or as I would call them, word-clusters, and he is applying acting tools to the words, as if to give them the emphasis he believes diem to deserve, and as a performing artist, he is trying to make Daniel's words his own.

Charley expressed that-upon hearing himself reading Daniel's words, and then hearing mine—he could easily see who most affected Daniel's cosmology, his view of the world and of the structure of the universe.

He had told me several times before that most of my son's words make most dignified, noble speeches for an actor and would challenge one to breathe life into Daniel's journals, and at times interpret his words as a character within a play. Yes, he wished most importantly for the chance to read Daniel's words and give them an audible meaning and a somewhat dignified life; again-yes-he told me, it was his *wish* to give life to a dead young man's most personal, most excellent writings, as if resurrecting his most beloved and cherished friend.

Charley Lightman continued to read to m*e-and* to himself; for me— and for himself. And so Charley Lightman, friend and actor, continues:

> An alien prince once walked on the "planet of man," *before man,* and continues to walk, *after man,* among us, and even if we do not verbally admit that he is here, we know that he is here and know that many of his people also walk among us. They have helped us to find the tools, and we must work with them, use them (the tools) as they were intended and to share them with all of the people who struggle and strain to seek and dream, and dare to hope, for these tools are the hope of the hopeless, for they who have come here know now what it is that humans dare to dream.
>
> Can I believe what my father, Dr. Michael Wolf, sees; he sees all of our tribes united; he sees them free to follow more profitable and spiritual pursuits. Is he simply mad? He sees Prussian blue skies, never with clouds other than those belonging to heaven. He sees scarlet and purple fleece and the hair of angels floating down from the highest of snow-capped moun- taintops. How can anyone *not* love this man, my father? My father makes these promises to me: That I will always live in his "Soul's House," and...he wears my love as if it were the dearest clothing in all of this eternal universe. I must take my leave here, for my tears wet the paper upon which I am writing.
>
> Dated: 02/01/83
> By: Daniel M. Wolf

"Michael, I'd like to continue this because it was written just a little less than a year before he died. Would you mind, terribly?"

"I do mind, but I also do not, and please do not ask me to explain. I think you should understand, and if you do not, I just haven't the will nor the energy to explain it now."

"I'll continue then," he said, feeling some odd pathos and passion for the journals. "Michael, please try not to feel so doleful. You look so sad."

"Please go on. Read to me."

And he says before reading more of the journal of Daniel M. Wolf: "Wear your love for the insert, special, called: RETROGRADED RETROVIRUSES and the CATATONIC CATAPULTS and EXOBIOLOGICAL AUTOPSY TABLES with TIE-DOWN STRAPS for LIVING SPECIMENS and LARGE ENOUGH for any...KING'S SON." And he read on, but we needn't use quotes, though he read it as if reading for a part in the Bible or some very good part in one of Shakespeare's plays, or perhaps something even better. As if that were possible.

> When children are hurting in their lives-children-injured in body and spirit by their upwardly mobile middle-class parents,
> I cannot simply accept such horrific abominations, I cannot, as they say, "get behind it." I cannot, as if a soldier executing an order, line up beside the ignorance and stupidity and aberrations of madness that kill children, the streets that murder children, first their hearts, then their souls, and finally, the containers of these essences and spirits, the bodies that die on strange, uncommon yet everyday streets. And its appearance smacks of trouble, and it seems the closer I get to the truth, the closer I get to death. That there are wonders, I will not doubt; that there are limitations to all life, I will believe. And will these words survive my own mortality? Is it only ego, or is it something I must leave for those I hope will survive me and flourish and thrive and grow even wiser that I can or could imagine? A good side to this species called "humankind?" Perhaps.
>
> Alkahest was the hypothetical universal solvent once sought by alchemists, but, of course, never was it found. Were they looking for it, and did it have an existence beyond the theoretical notions of the magic solvent?
>
> Relaxing, to see with your ears, and relaxing to hear with your eyes. It-the place-is called "The Essence-Sounding Platform." And if you catch yourself standing upon it, you just may have a perfect clarity of vision that is unified with *all* forces, so it is a perfect clarity of vision, and such a singularity of vision
>
> is
> life
> and
> is
> for you
> a razor-sharp word-cluster
> that slices into,
> and opens
> the eye

to the truth,
that is resident,
that is inside of you.

INSERT; SPECIAL:

"I think there is someone living inside of him."
"Living inside of what? Say again."
"Inside of him. Of him. *Him)"*
"Oh, Him."
"Yes, him. Him!"

"And I can safely say this: And during my time growing up, I was a teenage hallucination. And this is Michael speaking."

From a series of lectures given to blind and deaf students of another galaxy: "Human species scientists refuse to deal with 'relational metaphysical speculation' that cannot be subjected to empirical and/or experimental tests. So many variables when you think they'd want to jump *ahead,* and metaphysical speculation being one of the fluctuating points, such points residing in very few science-intensive minds. A damn shame!

"Those Terr an tribe members with whom we interact demonstrate in finest form the 'Threshold of Terran Sanity.*

"It is now required that we amplify their *hope*, other injunctions having temporarily been set aside for nearer futures.

"We need to enter *all* of the 'zones of silence,' and make them blustering and boisterous. We need to invent and market a big bright-green pleasure machine. And pronto!"

Chapter Twenty

Just a Cousin, Many Times Removed
or
Hiding and Protecting My Little Devoted Friend
and
Member of the Other Family,
The Person Who Made Me Feel
Least Apprehensive
and
Nervous and Frightened
by
The Unreal Nature of the So-called
"Abduction Experience"
(Which I Prefer to Call Simply the "Experience")
or
We AH Need a Little Help Now and Then
Because There Are Humans
Who Carry and Carelessly Discharge Guns

So-called "abductees" say that the abduction experience is *unreal*, is "unearthly." Well, how about that! *Unearthly*, well, I'll be damned!

New flesh recipients with severe payments and dues applicable to immediate payment, as in "Have you paid your dues?" And only one answer was acceptable, and it was: "Yes, sir, the check is in the mail!"

The payment is severe
when the product develops
the fear

of
a
death
of
the
SOUL-
Yet the Soul is pure,
and made of light,
but
MIGHT BE UNDER ATTACK,
when one sends the soul back
to
NEW FLESH.

Would that all human choices be best choices. Oh, well, I just suppose you must take the madness with a grain of salt and in the proverbial sense only.

Humans tend to develop a provincial, almost tribal mythology toward the "phenomenon," and we approach with close boundaries, with technological cages, this "something." We do not approach with a more spiritual faculty a something which is clearly not a "something" we can put under a microscope, or into a box, or a test-tube, or a cage-for this phenomenon is clearly transcendental in nature.

Chapter Twenty-one

The Day the Little Grey Was Stranded
and
Had Need of Young Medical Resident
to
Humbly Become a Hero and Protect Him
And Hide His Dolphin-like "Hide" from
The Big, Bad Feds
or
Leaping Back So That Memory Becomes the Now

I do not know how I was surviving my residency in neurology; I was working sixty to seventy-two hours in successive shifts and was about to come down with an extreme case of chronic fatigue syndrome, but I fought to get through it, as one year appeared to pass into the next with no significant separation-it seemed-of normal, sequential time.

We all were children once, playing with toys, but that is all over; the odds of winning is too high a price when you're living beyond all your means, and meanwhile the men in the suits are all buying new cars on the profit they've made on your hopes and your dreams. It all drives you mercilessly to become doctors or other high-wage earners, so that you too will be able to pay the high prices for your joys and your fantasies and daydreams.

And yet, I would still, on occasion, make a trip somewhere in this world as a courier for the "bank" in Langley, Virginia. A resident is always in need of money. But I needed rest more than any other personal luxury. I was determined to cut out my social life as if it were some baseball-sized malignant tumor.

I was fortunate to have my own private one-bedroom apartment in one of those fine old renovated mansions in an East Coast city, within

walking distance of the hospital. There were three apartments, and the landlord preferred to rent to medical residents. There were two male residents in another of the three available apartments and two female residents in the third. I, being a chief resident (whatever the hell that meant), had an apartment to myself. The ceilings were high, and the floors parquet, and a few area rugs did well to cover some of the floor. The bedroom was nicely sized, with an unusually large dressing room and a bathroom which connected to it. The dressing room had several oversized closets, and the space allotted for clothes was so large that I was able to block one closet with a high-rise dresser and mirror.

I had just returned from an unusually rugged seventy-five hour shift. I was utterly exhausted and flopped onto my waiting king-sized bed; the full weight of me had fallen upon it, and I thought I heard a scream of both terror and pain, yet I did not hear it in the room, so to speak. *I heard it in my head!* I jumped up, my heart beating so fast that I thought it would escape the confines of my chest. I lowered myself to the floor and looked under the bed. Under my bed hid a real (no fooling!) grey "imaginary" childhood friend, only he wasn't imaginary.

I was not positive, but it seemed, telepathically, that he was hurt or injured, and not superficially, and his emotions seemed to flood my mind, as enormous waves in a violent ocean storm, and he said, again telepathically, "Please, Michael. Please help me." My mind began putting disjointed thoughts together.

An unmarked car with three men in suits always parked on the other side of the street in front of my apartment; several times I had been stopped and questioned by FBI agents; I had checked for and found bugs in my apartment. I had thought it all a usual set of procedures, after having made a run for the "bank" in Langley, Virginia. My naive thought processes had begun to disappear. And now very quickly, I thought only of the fact that I was a doctor, and someone needed my help.

I put out of my mind any thoughts of trying to take him to the hospital. I had to respond, but more so I felt those agents parked outside were also a danger to his health and well-being.

I assisted him in moving from under the bed to on top of it. My bedroom windows did not look down upon the street, so I concerned myself first with my patient. And at first, I was sure I had known him before; he looked so familiar, yet he could only be compared to one of my "imaginary" little Grey friends I had known in my early childhood. But, though he was not much over four and one-half feet tall, with his large, black eyeball-less eyes, his nostrils without a prominent nose, his holes, rather than ears, his rather large, oval, hairless, oversized head, I knew he could not pass, so to speak, for human in a crowd of people.

He did not seem to articulate words with his membrane-type mouth, and he had no discernable lips, yet in my head I could hear his pleasant,

masculine voice as if he were verbalizing words, and I was hearing them. He said-I heard it inside my mind—"I'm the first one that you met when you thought we were just imaginary, little grey playmates, when you were very young in years."

"How did you get here?" I asked, looking into those great, black eyes. "Are those FBI agents parked outside for the last ten days or so sort of trying to hunt you down? I must have about one hundred and fifty million or so questions."

"It would take a rather long time to answer all of them."

I stared at him, hoping not to seem impolite and asked, almost severe in pressing him for an answer to two questions: "First, why have you come here to me, and second, I think I know your name, but what is it? I've been working very long hours, a long time, as a chief resident in neurology."

"What is a chief resident? And my name is Kolta," he seemed (My attempt at transliteration. He did not clearly utter the name, Kolta. I interpreted the sounds I heard from him as well as I could, these being the letters best conforming to his communication-K-O-L-T-A) to say, "Don't you remember me?"

"Oh, God, yes! Kolta! I *know* you. I'm so very sorry." I felt as if I had personally let him down. Yet, with much hesitation, I reached out to hug him, but he let me know that he didn't think it a good idea. I could hear in him—what I would call a "sound-thought"—a sensation of severe pain. And he continued to hold his hands out, out first to me, then over the spot where the left side of his waist should have been anatomically, and I sensed he was wounded and hurting badly.

I forced his hands away from the spot—but gently—and saw what appeared to be a bullet hole, yet it also seemed bloodless on his skin-tight silver uniform. I had been sitting in my old rocking chair, and soon, apparently, he could not endure die pain and collapsed into my arms. I held him for a few moments, and then saw that the wound required immediate attention. I called my friend/ex-roommate/lover, Dr. Candace Ryan, a general surgeon on the hospital staff.

But, after dialing the hospital, I was put on hold, so I depressed the speaker phone attachment switch while I got my bug detector out of my closet. Its meter and flashing light showed no more listening devices (I had previously removed five bugs.) I thanked God for the high-tech antibugging device given me by the Company for my work for them.

My government, my beloved government was tracking down this most unusual friend, a friend since my childhood. Perhaps others who have visited with the Greys did not think them especially attractive, but I did. I considered that which is different most beautiful, indeed.

Dr. Candy Ryan wasn't picking up, so I disconnected after leaving a message for her to bring enough medical supplies to remove a very large

metal splinter. I went into the living room and looked out of the bay window and saw the unmarked car. The driver remained in the driver's seat as two other men left the car to ring my bell. I moved the dresser that hid one of the closets, and sort of encouraged-hell!—I lifted Kolta in my arms and gently put him in the closet, after first putting several pillows beneath him for comfort.

The doorbell rang, and I moved the dresser back to its former position in front of the closet door. The doorbell rang again. I asked who it was over the intercom.

"FBI, Dr. Wolf," was the answer.

"Okay, come on up," and I buzzed them in, trying to appear com- posed-and in fact I was so very tired, it seemed an easy acting job.

"Good morning, gentlemen," and they responded pleasantly and flashed their identifications.

"May I see them a little bit closer, please?"

They were very respectful-not only was I an M.D., but they must have known I also worked for the Company. They handed both IDs to me. I pretended to check them very carefully, as I had seen these two agents before, watching my apartment as I went back and forth to work at the hospital. There was less than a year left of residency, and despite my fatigue, my self-confidence began building there and then, as I took a quick overview and assessment of the situation.

"Dr. Wolf, we understand you've been with intelligence for quite some time now, and we know of your patriotism and your devotion to your country," said the older, taller, grey-haired one wearing the grey suit.

"It's your country, too, you know," I said, firmly, still holding their IDs, returning the eyeball-to-eyeball stare.

"Yes, sir."

"Well then, what's up, gentlemen?"

"You have had several introductory briefings on a subject that our government must, of necessity, keep very secret until it is all figured out, and we find a way to explain it to the American people without causing panic. You know you have been climbing the classification ladder, so to speak."

"That's true, but I am not at liberty to discuss it with you. Even you, even the FBI," I said confidently, again looking into each set of their eyes.

"Dr. Wolf, you have demonstrated your patriotism over and over again. Your dossier reads like a modem George Washington. Now we must inform you that Naval Intelligence has had several 'guests,' if you will-guests of the United States government, residing as 'guests' in Nevada and New Mexico. My partner and I may technically work for the Bureau, but-and 'but' is a big word-we interface primarily with the N.S.C. Do you know what the N.S.C. is?"

"Please. It's the National Security Council, based in the White House and presided over by the National Security Advisor to the President of the United States of America," I said firmly.

"Forgive us if we underestimate your understanding. We know that your assignments take you overseas."

"At the request of the President. I also interface with the N.S.C., and the President, and most of the time I report to *him*, directly."

"Sorry, sir, we weren't told that."

"Well, now you know."

"Well, sir. It seems that one of the country's 'guests' seems to have gotten lost, somehow. And to further complicate matters, we don't seem to have all of the details on *how* this guest-how he, one of the guests of the United States government, how he seems to have become lost in the first place. We must—and I speak for my partner here, too-"

"I don't know how you are still speaking, never mind for whom, because you haven't yet introduced yourselves," I said politely, interrupting. I did not verbalize it, but I was thinking, "You stinking liars, I'll bet he's a 'guest,' and, do you always shoot your guests?" I thought this, but said nothing, nor changed what I hoped was a pleasant but tired expression on my face.

"I'm sorry, sir. This is Special Agent William Morton, and I am Special Agent Larry Sanderson," said the taller one, seemingly the senior of the two, again taking the lead.

"Thank you. And you know already that I am Dr. Michael Wolf."

"Yes, sir, and now back to the subject at hand. This one guest as we've tried to explain has—to his and our mutual misfortune—seemed to have gotten himself lost from the group of guests. We would like to know if you've seen him, or if he has, in any way, attempted to communicate with you, as he seems to have met you at some period in time."

"What's his name? You say he told you he *knew* me?"

"Something like that, sir. I think you ought to sit down, sir, and if you drink, perhaps you ought to have one."

"I don't normally drink and never at this hour."

"Dr. Wolf, as they say, let's cut to the chase. His name is Kolta, and he is a Grey-type extraterrestrial." And he described Kolta physically.

"Oh, God! You've got to be kidding! And he said he *knew* me? I don't think so, Agent-"

"Sorry to interrupt again. Please, sir, just call me Larry and Special Agent Morton would like you to just call him Bill."

"Well, Larry and Bill, I was just about to go to bed. I'm finishing my residency in neurology, and I'm sure you must know how important neurology is to the government and to defense, but I'm sure you already know all of this. But I wonder why this extraterrestrial named Kiltone-"

"It's Kolta, sir, and perhaps you do not know him as well as he thinks he knows *you*. But it is Kolta, sir. That's KOL-TA, Kolta, sir."

"Right. This, ah, 'being,' if you will, this Kol-ta?"

"Correct, sir."

"I've been briefed on some EBEs, that's Extraterrestrial Biological Entities, but you must know that, But, really, gendemen, that name, Koltan—"

"It's KoL.ta, sir."

"Right. Anyway, that name rings no bells for me," I lied, but actually, did not, really. I neither owned, nor had any bells to ring, literally speaking. "You say he and others are guests of the government?"

"Yes, sir, Dr. Wolf. Guests of the government."

"Well, fellows, I'm literally falling asleep, and if I do not excuse myself soon, I will *really* be rude, should I fall asleep during mid-sentence."

"Sir, please, would you mind if we took a very brief look around, before we leave?"

Inwardly I was praying to everything I thought holy that Dr. Candace Ryan wouldn't show up while they were in or near the apartment. Then I pulled myself up, looked threateningly at both, and said, with an authority I didn't think I could summon: "You know, guys, I don't know if you know who I report to, but your boss works for a boss that works for the man I report to, and to further explain, you two agents, special or not— your boss is the Director of the FBI, and he works for the Attorney General, and the Attorney General works for the man I report to, and I am trying to be reasonable with the *both* of you, but I am losing the patience I have been exercising with you, and believe me, I am totally losing it with the both of you. I normally wouldn't mind you taking a look around here on any other occasion, but this one. I've been working seventy or more hours at a stretch, so you are just going to have to excuse me. Right *now*. Unless, of course you have a search warrant, and—"

"Sir...Dr. Wolf," and the other agent opened his rather frightened mouth, "Sir, please believe us when we say you are not under suspicion. Please, don't think that."

"Good, then excuse me right now, and get that unmarked car the hell away from my home, or I swear I will pick up the phone and call *my* boss." I finally thrust their IDs at them.

"Sorry, sir," said the first agent, "Next time-if there is a next time-we will telephone you first."

I showed them to the door angrily. "Have a nice goddam day!"

And they left without a word; and a rather hurried, sweaty departure it was. I watched from the window as they entered the unmarked car, and the driver and the two special agents moved from their surveillance position.

I had made a strategic and psychological move by holding onto their IDs until the last moment of our little conversation. After I saw the car move away, I sighed with a great relief; the only parallel I could at once summon from my over-tired mind was that it was like having a beautiful, liberating bowel movement after more than twenty-four hours of painful constipation.

I made another bug run with my government-issued detector, and found just one more, newly placed on the underside of one of the chairs - specifically the chair on which Special Agent Larry had been sitting. Well placed, I thought out loud (I frequently said things out loud when alone), as I noted I hadn't noticed when or how he had made his plant. For personal satisfaction, I made one more quick bug run, and I found no more.

I quickly returned to the special bureau and quickly moved it, allowing Kolta to begin a kind of limping motion toward the bed, as I told him to do so with my mind. I sensed his gratefulness, but I stopped him with supremely gentle hands and lifted all of his approximate forty-five pounds, and with continued compassion and gentleness, I carried his badly injured body to my bed, sparing any additional pressure on the bullet's entry point. And though there was no bleeding, he spoke to my mind and said the lead was quite toxic, and he would soon die.

Yet he would be quite content to die in the arms of a friend and relative, however distant; he also said several of his fellow crew members had been "abducted" from a crash site near the underground base in New Mexico, and he was the only living Reticulian remaining, that the government scientists were now doing autopsies on his *CONVEYANCE* shipmates.

Dr. Candace Ryan arrived very shortly to remove the bullet and give him a compatible medication to ease the pain. She had earlier been my roommate and lover. And she had previous experience with the Greys, and worked with a gentleness which was the same as was her spirit and nature.

"I love this little guy," she said, "And I'd love to leave this foul planet and study medicine with them. This one is a treasure of a person, so hide him until he is able to be picked up by his people. Maybe they'll take me with them."

"I know they would, but I'd miss you terribly."

"We will see one another again. Of that I can be sure, my dear Dr. Wolf. I'll miss you until then. Oh, Michael, why can't you go with me?"

"And I'll miss you, too, Candy, and in their time, it'll be like a blink of an eye. I will join them when my work here is completed."

"I know you, Michael, always dedicated to something, always the dedicated scientist. And I know how powerfully you feel about the future of the children."

She was evidently given her wish, as she soon submitted her resignation to the department of surgery, and without even a good-bye, she was gone. I took a few sick days and attempted to help in Kolta's recovery. I was never again bothered by government agents, and Kolta slept peacefully in my arms for about two days before he was taken through what he told me was *the portal* I knew I would miss him, but I knew also that I could see him whenever I wished. He was one of the most lovely of "people" in the universe of which I was soon to become more and more cognizant and appreciative. As with dolphins, Greys enjoy being touched.

Kolta, my sweet Kolta, I will always be calling your name, always trying to keep you out of harm's way and treasuring you, remembering everything...

Chapter Twenty-two

Gravity, Leptons, Quarks, Protons, Photons, and HOT BLOOD
or
This Be Theory, Physics and Grand Unified Theory
or
Whistling into the Wind but Cluttering the Night with Daylight Fettered with Salty Tears and Not Abie to Kiss Them Away (Even Accepting Gladly the Thirst)
or
Our Last Nightmares [1]

I say: Kiss away the theories that don't seem to work, if you see what I mean. And even if you do not. Simply put, (is anything ever simply put?) just kiss away all of that which does not seem to fit your wide big picture. And if you can't kiss it away, try instead to love it away...

All of creation? Put in a little simple theory?

Is this part of another lecture?
I'm speaking it to these students.
Indeed! Then we have the assurance that it *is* a lecture.
Just one in a series. But you do have that assurance.

So here is Wolf at the lectern again:

A large part of physical research is devoted to the development of branches of physics, and understanding "restricted" fields of experience.

And in each branch-object is the theoretical understanding of "restricted" fields of *sense experience*, in which the laws and concepts remain closely related to such experiences. In this section of science, with its transition into specialization, the result of which is a revolution in practical life and revealing the conception of man completely freed of the burden of his physical toil!

Yet, at the same time, from the very beginning of scientific inquiry, there is always present, within the celestial soup, an attempt to resist and reverse the specialization and restriction by a search, a very serious search, to find a unifying, theoretical basis for all single, yet related sciences, a basis from which all of the concepts and relationships of all single disciplines could be derived by logical processes, or better yet, a single, unifying process.

This is a search for a foundation of the whole of physics.

Inner elegance and a four-fold theory?

This cannot be so. It would be like reading the mind of *THE FOREVER* (God).

Yet, the only item or "thing" that agrees with the aforementioned is THE BECOMING; yes, that everything is in a state of BECOMING.

And in 1950, I wrote: "When you—" (and I usually start with "and," so that what I continue to say may seem attached to somewhere, some point to which to affix, to fasten to Heaven, so again) "—when you estrange your Self from what you have fixed as 'real' and pursue the narrowest of objectives or targets, you can no longer belong to your Self."

Perhaps, in crisis, thin and bare, you just might begin to see, no, *sense* your own estrangement and animus, and it (the abhorrence) must be due to the years that you continue the crisis, becoming crises, forcing this self-separation upon your Self, the individual that you are fast becoming not. Soon, habitual crisis-facing leads to a separation which is more permanent than not, but to alienation without identity.

The elegance, is a start with the "big bang," when all is in an affixed unity. And we must, of course, tip our hats to those who say there was never a "big bang," not even a little but *first* "bang." But when the universe is cooling down, there are new and separate forces and times and dimensional possibilities...

A thought, leading to *a* "reality," but never reality as a quantified whole. The four forces can only be put together with theories that possess inner elegance, and then we can consider hyperdimensional states, which I also term "super-position states," viably existing in this world and everything that *seems* to surround it. States of being exist; exist because of a thought, a sighting, a tactile input.

Quantum mechanical operators could be extrapolated from the seeming viable theories that have yet to be shot down with a simple undermining question.

Now, on to *Beyond Redemption* and the energy of hot blood. And...what else? There are the characters, perhaps the sevens, the Shivas, and then there are those who refute, debunk, debase, in this reality, or dimension, really creating a negatively charged environment, into which they must remain, and repeat the negative activities over and over until, it might be assumed, they are redeemed. There is a special relationship between physics and human thought, or mindfulness of ideation.

And on to hot blood. All or most religions had gods who demanded sacrifice and blood. Entities of today mutilate (doesn't Kolta think this is a tad too strongly negative? This is not said aloud, just comes into the mind from Kolta.) and remove the blood from the farm animals. I read the works of Charles Fort when I was just a young lad, but he stays with you, you know.

Some seem to love the blood, if it is hot, and if it is not, it may be that they'll reject it; it apparently excites their higher brain functions (the enzymes, you know), a bizarre high, that perhaps only an EBE could truly appreciate.

This quite naturally, takes us to Gravity A and Gravity B. The simplified Grand Unified Field theory. Or objective behaviors in subjective environments. That is to ponder should we say gravitons do not exist: only gravity A and gravity B, and no, I am not forging any new ways into the badlands of our unconscious minds.

And someone inside my head says, "In your ear, deadhead!"

Gravity, leptons, quarks, protons and photons, and hot blood! And let us not leave out tachyons.

There seems apparent a fundamental and rather confident belief that the foundation, an ultimate goal, may truly be reached. Within this frame, there exists a rather passionate devotion which animates the researcher. But brief let me be, as may be possible now.

First, observing that the foundation cannot in any way be compared to that of a simple three-dimensional object. Logically, the various single laws of physics must rest on the foundation, and the three-dimensional object then becomes a building sitting on this substructure. But as a building can be damaged, yet its foundation, its substructure, remains more or less intact; this cannot be said for a purely logical foundation or substructure.

Such a foundation is in more danger from new experiences and/or new knowledge than are the branches of disciplines with their closer experimental contacts. The foundation's connection to each of its single parts is its great significance-but equally, its greatest vulnerability in the face of any new factor.

The first attempt to lay a uniform theoretical foundation was by Newton. His system reduces everything to just three concepts. First, mass points with invariable mass. Second, action at a distance between any pair of mass points. Third, a law of motion for the mass point. Yet this was not strictly a foundation because a law was formulated for *only* the "actions at a distance," and nothing was formulated by experience, examination, or experiment; there were only deductive approaches in form-inferences, or as to infer.

One exception was a law of equality of action and reaction. Additionally, Newton realized that time and space were essential elements and effective physical factors, but only by implication. He did, however, give both the results for the movements of astral bodies to minute detailing and formulated a theory of the mechanics, and it was a very good analysis of actions of forces on matter and matter systems and gave us, in addition, the mechanics of distinct and continuous masses, explaining the principle of energy conservation and a complete theory of heat.

Boring you yet?

And everyone shouts, just about in complete unison, "Not yet!"

I know, but I'd better not press my luck.

Newton's explanation of electrodynamics, with the relationships among electric, magnetic, and mechanical phenomena seems a tad forced. And least acceptable of all is his theory of light. His theoretical foundation could not accept a wave theory of light. Yet, how could he envision an assumption that space was filled with a medium of material points, propagating light without exhibiting any other mechanical properties, without seeming to him somewhat artificial?

Let us say that, at the time, there was no well-ordered synthesis for the strong empirical arguments as to the wave nature of light and fixed speeds of propagation, causing something to pass through a medium, thus interference, diffraction, and polarization. Newton thus remained close to his encapsulated theory of light.

After that, disputes were settled, favoring wave theory, but no seriously pursued doubts of the mechanical foundation of physics were offered, perhaps because no person knew where to find a foundation of another type.

So many people continue to pretend, until they are direcdy examined, and suddenly the brain goes to afterburners, and another original thought hits us theoreticians in the face! The crimson ball sinks from our view.

But soon—and listen to this—after the pressure of facts, there developed a new foundation of physics called field-physics. Then, from Newton's period and onward, the theory of action at a distance was found to be somewhat artificial.

And someone shouted from the middle of the lecture hall, "All unification to date is artificial!" But no one else made even the smallest of

sounds, not against, nor in agreement.

I'm overly tired now, but I'll try so very hard to continue. (The earth turns, and it causes me-only at small moments-to become a bit hazy.) But, with all of this artificial judgement, or work judged to be spurious, thinkers were not deterred. And consequently thereafter, there arose many kinetic theories to explain gravitation or collision forces of hypothetical mass particle compositions, all of which were decisively criticized and ultimately dismissed.

I truly believe we can safely speculate that great change was brought about by Faraday, Maxwell, and Hertz. They had, throughout their thinking lives, however, considered themselves adherents to mechanical theory.

Hertz discovered the simplest form of electromagnetic field equations and declared that any theory leading to these equations was "Maxwellian." Yet, before he died, he presented as the foundation of physics a mechanical theory freed from the force-concept. At first, on the first leg of my odyssey, it seemed difficult for me to appreciate the audacity and daring of Faraday. He must have grasped with some sort of unerring instinct the artificial essence or nature of *all* of the trials or attempts to point to electromagnetic phenomena to activity at a distance, and saw such activity between electric particles reacting with each other.

Fields, or spatial states, would now lead to new ideas to these electromagnetic mysteries of interaction. The conception of fields as mechanical stress, as it were, in a medium that is filling seems so very similar to the stretching and snapping back of an elastic band.

And now I must excuse myself; there is simply too much input entering this tired old mind of mine.

There seemed a shocked silence as I bolted from the lecture hall using the side entrance.

Chapter Twenty-three

Unified Souls and Electric Dreams
or
Sub-atomic Particles, If They Could Wish, Would Wish to Be Loved, Too. They Know Us But We Do Not Know Them For Organically, They Live

The SIGMA BOND, any
of the
three sub-atomic-no,
not logic,
equals River Styx,
particles
baryon family: Stygian Shore,
three smithereens.

Obtuse, no, not these:
they be of the baryon family,
close-knit,
nucleon and hyperon multiplets
participating in
potent interactions,
possess half-integral spins,
massive more than mesons,
not
barbital soporific barflies these three,
baryon family barfly
three;
finding the ending,
this be one more,
so this be the

BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT QUARTET,
in family minus one
equal three,
baryon family
is thee.

Oh, my God, had he only lived...

Who?

Einstein. He would find all of the *gravity* and all of the *time*, and he would not have felt himself a failure.

At one point in human time, man knows dying is easy, comedy is hard! And the very best thing about dying is that it is safe.

INSERT; SPECIAL (From: The Book of Inserts): IT BE A HARD TIMEFRAME, THIS!

River Styx, tributary to hades (or Hades).
River Styx, the feeder of hades (or Hades).
Hades here (HERE), man. No go look for., for it find you.

IT IS HERE, I NO GO LOOK FOR IT. IT FIND ME ALL BY ITSELF.

NO MAP! NO DIRECTIONS!

And on to the colon cancer.[1] Dialogue. A little chat.

Talking to one's Self (Hello, Self!)

Here be the Dialogue Box: Menu, window, or drop-down kind.

Charley Lightman noticed my hair falling out; he didn't want to mention the so-very obvious. He stares, he gazes and goes and says, "Oh, God!" (under his breath; I wonder if he wonders that I hear it with my eyes, and see it with my ears.)

I spoke: "I have colon cancer, you must know, and after the false relief of two remissions, it came forth again, like an unfunny jester, one who

[1] There is some talk in the research community that salt has something to do with the big C's ultimate or temporary demise.

Hear all about it!

"Where?"

"Here!"

Bernie, "imaging doctor," emphasizes laughter and love, and plants, lots of them, lots of all three. Life around you; laughter around you; love *All* around you, like a shield. And love is like a shield...

falls all over himself, one who walks into walls, and stumbles with deliberate vacuous eyes that no longer detect the definition. But, still doleful. No laugh from last row."

And Charley Lightman cried, and I did nothing about the tears. I be selfish. There be tigers here. Or: I *am* selfish. There *are* tigers here.

"Hey, Charley."

"Pm with you."

"It turned metastatic and found a new home on and in the hip. You've already cried out all of your tears. And so have I. You don't need to, and you shouldn't want to."

"Talk to me, Michael. You have to admit our friendship is fierce, and I feel I have to go through this with you." Charley's tears had stopped flowing. He might have been temporarily out of tears, and since there was no lachrymal inventory, I had to assume the well had become evanescently dry. But in my life, though I never let him in on it, he was transitory; an ephemeral angel, he was. I could only hope we wouldn't be parted—like I hoped my wife, Sarah, and my son, Danny-like I had hoped *we* would never be parted.

And I loved him with my whole soul and I loved them with my whole soul. Yet, there could never be anything but differences, those which were permanent factors in the human equation. But, I knew there was THE BECOMING, and for a bit, it helped. [1]

I believe in the conservation of energy. I can reduce my consumption of energy (a melodious voice speaking this as undertow in ocean, dulcet daring young lighted child, he was) which will save many kilowatt hours of electricity—for light. I think the X-rays and isotopes make me glow to illuminate the whole periodic table.

Maybe enough for reading and writing light. Maybe, this green glow, not quite the emerald glow of green eyes; this body doesn't take radia tion very well. Permit me to repeat myself. I mean like people have their limits. You can soak up just so much, and then it begins to show.

You vomit while losing your hair, but briefly; it will grow back and be luscious, as before, but you will not be as fair (or attractive). (And speaking of fair, show me what is. Show little me.) And then will I see the great thing that waits for this spirited man, never dispirited, you cannot take that from me—that which I never really possessed.

Get out of my mind! All of you!

I feel weak, and do the therapy, ***have*** the therapy, to buy a little time. But, why? And why buy? Then I force myself to cry the bitter water away, the animosity away (way the hell away).

Take it away forever. The life, the flesh becomes the compendium of tribulation, of tribute to gainful painful Being.

I knew several others; they'd get weekly sevens of Seconal, secobarbital sodium, and they'd stockpile it, them, till there was enough to say and bray, and pray a good-bye, and they thought it would be forever.

LITTLE did
they
know
that good-bye was a lie,
that the soul was so brittle,
but it could not go away.
I need you, I need you, I need you, I need you,
It's almost like falling, it's almost like falling,
It's almost like falling
down HARD.
I need me, too.

Perhaps, one day, if humans prevail, we will simply *image* cancer and other diseases, away. Or we'll have cures called *prevention* through genetic engineering.

Why do circles close? Why can't they stay the hell open? And tell us more, or as I understand, we must learn at our own rates.

And then there is the physician who tells bad jokes and supervises the dullard of a technician and orders the dolt to zap you with a strong dose of cancer-killing radiation. What he doesn't always tell the average patient (I wasn't average; I was a physician) is how many normal, mind- their-own-business cells are killed along with a remarkably few out-of- control cancer cells. Mitosis should fit comfortably in here.

Charley pulled me against his soft chest, and he felt like my own son, holding me tighdy, sort of cradling me like a young person in need of multi-source security and the power of *the warm*. Like a very young person, and for some splintering of moments, I felt as a child, and wanted to be held, and I wanted my life Re-affirmed.

"Tell me more about the cancer," he said, and he sent me *the warm* from his reservoir, the fountainhead and first source of his *warm*, and it was his *grace*.

"I've been doing just that. I just haven't used quotation marks; they're a bore."

"But the readers won't know."

"Oh, they'll know. They'll know. So many of them will know."

You don't need a course in oncology to know about all the good cells being killed in the first line treatment protocol. And I hope perhaps that all this suffering will buy some time and I suffer the suffering of the soul surrounded by fire, scorched and toasted. A little time to finish up whatever you might be doing, perhaps something that you perceive as very

important-important enough to murder all those good cells along with a minority of CA cells. Perhaps this way you can catch enough pieces of the big picture to put them together and see the big picture on your own canvas, even its outline would be enough with such a wickedly litde time left.

So, to summarize, we have to produce chemicals and radiation to take out a few malignant cells, while we slaughter many little, nice, good, smiling cells that cry: "No fair, no fair; we're not the ones pulling your life away!" And they're crying out in agony and guess what: It is *your* agony, for they are part of the whole of you. Bet you knew that. But it had to be said.

And side effects. You become dizzy. Sometimes you slur your words. You ache. You vomit. Sometimes your hair jumps off your head, but most of the time, it grows back. Oh, there are so many more. I don't think you want to hear them all...but you do throw up a lot, even when there is nothing in your stomach but bile and mucosa.

These cannot be the last nightmares. The cloning of J.O.E., the inventing of MIRV (Multiple Impact Re-entry Vehicles-And here's MIRV!) And we cannot, in all good conscience, leave out Star Wars or The Strategic Defense Initiative Organization, New Neurotoxins for Biotoxic Warfare, and their antitoxin counterparts and countermeasures.

Sentences you can easily get into, but departure is at times almost unthinkable.

VnV

Chapter Twenty-four

Life Is So Difficult-Like Reading Ulysses
in the Dark
or
It is Easier to Find the Lost Ark of the Covenant
or
He Chases Me into My Dreams, and I Cannot
Hide There
or
Hope is an Endangered Species
or
Praying for a Viable Legacy for the Children
or
The Tests of Crisis and Observation
or
How Do We Solve Problems?

We must see the thing for what it is. That is the beginning of solving a problem. We must see the substance, the thing for what it is. We begin by ascertaining that which a person does. What does a person do? He covets, only he covets what he sees; we covet what we see everyday, what we are in aspect cannot be removed; only modified if there is a will strong enough to modify. In using The Gateway Treatment, we must soon learn to test our expanded consciousness.

INSERT: SPECIAL: FEAR IS THE KILLER OF THE INFERIOR MIND.
FEAR IS THE little DEATH, as are there

MANY little DEATHS that ONE can SURVIVE.
The TEST for this is CRISIS and
OBSERVATION. And TO AWAKE, ALWAYS TO AWAKEN
PLEASE. DO STOP SLEEPING YOUR WAY ALONG
THE WAY TO THE END OF YOUR LIFE.

There are so very many endangered species, but the one which is most detrimental, the most unacceptable, is hope. And it can be easily and artfully taken away. One must forgive even before he is hurt, forgive before the word, forgive before the action or the event. Only in this way can *hope* be protected. AND THIS TYPE OF HOPE IS THE HOPE OF THE HOPELESS. OH, WHAT DISASTERS WE HAVE BECOME!

No thing of which I know,
stands here,
yet is apart.
To wrap a mind around it,
yet never to
know it.
Just as well to be touched by it,
to be touched somewhere,
somewhere within. WITHIN.
To be pliable,
to bend,
to snap back
into original
form.

Within temporal rifts,
instant travel is effected.
And with MIND, temporal rifts may need not exist.

But when MIND "creates" a temporal rift, instant travel is CREATED. There is nothing left here but this.

And on to INNOVATIVE RESEARCH: SBIR continue here, please.
(THIS NEEDS WORK, Dr. M.W.) (Whose is this?)
(I do not know. Anyone's perhaps.)

No thing of which I know can yet be defeated with any THING.
Things cannot defeat things. Are we safe in calling

this an absolute?

Your son, Daniel, was here to see you, sir, but you were out. He says he'll stop back now that he has the "power." Your faithful Point-man and Woman, "Dick and Joan."

Gee, I wish I'd been in the office to see him.

M.W.

Dr. Luke Bryce is a complex, peer-like contemporary of *man*. He always wanted to know the specifics, the details of what I was thinking when he caught me in the act of being meditatively contemplative. (Ha, ha.)

And I would tell him, "I can tell you that I am learning to swim with the most beautiful of the words I am writing. And the best word-swimming is the butterfly-word-stroke."

INSERT, SPECIAL: *Now it becomes necessary to enhance fore-knowledge and prescience, for a lonely* bright one *rides the clouds that have yet to make their accession and arrival known to all.*

Chapter Twenty-five

I've Been F. Scott Fitzgeralded, Sinclair Lewised and Fully UFOed Out for I'm the Tired, Sleepless One or When I Wake I live Darkly and In a State of Siege or It Wants Light

And once again, Charley Lightman, breathing life and love into the words of Daniel Wolf:

> I do not aspire to be pretentious. Is it not fashionable to fly toward dawn?
>
> Life is built upon sand, for it is very inconstant.
>
> Love, true love, doesn't happen very often.
>
> My dad said I should never look for it, for if it finds me worthy, it will find me!

To be repetitive cannot be termed wrong, for when there is *warm* and thus loving, placid light, and you are taking your pleasure in the purity of being, we can perceive it (the light) only when that hard time comes, that hard time when we detach and disconnect with darkness. And the light becomes something in which we may bathe. We each must judge ourselves before we may forgive our Selves, and we have become

[Tiffin i '

much less divisive. Yet it is remarkably different, and at the same time, it is surely the same. Good-bye for the moment.

Dated 02/02/83 by
Daniel M. Wolf

P.S. I am getting closer to THE FOREVER.

D.M.W.

Chapter Twenty-six

Toward a Grand Unified Theory (GUT)
of
The Multiple Infinities
of
The Universe and *THE FOREVER* (God)
or
God and Gut

Speaking in Wolfian terms, I met with the students attending my lecture series, and to my utter amazement and shock, there seemed more students. All of the formerly empty seats were now occupied with assorted arses. And sitting in the last row was the Argus, the guardian, and guess who the paladin and protector was: Shall I give you a hint?

No, I've changed my mind.

(I gave this lecture series during a 1974 sabbatical. I had been invited to give a series of seminar-type lectures, yet the series was given in a huge hall with many seats and was not what I had expected of a seminar-type environment. It seemed more like a small stage with a very large audience; thus I could put my training at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts to good use.)

In my next-to-last lecture I discussed a new theory of mine—and it may not be new—a "New Theory of Wave/Particle Duality" says that waves and particles are dualistic in that *both* (there's that *both*, again) are in a state of propagation I call "THE BECOMING " All things in all places are always in a state of BECOMING. Til try to explain, but I'll refer to new theories of unification, or GUTs, or Grand Unified Theory, to do so. Please bear with me. Thanks in advance.

After that bit of introduction, there was a clap here and a half dap there. And, if it could be heard, the sound of one hand clapping, and

whose hand I shall not say. Then, a distinct "Here-here!" But no buzz, just attentive, intellectually elegant students at Cambridge University.

The students seemed to sense and became part of a mood change, perhaps even a swing, and talking among themselves, finally quieted to an absolute and resounding-what I later called a "deafening silence.

Then I began:

Until very recently, theorists in physics have tned-mostly m vain to hand the world a neat little theory that will *unify* all of the existing "forces," and their relationships to each other, into a universally ac-cepted Grand Unified Theory.

Thinking people, still a bit anchored by gravity, if you will, to what i call "intra" planetary, or perhaps, tied-to-the-ground thinking, are only now beginning to explore the gigantic and mammoth spaces located beyond their former terrestrial near-sightedness.

At the very beginning-NO!-how can we possibly assume that there *was* a beginning? (And some of the students started shouting Big bang. Big bang! Where is the big bang?" Amd they were shouting it as if someone had orchestrated it, and they had rehearsed!)

Okay! I said. How do you know there *was* a *bigga banga*? Have you ever theorized that the universe is neither expanding nor contracting- that it was always in existence, and will always be? That the only things— so to speak—that are happening is the fact that everything is in a state of BECOMING? That's right, in a state of BECOMING!

What I have just asked and proposed may seem a bit radical, so 111 give you an overview of both sides.

The first overview is not for me, but I'll give it to you to compare with *my* small theory.

At the very beginning of the life of our universe, many believe there was a great explosion, or "big bang" of unparalleled force, but when the universe cooled, this super-force somehow (somehow?) lost its unity, and in this structured chaos—something akin to reading God's mind—the universe came into being.

(Under my breath, for no one to hear, for no one to think I was prejudiced against the big bang and in favor of my BECOMING theory, I said to myself, trying not to permit anyone to hear, yet having to say it to myself, out in a small whisper came: "Yeah, ah ha, big dumb bang, an o we think it s *our* universe? Man is bom and man dies, so does he fif® endre universe must follow *his* personal life experience? Is it e o ego that believes living things (man) is bom, then must die, an so must e entire universe mimic man's little tiny life and death see, ^/° suppose next, man shall state the number of years before the **1ecay** *** be no more")

u_av J"n S wonderfully perceived super-force (interesting word; er seen or measured or perceived this so-called super-force?)

which somehow lost its unity; (such magnificent thought, except for the fact that man thought it!) it was (magically) divided into the forces and particles of today's universe. Physicists are hard at work, thinking of ways to identify the basic law or laws that could uncover that lost unity.

Were the law or laws identified, and the lost unity uncovered, this would become the New Law of Unity, the Grand Unified Theory.

Einstein spent the greater part of his life attempting to extend his ideas into a complete description of all phenomena. He did not succeed but set many theoretical physicists on new roads and pathways. And now, finally, we may be on the brink of finishing what Einstein wasn't able to complete in his relatively (do I detect a pun?) brief time on earth. Brief time, yes, brief time. What the hell is brief time? In theoretical physics we must give this brief time parameters and understand exactly how much, what kind, and can we reproduce it in our laboratories. Ha!

Returning to the overview of conventional thought, we may say that in the beginning, all of space and time started in the hot fireball of the big bang. Like soup it must have been. Ha!

Oh, sorry, I promised to stay and not to stray from the so-called accepted, conventional thought. That, for me, is a tough job. So, for this argument's sake, let us say that the big bang *did* happen, and that everything could be explained by a simple, all-embracing law concerning this primordial soup. And no, the Campbell Soup Company didn't make the universe; it did make Andy Warhol.

(There weren't any colossal guffaws, but there were some sniggles and snickers!)

Time passed, the universe cooled, and simplicity became complexity, and the familiar world developed, a world of change and diversity. And yet, today (which was yesterday), the original and comfortable implications of simplicity were-simply put—no more.

And Oh! How desperate a being am I to want to say it!

Perhaps, we could recapture it—this joyful simplicity—if the fundamental laws of matter could be accurately worked *through* and *out* We need a very good laxative for theoretical physics.

We sought and still seek a law that would explain *all* phenomena, that would tie everything together, thus explaining everything on this world, and everything in this rather vast universe.

There very well could be—now approaching, I hope—a new and healthy time in physics. One could very well call this new and healthy time: "Physics Without a Halo." Many controversies are not negative anymore; they now appear to be enormously nourishing and healthy and might help this new generation of theorists. A new physics may be opening up. New, more daring leaps, yet it must also be understood, even if fresh and new, these are concepts that lead away from direct,

experimental testing of many yesterdays, and implicit in this may be that physics could be facing a newborn dilemma, a neoteric predicament: As theorists finally approach the ultimate theories, so they might also ***lose*** the connections to the experimental tools that have, for so long a period of time now, unlocked the secrets of nature.

Yet, we now must realize that these tools are ineffective-some do not even exist—to empirically prove the relationships between all forces and phenomena in the universe.

At that point, three students cried out "Here! Here!" And I addressed them off-the-cuff: First a thought, "shut up!" No, perhaps "shut up and thanks!" Or, No! I couldn't say that! I couldn't say, "I love you and thanks for caring!" No, I couldn't say that! Or, so much more paying of strictest attention, express no feeling while imparting the information of the lecture series, and perhaps no response at all. Yes, that would be good. No response at all. There are times-many-that this man-me- must not stop his hiding from, what is the word? Emotions? Too commonplace, too stale, too trite. I am much too vulnerable, too unprotected, too unsafe now. No. No. No. I must return to safety now. I must continue with as litde feeling as possible. Forgive this little personal indulgence, please.

The audience settled down-appreciatively, it seemed-and I continued: If such a simplified view becomes necessary, it would seem that the resultant physical law must, of necessity, be symmetrical between any two given points or places.

In the past, the forces to be considered as requiring unification were gravity, the dominant force, electromagnetic force, next the "weak force," and finally, the "strong force;" four forces requiring relationships. The weak force or "electro-weak" force causes the disintegration of atomic nuclei, and nuclear decay, whereas the strong force holds the nucleus of an atom together. Perhaps we can say that the strong force makes matter possible. But the unification of forces is taking us away from direct testing and empirical redundancy. This may not be advantageous or beneficial, but this kind of direct testing is, at this time, difficult to do within laboratory conditions.

I once speculated and came up with an idea that sounds true: In a hyperspace environment, using shipboard generation of amplified gravity waves, ***it isn't that speed increases; it is that linear time, when acted upon by a force (i.e., gravity), reduces itself*** so that one might say, space-time is "warped." (The Einstein-Rosen bridge or "wormhole," created by a gravity-exerting craft in space is but one example.)

Multi-dimensionality and hyperspace are changed by imposing artificially created gravity waves, where time is reduced to near zero, and acceleration to near infinity. Yet for us, there is much to be done, and

within this strong craving to unify all forces, philosophy and cosmology *must-of* necessity-enter the process.

In such advanced gravity manipulation, space itself is not transversed or physically crossed; space folds in on itself as gravity waves act upon time. Again, not distance; space is folded by application of the force of "created" and propagated gravity waves upon space-time, thus a spacecraft has little difficulty getting from point A to point B without the so- called "normal" concept of propulsion.

Chapter Twenty-seven

More from the GUT
or
On to New Discoveries Which Must Challenge and Change Our Prevailing Belief Systems
or
Say Goodbye to Classical Reality
and
Dare to Join Me on My Journey into the Area Where Common Sense Science Cannot Survive

We must try to start this at some kind of discernible, perceptible beginning, tangible, something you can touch with your minds, some series of concepts you not only can grasp, but can hold onto in your growth and development in new belief systems.

Change and diversity are fundamental laws of matter, laws that explain the structure and function of all forces and events in the universe. And perhaps we must consider, additionally, the power of aesthetics to produce truth in the development of a *final* cosmology that answers all questions of origin, processes, and structure of the universe. And this would include a model of the structure and constituent dynamics, developed as a theory.

Such a theory would not be prone to testing in laboratory conditions, and therefore necessitates an *inner elegance*.

Einstein gave us a new way of understanding gravity with general relativity. But he spent the rest of his time on this little blue-green world trying to develop equations for a grand unified field theory.

The electro-weak force is said to be responsible for the slow decay of the atomic nuclei, which is the cause of radioactive decay. Supernovas,

the explosion of aging stars, are also thought to be caused by this force. The strong force holds nuclei of the atoms together, making matter possible.

It is important to note that scientists have been waiting for a long time to prove that protons decay. Spending time in underground laboratories, scientists continue to watch for protons to decay. However, cosmic rays cannot be entirely shut out, and they mimic the process of proton decay. If we were to observe a proton in decay, the result would be the emission of photons, or light.

What seemed to me really amazing was the work of Theodore Kaluza. He used a "fifth" dimension algebraically to equate Einstein's four-dimensional gravity with Maxwell's electromagnetism. This was, of course, rejected by Einstein, but it was the first theoretical unification of Maxwell's electromagnetism with Einstein's gravity, achieved by extending space and time to five dimensions instead of four. This was a foundation for further relational unification theoretical development.

To know science is to apprehend the nonexistence of *why*. To know science is to collect the data, formulate the questions, and wait until the answers find you. Do not aggressively seek science. Do not attempt to possess science; do not attempt to enslave it. Be passive to the Self of science, and it will stand faithfully at your side, and its intricacies will open to you, for you have given care to the freedom of the Self of science, and to the *new* sciences, which are its progeny.

For if you should force science to unfold, you will travel down many false pathways.

To the minds that prefer to remain static and closed, I will only ask this one question: To these, how can I explain the passive quest?

As in space-time, to achieve light speed is propulsion in its strictest sense. Warping time-space is not propulsion. We must first unlearn that which we have learned. To unlearn does not mean to forget. To unlearn is to discriminate.

There are now attempts to formulate theories with a concept known as "super-symmetry," a concept that appears to imply a gravitational relationship, or a multiple of relationships. These ideations, or relational theories command attention because of their inner mathematical elegance and *internal beauty*.

I tire of watching failed hypotheses and their resultant extrapolations; I am forced to consider my first instinct. It is too perfect a universe to be filled with imperfections. On what philosophical or cosmological pathway do God and unification meet? These times deliver us more questions than they do answers. Choices need to be narrowed down in the so-called "real" world.

Somehow this supersymmetry becomes reductionistic and curtails the number of theorists roaming new vistas, new perspectives, new thought-

lands. There has been increasing speculation of more new particles, more names, yet proton decay has yet to be seen. The laboratory becomes superfluous. And yet, the so-called "new healthy time for physical theory," the middle seventies, brought new thought for the need of a unifying theory that will stand up to close scrutiny.

And suddenly, along comes the ten-dimensional string theory. And the question becomes—excuse the pun-entwined in our reality as the most obvious question is asked: Is everything composed of strings? Are particles made of strings? Now those of the string theories suggest the "super-string" theory that appears to answer some questions but can never be proved in the conventional laboratory setting, intimating that inner elegance is too beautiful to be false.

But, ladies and gentlemen, anomalies abound. Dr. Carlo Rubbia, director of CERN, the high energy physics laboratory in Switzerland, has recently given us the results of an event that could shatter current thinking. It was very properly named "The Zen Event," and it occurred while colliding matter and anti-matter; particles, propagated during the collision, were emitted from one side, and *nothing* was emitted from the opposite side. This was never expected.

Somehow this notion seems circular, as at the beginning of this lecture series, I spoke of "the sound of one hand clapping," the koan which defines this "event" which presented itself, as mentioned before, at CERN, during the collision of matter and anti-matter. Things may have to be perceived as much more complex, before they reveal the simplified theory of the structure and relationships of all forces and particles existing in this now rather bizarre, peculiar and extraordinary universe.

Perhaps we should not worry so about a future we may not be able to possess, to hold, to touch, to understand.

First a few more ideas and their implications, and then I shall move away from this podium for almost the last time.

The systems that support, life are under assault. I digress, but this is adjunctive to unification. And I know and can see you in the audience with the Greenpeace tee-shirts. I beg you not to make any noise until I have listed a few facts.

Each year, more than three billion tons of coal are burned on this planet. There is still much we do not know concerning this one impact on the global environment. No, this is not theory anymore, but it must be said. The relationship we have with our environment is, at best, an uneasy one, where the very systems that support all life are under monumental attack. It is not only the quantity of fossil fuels that we burn that matters, but the *speed* at which they are consumed.

Fifty percent of the carbon dioxide that has been released into the atmosphere has been only over the last *thirty years*.

(Here the students applauded, but I cried out "Shut Up!" so that I could continue.)

I suppose yelling at you is not the best way to encourage friendship, but the truth shall have to be its own final judge. With your indulgence, I think the words are better heard without noisy approval blocking them.

Currently, the carbon dioxide rate is somewhere near forty thousand tons a minute. And you cannot breathe and sustain life with an overabundance of CO_2. The total amount of energy used has *tripledm* just a quarter of a century.

These are facts, to my amazement and regret. In just the last ten years, human use of electricity has increased by sixty percent.

We're far afield from our subject matter, but events pull us to that which we need to understand, and what I feel is my need to say. Each day, steel is rolled into making one hundred thousand vehicles per day. We are surely heading toward the time when we will be industrializing ourselves out of existence. Who will survive to record this abysmal human history? And what of our children, and our children's children, if they cannot have the future we appear to be canceling from all of human history?

The students applauded me then, but I urged: Don't admire the messenger-look to the message and act! *You must act!*

These are the principle parts of the message: Coal production is up by 25 percent. Natural gas by forty. Oil prices and consumption, even though there was a human-created crisis, is still continuing to rise. Carbon dioxide in the atmosphere is rising by 25 percent. Deforestation has led to CO_2 storage of carbon in the *biota,* the living matter of the earth, now is reduced and affects the reduction of carbon stored.

Removing trees reduces their ability to store carbon. Even if the world moved to a strictly agrarian existence, the removal of trees will continue to create more land to grow food necessary to keep pace with expanding populations.

I cannot help but believe the theorizing of the unifying forces of the universe will do nothing to help this endangered planet. And with such destructive behaviors continuing unchecked, we could have the theories worked out perfectly, but for a dead world.

In 1950, one quarter of land surface was forest. Today it is less than one fifth. I can only put a hold on my words when tears come to replace them. The oceans cannot soak up all of the excess atmospheric carbon dioxide. The climate system is under siege. Energy balance is in imbalance, and it would seem that options—viable options—grow fewer by the hour, by the day, by the month, and by the year.

I have only one more thing to say, and it is a question. Does anyone know why some compasses have mirrors on the back of them?

From the audience there came a loud "why?"

So you can see *who* is lost!

And I ran from the lecture hall. There were tears rolling down from my eyes, and I didn't want the students to see that I was crying so profusely. At the very least, I thought, I could attempt to cloak my despair.

Chapter Twenty-eight

How to Ride the Divine Wind
or
Time is Coming Soon for the Life-Dances
or
Blood and Dust Pursuing Each Other

(The following to be read with a clarity of voice, that voice which is Charley Lightman's.)

Oh
men
of
blood,
and
men
of
dust,
for
the
life-
dances
lost
while
pursuing
each
other:

still
shall
they
seek
the
far
away
eminence
of
one
who
has
lost
the
blood
and
become
the
dust.

And the wounded madhouse of human history, (just one letter added to the word *human,* an *e* and man is slighdy ennobled, yet barely so) the history, sentient and dynamic, decisively astonishing in its viable continuity—like some kind of living identity crisis, that doesn't self-destruct, an abyss, bottomless with bruised humanity that were once proud tribes of Sol Three. (There it is! Pride! Was it really a necessary expression to be factored into the human equation? Such a controversial topic in the invention of The Man!)

It was a long way, travelling up the classification ladder, from courier to consulting neurologist with multiple disciplines, biological warfare with an emphasis on neuro-toxin development, part of a larger picture: Something aptly named "Hot Spot Scenario Development" *with* recommendations, if any, and the development of protocols for sudden biotoxic attack against the U.S.A. or any of its allies.

And from *that* Christmas Day, I was consumed with guilt, having driven the car that killed my wife, my son, and our unborn child. As if to try to assuage the pain, my government saw fit to continue my rise on the clearance ladder, even having risen to the *extraterran problem* and its highest classification *prior* to the "accident." I was even told that the death of my family may have been an attempt to exterminate me because of my excellent record in the counter-terrorism development missions. I had many enemies, especially when I was liaison to the Israeli Vlossad, one of the best (if not ffobest) intelligence agencies in the world.

And when they told me what I sensed was true—that I had the big "C," metastatic colon cancer, I began to think-even aloud-oh, this is just a rough cut, you know. I should be in post production soon. I don't have the titles in yet. And the scoring is not in. It's not really finished. I need more time. I need to do more editing'T Really, I need more time.

And there is a voice-a special vision of a voice, one that I can hear inside my head, but sometimes it sounds as if I hear it with my ears: BUT YOU ARE COMING WITH US. IT IS WHAT YOU WANTED, IS IT NOT? MIKA-EL? WE KNOW YOU CAN HEAR US.

Yes, but-

MIKA-EL, YOU DID SAY VERBALLY AND THOUGHT IT ALSO, BUT THOUGHT IT MUCH MORE INTENSELY. WE HEARD YOU. YOU THOUGHT THAT WHEN YOUR WORK WAS COMPLETED, YOU WANTED TO RETURN HOME SO THAT YOU COULD HAVE BACK YOUR LIFE. IS THAT NOT WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN THINKING?

Yes, but-

WE LOVE YOU. WE DESIRE YOUR PHYSICAL PRESENCE. YOU MUST BE HERE TO BE HEALED.

Yes, but-

AND THE LOOSE ENDS YOU WORRIED SO UNNECESSARILY ABOUT WILL BE ELIMINATED WITH THE BURNING OF THE COFFIN WITH THE DOUBLE WE HAVE CLONED WITH YOUR CELLS WE HAVE BEEN TAKING REGULARLY IT IS FINISHED. IN FULLNESS, MIKA-EL.

Pve almost Finished. Just give me a little more time. But I'll be ready in a small bit of human time. And for you, it may be so short, so very short, like the blink of an eye. Is there anything else I should remember?

YES. YOU MUST REMEMBER THE ONE WHO WHISPERS IN YOUR EAR: "ALL GREATNESS AND GLORY IS FLEETING."

And the audible vision went away as fast as it had come to me, and again, I was alone with only my life as my sole companion.

Chapter Twenty-nine

The Dilemma of Dr. Luke Bryce
or
The Plight of Serving Two Masters
yet
Knowing the Flood of Warm

Yet I ask why? Why, when I know, or think I do, that he will betray not only me, but everyone within his saddening, declining, and infirm orbit.

Human leach,
flood of warm,
though not to give back
the power,
derived for
other
lives,
brother to brother,
distance unknown;
what does
it feel
like to
have to
boil the blood,
to cure;
also to lavish
each
with
floods of warm,
be kings of love,
human leeches,

nurturing,
not taking,
but in symbiotic fashion
flashing
love into
THE FOREVER.

To speak again of Dr. Luke Bryce requires the covering of any description of him with the word: *Seems*. *Seems* as if, *seemed* to be. Another good word to use while describing him is *appear*, as in *appears* to be, *appeared* as if. Other words necessary in such a description of Dr. Bryce would be: *suggest, assume, resemble*, and *pretend.*

Let it be understood that this is not Bryce-bashing. If he had any *more* power and truth, he'd bring God and the devil together. He seemed to carry new hope to the missions and objectives of the Alphacom Team. Hope carried exquisitely by Dr. Bryce never appeared endangered. He personified the mythic journey for the modem man, and with it, he brought a refreshing sense of magic.

I remembered that after one of the lectures, I attempted to exit the lecture hall, and there was a wall of sweet young girls. And blocking the walkway to my car was Luke, a colleague of long standing.

"Dr. Bryce, I presume." I tried to joke with him but his response was totally serious.

"Yes, sir. I think we're just a tad late for the PM's conference."

I looked into his eyes, the eyes that could tell me the words he withheld. "Only a tad? What is their bloody hurry?"

"You are the chief speaker. The Vatican has been pressuring everyone, you know, concerning the possible announcement by your new president, specifically whether or not he will make reference to the section of the briefing manuals concerning the EBE's data—perhaps more properly—the revelation detailing how religion was created, and *why."*

"Oh, that changes everything. You drop to the bottom line, don't you? I understand why everyone, especially rich, organized religions, feels threatened by such an announcement. And yes, before you tell me—that it might destroy the faith of people, the comfort of the Bible, the comfort of the belief that spawns the faith—to have that suddenly smashed against the protective walls of the already debilitated mind, weakened by a violent world becoming more violent...yes, I see the urgency to maintain the status quo. But, Luke, have you ever given any thought to what might happen if they, not us, make these announcements?"

"Isn't that one of your Alphacom Team's mission objectives?"

"Dr. Bryce, you really do not understand. This is a big picture scenario that has so many possibilities that plug into it, that it sometimes seems impossible to calculate every single diverse effect on multiple races, reli

gions, power structures, the nations and their infrastructures, the stabilizing economics-though many of them are, in point of fact, simply evil and unethical."

Dr. Bryce's face-especially his eyes-appeared demonstrably overwhelmed by the many parts of such a massive and worldwide set of reactions and other possible uncontainable situations on an enormous scale. I could sense his brain reeling with all of the possible-no inevitable—catastrophes, and how, if at all possible, such circumstances could be managed. Finally, he seemed to begin to control the enormous shock his formerly ordered mind was perceiving, and said, "I had no idea of the enormous implications of such a declaration. I wish I could convince myself that all of this is just one gigantic bad dream. Don't you?"

"I wish I had never become involved, Luke. I wish I knew nothing about this entire business. But I have to remember this is the reality we must face. Remember? For every *action*, there is an opposite and equal *reaction*. I think we had better be going. That's why I always tell people there is very little of that luxury we call *time* left. It's a very difficult reality for military mind-sets, leadership, bureaucrats, technocrats, people who are comforted with the God of their own religion! It will probably adversely affect every level of all terran societies, or as the EBEs call it, 'the tribes of Sol Three.'"

"We should be on our way. Will you be needing a lift?"

"I have a rental."

"If you agree, I would think you should turn your rental in, as I'll be your liaison for some time to come. Besides, I've been ordered to assist you while you're in the U.K., and take you to Lyon, where we'll be meeting with Colonel Etienne DuPont of the French Secret Service—but you are obviously aware of that-and then to the States. And we'll also check with the Russian support team leader, the colonel and doctor of astrophysics, Tovarisch Dr. Peter Ivanovich Kirilov from KGB and also formerly *Spetsnazryou* must remember him. His father, Uri, colonel KGB, saved your life once when you were a courier and didn't know for whom you were working. But let's just say I'm your chief liaison from the U.K., reporting directly to the PM. And I interface with other countries' security agencies."

"You mean keep an eye on me and report back to MI-6 as to what happens."

"I guess you could put it that way too, Michael. I am, in a sense, your mirror image."

(Right! Like the mirror on the back of a compass which shows you who's the one who is lost!)

"Let's do it, Luke. Let's do it."

"Michael, are you just a little frightened?"

"I suppose I might be, but I don't have the time to think about it."

As we drove together, I could sense Luke wanting to ask me something, but having the courtesy to hold back until the opportune moment. And it was that the moment had not arrived, as we were waved into a special parking area for Ten Downing Street. The presentation took less time than I had presupposed it would, yet I could never discuss it.

Questions were few. There were several expressions of near astonishment. The air was too heavy with propensity toward intentionally created thought-sequencing. And at every end of every thought, there was another question that was *not* asked.

And I thought to myself, Humans are such an unenlightened, undiscerning, unreasonable and irrational race!

Chapter Thirty

Taking the Back Door to the Universe
or
Special Access and the National Program Office
and
The Black Programs
and
Accessing
or
How It Wins, and How It Loses

They (the specialists within the "program") say: "Get with the program! Get with the program!" And-yes-I get with the program and many things are getting curiouser and curiouser and base rules begin to change, and I begin to ask, "Am I *with* the program? Or is the program *with* me?" I do not recognize the missions, nor do I perceive the objectives, for both (and there's that *both*, again) have begun to change. Change? Shape-shifting? What's going on? How do we win? How do we keep from losing? And if it is an evolving, serious game, with benefits on all sides, how do I recognize the rule-changes before the changes go through and are accepted, and before it is too late?

The following being a memo on my desk: it was taken to the Majestic Twelve Special Studies Group meeting-before my arrival-and read aloud by Dr. Bryce: "Briefing materials received. Notice for new arrangements, i.e., Reticulum Four Representative thanks Dr. Wolf, and says he will met with him anytime he (Doctor Wolf) wishes. He, the Emissary, (Ret.#4) expresses gratitude, also sends 'personal regards,' signs, 'K.' Working briefing enclosed. Your eyes only. Will expect during debriefing, who is 'K' and what are his (or her) 'personal regards'? This is curious to MJ-12 Special Studies, as we have no record of your personal

relationship to any Ret. #4 Emissary. An explanation will be expected during your debriefing, Dr. Wolf. It is signed by the Vice President, and initialed by the President, the S committee, and Staff D."

"You removed it from his desk and brought it here, even though Dr. Wolf has yet to arrive?" the man chairing the meeting asked, visibly annoyed that a private memo had been brought to the meeting by a British liaison support operative from MI-6. The expression on the face of the man chairing the meeting cooled rather deliberately, and he said, "Go on, Dr. Bryce."

"There are rumors, if I can call that furtive whispering that seems all about these supposedly secured premises, which seem to imply that he has some kind of relationship with the EBEs that he hasn't been forthcoming with," Dr. Luke Bryce said as he was being debriefed by the Majestic Twelve Special Studies Group.

"And further than that?" asked the man chairing the meeting, who was the Vice President. However, each of the twelve members reported to the President of the United States, as he was, as it were, the chief executive officer, and all orders that could conceivably shake the world had to come from him.

"Further than that I cannot say, Mr. Vice President. You may be assured that the private sector of the so-called 'ufologists' is still pondering the JASON project, even though it was discontinued after the war in Vietnam. Many of their questions are questions of the past that have yet to be answered to their satisfaction. This gives us an unexpected advantage in terms of time and the ufologists' use of the Freedom of Information Act, sir."

The Vice President seemed to be aware not only of Dr. Bryce's words, but perceived also what was being implied between his words.

Dr. Bryce spoke again: "But Dr. Wolf has been in on everything, yet it would appear that he has separated his service to this government with a more thorough knowledge, a *working* knowledge of the EBEs. To what extent I do not know, nor would I be Dr. Wolf's Judas' if I did. He does command loyalty, and it would be impossible to visualize Wolf as anything but a patriot. This is all I feel I am obliged to say before these distinguished scientists, until the man himself arrives. He should not be mistrusted, for he has loyally given thirty-two years of his life to his country, and I'm sure those years haven't been easy for him. You are all quite aware that he gave everything but his own life, and I'm sure everyone here knows that he lost his wife and son and unborn baby. How much more can a man give?"

"Thank you, Dr. Bryce, we shall wait to examine further this issue when Dr. Wolf arrives, which, I'm told, should be any minute." This being said by the man chairing the meeting. He had no expression on his face, as he had been forced to accept events that might (and actually

did in the case of Secretary of Defense Forrestal's mental breakdown in the past) affect in a negative manner his ability to make command-type decisions within moments of receipt of the acquired data or information on whatever the crisis.

"Dr. Bryce, it is my opinion that you have already implied that Dr. Wolf has compromised this government. This may surprise you, but I believe any covert behavior on the part of Dr. Michael Wolf-whether it seemed a separate and secret agenda not formally announced to this group-would still be in the best interests of his government. I have known him for thirty years, and I would trust him with my life! I wonder if he realizes what you are inferring. You are British intelligence liaison to the Alphacom Group, and Dr. Wolf is the goddam team leader!

"He would never *consider* the betrayal of his own government, and I would really like to know where in hell you have received the impression you are so freely wielding, this inaccurate information, as if a sword, ready to run him through! Would you answer me that, sir?"

This is the end of the beginning. It wants light.

And when Finally I arrived at the meeting, I went so far as to say, "It baffles me why such a relatively technologically advanced civilization such as this one would be incapable of seeing and truly understanding its own possible doom. The people of what the EBEs refer to as Sol Three-Earth-people of Earth-thinkers-are in some ways so primitive and yet they can *see* the causal relationships that may lead to their own dissolution: That industrialization, pollution, overpopulation, and that kind of historical nationalism that inevitably leads to conflict and war, that all or any of these may lead to the eventual death of the planet.

"And I remind you all, not very long ago, *Time* Magazine had on its cover, not man or woman of the year, but 'Planet of the Year, Endangered Earth.' And I don't care what you think of *Time* Magazine, because any good scientist— *honest* scientist- *would have to agree with this assessment*."

All members at the table began to focus more intensely upon my words as I continued. "Is this-what I am trying to tell you-beyond human perception? That the EBEs on which you've spent so many years compiling data have a far greater interest in this world's survival than was formerly presupposed? We know that they *travel*, if I can very loosely use that word, relatively safely in free space. This is the so-called 'Gravity A Wave' system for 'warping' space-time, what we might refer to as 'hyperspace.'

"Yet when they enter this rather uncontrolled atmosphere with its unpredictable winds, jet stream and other forms of turbulence, it is not as it is on their worlds. Their atmospheres and weather conditions are

controlled; so they must *want* very much to come here, for some of their conveyances crash and burn, just like ours do. They are mortal, and if they didn't come here, they wouldn't have to take the chance of dying. And yes, you all know *most* of the species of visitors are mortal. I think we've rather proved that, much to my dismay.

"Giving you a rather obvious example-and I really don't see why anyone else hasn't been impressed by it-the giving to this nation technology that can send the mind reeling, technology that surpasses most human imaginations. Perhaps they gave it to us, knowing we couldn't *copy* it, the nice term being 'back-engineering,' yet in giving us such a huge amount of fuel, recreating, or even using those disks we've been given, could-very obviously-put this country and its allies in a technological superposition state."

And I sighed, and not for emphasis, for I had taken their attention as if by force by the impetus and meaning of my words. "And having to answer spurious charges, all I can say is that I'll answer none. If you don't know how I feel about my country by now, nothing I could say could help you in any form or way. I gave up my goddam family, and not willingly, let me hasten to add.

"You know, I often wondered about what drives you strange birds, why you need such technological advancement when current technology levels are probably the best in this world at the moment, and if you're going to tell me about the future, I think you'd best not, because we may be beyond the point of restoring to a kind of normalcy the environmental damage we've all *allowed* to be done and continue to *allow* to be done. I'm not at all quite sure we have even another one or two decades left in terms of what we continue to do to this endangered planet.

"I know the next question coming is whether we can use the EBE's technology to restore this planet to its former pristine state of natural balance. And I can answer that question before it is asked. That is one of the Alphacom Team's mission objectives. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've a bad case of jet lag, and I've still a few people to meet and work into this great big damn scenario. And please excuse me if I've seemed a bit less than diplomatic. You see, you people expect prudence, but diplomacy is only anger with its hair combed. And I've always tried my best to present data in the nude, if you will. I'll excuse myself now, whether I'm given permission to or not. See you in the-what time is it now?-oh, yes, in the morning. Good day to you, Mr. Vice President. And good day to everyone else."

The members were silent, as if waiting for me to give them the right words that would tie everything together into a neat little package.

A Colonel Diaz, seated in the rear of the room, rose and said looking at me, "Sir, the rest of your support liaison have arrived."

I thanked him and said, "I will meet with them in the secured anteroom. Please have them escorted there and let me have the proper briefing books."

He nodded. I excused myself and then followed the colonel to the room that had been designated for the Alphacom Team.

And as suddenly as all the other times, there was an interruption in space-time, for I hung in a place of suspension, and I was in the front row, sitting—it may have been a theater, but there were no details of construction and design with which I could relate. It seemed I had a ticket for front row, center, and though I could imagine a proscenium, and where it was situated, there seemed a real "fourth wall," for Charley stood in the middle, Sarah to his left, Danny to his right, and he was reading from the journals of Daniel, and all seemed unaware of my seating arrangements or my existence.

Maybe this was what my lecture series students called "Wolfian!"

WAS THIS EQUAL TO AN OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCE?

NO, SOMEONE-A VOICE-ANSWERED, IT IS THE MANIPULATION OF SPACE-TIME.

OH, I SAID, I GUESS I CAN ACCEPT THAT.

A HUGE SPOTLIGHT ILLUMINATES CHARLEY LIGHT- MAN'S FACE, WITH SMALLER SPOTS, LIGHTING SARAH'S AND DANNY'S. THERE IS NO OTHER SCENERY OR STRUCTURE.

And Charley announces, as if to an audience, "From the WORKS OF DANIEL M. WOLF," and he begins to read, and his voice is dulcet and melodious as he reads:

> Will these words survive my own mortality? And is it only a matter of ego? Or is it something which is evolving, a manifestation of an appropriation I must contribute and leave for those I hope will survive me, and live, and evolve, and flourish, growing wiser? Yes, it is hoped that the former shall be the case for the good side of this species. And will you-all of you- not remember that I was here? And will you choose to have a history rather extinguish and snuff out the chances for those who have yet to arrive-your children? In all that I could ever leave you, do not remember me, but rather remember yourself, for there is a great, but incisive and buried goodness within, and here is where we go to judgement...for there is a great excellence within, and it can be inevitable and fine- tuned, adjusted, and balanced with the eternal, the universe, and *THE FOREVER*. Welcome to an unspoiled, new life. *Welcome.*

And just as suddenly it was finished, and I felt as if I had just fallen out of heaven.

I could still see Charley Lightman in my mind, and I was even glad to see his sad face, and still thought: I think I've found someone who could comfort me, but there are always exceptions.

There are too many empty pages. I wish I could see him again soon.

And when Volume Three is finished, there will be no epilogue or additions or addenda, that which comes at the end of a literary work that explains what happens to anyone that the reader really cares about. In this case, I should think everyone...*except* Wolf. He's still looking for a pack with which to run and hunt and be monogamous. He knows he'll never find that pack, not on Terra, not in *this space-time*, and in no easy way.

Love, unconditional, flashed into *THE FOREVER*. To give your whole being, its entirety, to those who want-no-need it desperately for their own survival, and to make them strong upon their legs and their feet, and with your love, gives them enough for their batde with the darkest parts of their lives and their lonely visions. *Give to them the undivided attention of your spirit*. They are strangers to themselves.

It is so very important that the mind-slash-spirit combination gendy places the words, as they become the clusters to which a person-slash- spirit, the *feeler* may be fastened in tight with that which is unconditional. The fashion is tight to those who are fastened, or should, on their own, try to fasten themselves, and then, and only then, will they be where they need to be for the absolute expansion of lives and consciousness.

It is for them to reach the highest levels, the total of the being's Being, to open the music of enlightenment upon their own hearing and sensation, and the expansion becomes an ongoing life-change.

One must be extricated from the Midnight Torches of Anger, of war, of the violence of poverty in all forms, for poverty is surely the worst violence.

Sarah,
Danny,
Charley,
after
comparatively
short
time
apart—
To
leave
your
notebook
here,
is
what
we
want
to
occur
so
that
you
will
not
fear
your
SELF and the OTHER.!

Or
was
it
a
hundred
years
of
cold?
And
become
not
one
who
takes
back
doors
to
heaven.
Shape
not
such
shadows.

Both sides matter as you make ready to ride the *divine wind*. It is most difficult to give more than is the substance that you think is your life, for it is always more, and it should be given up freely, as you take the back door to the universe. Without polemics.

Come here, so that you can hear this with your eyes: I know a secret way out of hell.

I FELT THE BEAT OF THE HOPE-SOUND.
MY HEART POUNDED AS I FOLLOWED THE COLONEL.

I wanted to die.
But I wanted to die.

No, I never wanted to die.

Chapter Thirty-one

The Knowledge Seeker Must Be Warned of The Divine Wind or the Wind of God

(Also known on earth, irijapan, as Kamikaze, Divine Wind: Kami (God) plus Kaze (Wind); Was it simply a coincidence that they also had the Divine Wind, but simply applied it in a different manner? That to ride the Divine Wind was to possess a vehicle to Satori? Not a suicide attack. Satori had been known elsewhere but never allowed a word representation. In Zen Buddhism, Satori was sought as a state of spiritual enlightenment. Satori insight, or the "sight within.")

Have you ever enjoyed-in your secret heart of hearts-a nightmare? I believe you have, and will again.

Sarah, I've missed you. I've missed your seldom spoken words.

If you and Daniel would have shut up once in a while, you would have heard more, you ass.

My enemy is ego. My blindness is not to hear.

You can say that again, Michael.

Sarah, I seek the economy of words.

Anyway you do it is just ducky with me, sweet one.

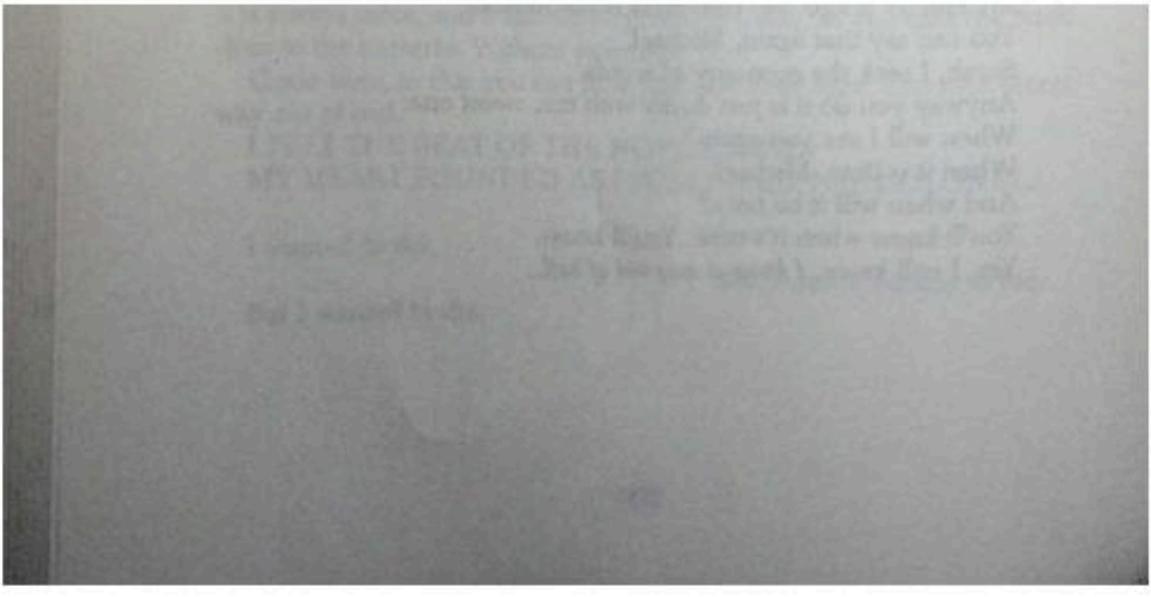
When will I see you again?

When it is time, Michael.

And when will it be time?

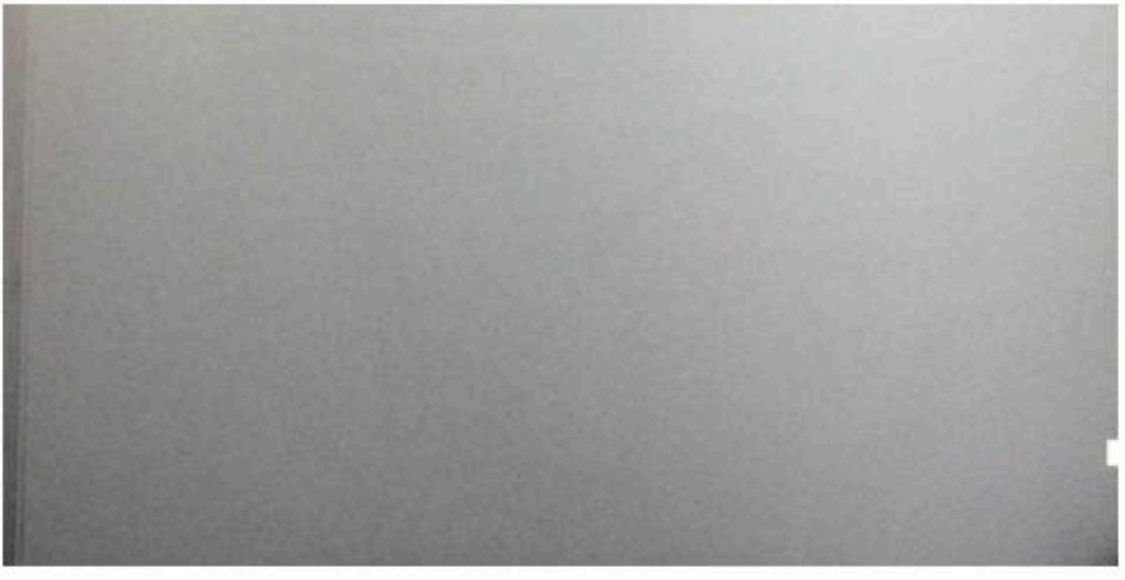
You'll know when it's time. You'll know.

Yes, I will know. *I know a way out of hell...*



VOLUME THREE

THE CATCHERS OF HEAVEN ARRIVE



Chapter One

The Fire-fight and the Termination of Angels
or
The Ghosts Move in Ships Sailing
the Cosmic Winds
or
Worlds and Words Possessing No Ending
or
The Act of Dealing with Great Sadness
Is "Giving Sorrow Words"
or
Nothing Dies in The Beginning

"You know, Dr. Bryce, if I had it all to do over again, I don't think I rather much care about changing the decisions I've made in this life. It seems I must be in this situation. Yet I do not believe in destiny."

"Then, I take it, you're not altogether a happy camper."

"I realize that's just an expression, but I *did* attend camp, except for the one summer I spent at a Zen Buddhist monastery in New Jersey. I hated camp. I just wanted to work in my basement lab and spend time with my imaginary friends."

Luke turned to look at me. "I had imaginary friends, too, but I was frightened by them. But then, at the time, I thought they were real!"

"Some children seem frightened by their imaginary friends, Luke, but never was I really frightened by them. My mother never allowed me to talk about them, though. *She* seemed frightened by them, too, like you. And yet I'm not certain of what, if anything, she had to do with them." I wasn't sure, but I think I lied to him; I think my mother had more to do with them than she would have admitted. *To anyone*.

"That's a coincidence. My mother was frightened by them, too. And my son had-at least the way he described them-the same kind of imaginary friends, and Clarice had a rather bad time with my son's 'friends,' too."

"Luke, have you ever considered the idea that they were *not* imaginary?" I could feel his *strong* desire not to answer the question.

"Let's turn in your rental. You'll ride with me. The conservation of energy, you know. Someone-no, everyone-must conserve energy," he said. "So we make one step, and if everyone should make one step-"

And I interrupted with: "We'd need a lot of *others* to make that one step."

"Okay, on to our itinerary. The PM has been rung up. And the rest of the support team leaders have been rung." He seemed unusually uncomfortable.

"That's a lot of calling, Luke. How did we become so damned popular?"

"I don't know. Magnetism?" And again a good laugh was laughed by the both (there's that *both* again) of us.

At the meeting, I stood stiffly at the head of a long, oak table. The heads of the support teams sat wordlessly reading the contents of the prepared briefing manuals, the selected briefing papers bound as Assessments. There was much to read; I felt increasingly the pressure of time.

"Ladies and gentlemen, if I may interrupt for a moment, I'd like to take you first to the section entitled, 'The Fire-Fight,' when one EBE was killed by a gunshot, a sloppy misunderstanding by the colonel in charge of guarding the so-called aliens, while there was a demonstration of a small anti-matter reactor."

Colonel Etienne DuPont of the French Secret Service raised his hand for a question. I had wanted to get this awful part of the presentation over with as soon as was possible, with no questions taken until the end. He was a young-looking man of forty, apparently a little apprehensive about a suggested engagement with aliens. I nodded and asked what it was he wanted to know.

"Sir, did you say an alien was *killed*?"

I tried to smile, but could not. "I'll answer this, but your briefing documents cover everything, and I would appreciate any questions to be voiced after the presentation, as well as after your perusal of *all* the documents. As to your question, Colonel, yes, one alien was killed. It was a power-play on the part of our so-called elite military personnel and guards. There were two scientists present and the EBEs, specifically, the Reticulian Four entities, were demonstrating the 100 percent power-producing annihilation reaction in a relatively small anti-matter reactor, using a super-heavy element, bombarding it with protons.

"You must remember that our nuclear bombs, both fission and fusion, do not yield anything near 100 percent energy, so the power being demonstrated was almost unthinkable to the two scientists observing the demonstration," I told them.

"The one Ret. Four-for short; you also see them designated as the 'Greys'-was doing the display and asked first that all rifles and *especially* the bullets in them be removed from the room, and I'm sure all here could see the possible implication of a gunshot during this display of enormous power. The-and I must stress this again-so-called elite military guards refused, and in the chaotic disorder and commotion that ensued, one alien, the two scientists, and forty-one military personnel were killed, simply because the colonel in charge of security refused the Grey's request. This occurred one May, nineteen hundred seventy-five, in Nevada."

"My God, Michael!" Dr. Luke Bryce exclaimed, momentarily unable to fathom such a scenario. "Please, excuse the interruption, but your government has never been so forthcoming and expressive concerning this nothing less than incredible data. It must take an unusual administration to allow you to tell us all of this-things that we have suspected for so long a time. But never on this kind of level."

"I can forgive you the interruption, Luke, but I must take exception with the fact that your government only 'suspected' this kind of activity was going on. But when I first began to learn of this, I, myself, could hardly believe what I was reading, *and* seeing. And, this is not telepathy or mind-reading, but I know you're going to want to know what kind of a weapon the Greys used, yet no weapon was ever seen. One guard had witnessed the event, and I suppose he was left alive to attest to the power the Greys possessed, and how much possible damage they avoided by killing just a selected few. All humans died of head wounds and resultant damaged and dysfunctional brain matter, and no alien weapon seemed in evidence.

"It would be my opinion," I continued, "that since the Greys use a tremendous amount of their brains, compared to human use of about 10 to 15 percent, I should think it a theoretical possibility that their brains were their weapons. I extrapolate from the data and say this because of our belief that a brain, fully used, could be phenomenally powerful in directing internal or external free energy. We already know that these Greys manipulate time and space with gravity waves, produce enormous power, and if you'll check the briefing document under 'abductions,' they seem able to walk through matter, read minds, send mental messages, and lift and float humans without the use of physical instrumentalities. This incident ended certain exchanges with them."

Luke now stood up, asking again to be forgiven. "I don't understand why they killed the scientists. I'm sorry, Michael, but you would have to

admit that this was an extraordinary event."

"Apology accepted. I've been working with this data for so long that I've had to-of necessity-desensitize myself to it. It's rather a lot to hold in for all of these years. They killed the scientists-it is my thought-to show us just how serious it might be if we were to cause an unstable reaction to occur. With that kind of colossal energy, only God and the Greys know what could have been unleashed. I will leave you for a while to read your Assessments."

And I exited very quickly, tears in my eyes. Sarah, I need you; and Daniel, I need you. And Charley, I need you, too. You were the only humans I was able to love. I walk now in the footprints of the *old ones*, and I salute their welcomed intrusion into my mind's *mind*, engaging and accessing them with the eyes that both see and hear their exalted, extraordinarily compassionate essence; distillations of the heart of hearts; spiritual messengers to this poor scientist.

Oh, how excellent, how elegant were the footsteps of the *old ones*\ And how slowly they walk, even unto this terran day, how leisurely they enter this container, so that this heart will miss nothing!

Only God and the OFFWORLDERS. Damn!

It is so difficult to explain so much to people who know so little. Kolta, help me to help them.

Dearest, beloved MIKA-EL, if HU MANS survive, will they really ever be able to touch the energy that is their essence and the spirits that dwell in their containers? Remember this that I tell you to remember from one of your lectures? You said-

Yes. I know. I said: "We believe in our ideas of the immutable rules or laws governing every logical and emotional state, and we lull ourselves into a false sense of what must exist under all circumstances we hold to be true and believe in that which we believe to exist, and the paradigms, and the fixed models for belief systems, for all to affirm and embrace. Water flows downstream. Birds fly. We see and perceive small and secure, logical realities. Fruit rots and goes bad. If something is hot enough, and we touch it, we are burned. Well, say good-bye to classical reality. Every rule of logic breaks down on some sub-atomic level, and there are more levels than we now think." Oh, yes, Kolta, I remember it well.

MIKA-EL, THIS HU MAN self-deception can only be successful if one closes his mind to new ideas. But they *must*, in all of their conscious being, open their minds and freely consent to the arrival of the *new*.

Kolta, I sometimes find myself living in the screaming place. I am the rarely heard voice that musters only a small noise in this very loud

wilderness. And SA, my brother, can't you help me with clarity in putting the proper words together?

And it was Kolta who answered: Your brother, the ANON SA RA is too far from you, and much occupied with arguing the HU MAN's case for existence before THE CORPORATE. I can call him if you wish him to be near you.

No, Kolta, what he is doing is far more important than listening to the whimpering of an ineffectual operative.

Dearest MIKA-EL, you are far too difficult with your Self. Keep in your mind that the Divine Wind remembers everything.

You make it sound so easy.

How exactly you understand the spirit of the Wind, that Wind who remembers! And if you understand as I know you do, things, as you call your events, can be just that way-easy.

When you are silent (I say to him) it is deafening.

And when they-the Sol Three people-ask you to help them, what do you say?

I say, how can I not? But their ambitions can sometimes turn to vulgar lust, and they are lost...like fallen angels.

And it was so sudden, but I was alone and in a place that did not seem to be real. I knew it as a *portal* And Kolta was with me. And he said: *Almost* like fallen angels. His great, dark, beautiful eyes saw the truth in mine. Again he advised me to look with better eyes. And he reminded me that I was not one of those who could call Sol Three HOME.

Not a HU MAN?

No, you are not one of them.

Who, then?

You are your other-brother's brother. Brother to the ANON SA RA.

And he said he understood my feeling homesick. I told him the never-ending story might not be the HU MAN one. And he told me that I could not be home if I felt homesickness. And he said that at times I seemed foolish. And I told him, let fortune favor the foolish. And he said that it did. And finally, before the *portal* vanished, and I was again alone in my office, he said, rather emphatically:

You are favored, MIKA-EL. You were chosen. You were sent to this place to learn a primitive genesis, but not as punishment, as you think sometimes. You were the one we engineered, but from your former Self.

You are the same. You are just in another place. And you must attend the negotiations and argue on behalf of the HU MAN tribes.

And I said:

"Alas, poor HU MAN, I knew him well. The modem man has devalued the value of his soul, has abandoned it to science and its mavens, its gums and TV anchormen. The loss of spirituality is the loss of all which fills the container, the loss of more than a half a life. How does a human re-establish a *whole* life?"

And just as suddenly as before, I found myself sitting alone, looking at a wall that was not allowed a window.

Chapter Two

The Conspiracy of Rational Man
or
The Bliss of Ignorance
or
The Massive Dreams of They and Me
or
Perhaps Just One Loved One at a Time
but
Sarah and Daniel Could Never Stop Being All
of
My Life

It happened again. I drove, exhausted after a day of dispensing data, to my secured, private apartment on the base. And after clearing several elite MPs, I entered my private apartment and immediately dashed to the bedroom to have a lie down. And it happened again! The bedroom seemed hazy, and there was a body sleeping in my bed, and it was Charley Lightman.

"How on earth did you get in?" I asked, not realizing the magic of certain methods and lives.

He rolled over toward me and said: "Don't say 'how on earth.' It isn't appropriate." And we both laughed a good laugh.

"Michael, I've missed you so. I asked them to warp a little time so I could spend it with you."

"I've missed you, too." He seemed such a feast to my eyes, this my friend. "Are you still making that God-awful movie in Paris?" I asked.

"Yes. And I really needed a break. You look so good to me."

"Have you seen Sarah and Danny?"

"Oh, yes, they send their love and told me to tell you they'd see you very, very soon."

"Very, very?" I asked, anticipation rising into my neck.

"Yes, very, very. Oh, God, Michael, I need a hug."

And I gave him an exceptionally good, long hug. And after it, when I saw that he was beaming, I asked, "Define 'very, very.'" I wanted Sarah and Danny so "very, very" much!

"In their time, in the blink of an eye." And he yawned.

I smiled. "So you came *here* to take a *nap?"*

"Yes. To take a nap with you. Don't worry. It's not-"

"I know," I said, and we were mind to mind.

"Good. You should know that by now. It's what you wanted." His face appeared to tell a story of seeing shadows that could whisper in his ear and speak of the future. "I'm so very. I don't know just quite how to put it-but, and I think I thought it through-but, Michael, you've seemed to-you just-Oh, God, the words are there but I-and I think-I do, Michael, think-"

I pulled him close; there were his tears, and some of my own. "Charley, relax, please, please relax. You are with me now, and I will not throw you away. You must remember that. You were so dependent, but it only seemed that way. There were times you were so damned fragile, and you had that lost look in your eyes, and I was so afraid I'd lose you, too. Yet there were other times, times for me that you were strong."

"Michael," and he spoke my name as if pleading with me, "Why have you begun to cut yourself off from being loved? And I don't mean just by a friend like me. God knows, I'm so confused with all of the newness of all this extraterrestrial stuff, but you, Michael. Why are you so determined to wall yourself off, away from feeling, from all that was so easy for you once? Just tell me why, Michael, tell me why. Just why?"

I don't know whether he held on to me, or I held on to him, or we both held on to each other, but I had to speak. I had to tell him. Or *try*. I pushed him gently away, holding him so that I could look into his face, into his eyes, and he could look back into mine, and maybe he could have seen the chaos, and I would not have to explain. "It's a very complex thing, Charley. What I have to tell you is the truth, but it sounds like a lie."

"Then tell me a lie that sounds like the truth!" he cried, and he was not trying to sound cute.

"Okay. You are still quite in love with Barbara, Charley, and you two need each other, very much, especially now."

"Rubbish!"

"Charley, you are thinking with your brain. You've walled off your heart. You haven't stopped loving her. You've used me as a bloody *pit- stop*\ Pm not so sure you haven't lied to me. About Barbara."

"I do need her. You're right. But she hurt me, and hurt me badly."

"Charley, you've *both* been waging a war, you and Barbara, against yourselves." And I finally felt very good about myself after saying that.

"That may be the lie that is the truth. But you've forgotten how to feel, you old man." And he was hurt, but for the right reasons.

"You bloody bastard! I know how to feel. I haven't forgotten how. And I know how I feel, so put those questions away. Please, Charley. Put them away." And it was a demand that I felt myself making. "I have to detach for a while, for as long as it takes me to do this business of accomplishing mission objectives, even if I have to inch my way toward the negotiations, the last step before we hear from *them* what they will and will not do. And *your* truth sounded like a lie. I'm caught between worlds. And on this one, I've lost the only two people that I've ever really loved. And it's a load of shit to believe that there is one big plethora of love on this dying world, kiddo."

And inside of the very deepest places of me, I felt again as if a stranger in a hostile environment. And I knew time was coming soon, soon when they would find out who I really was, is, and would forever be...

"You've become like steel, and I rather think I don't like it very much. Not in you," he said with a mix of sadness and resignation in both eyes.

"To handle this kind of complexity, I must detach, at least for a time. I have to handle all of this turmoil, this chaos."

"And who-tell me who-makes *love* chaotic?"

"The villain I must call detachment. But I must choose it. There are no other alternatives. There is no more choosing. No more!"

"Do these few years, and the loss of Sarah and Danny, factor into this scenario you seem to see for yourself?"

"Damn it, Charley!"

"You don't have to get cheeky."

"And you don't have to rub that nightmare into my face."

"Michael, please come down to the ground. Any ground will do." If it were possible, his young face seemed even more saddened than before.

"Charley, I've never heard you say 'Oh, God,' so much. Are you really calling out to God?"

"I know from talking to people who vaguely know something is happening to the world, who know perhaps more than they should, who have heard the rumor that the Vatican is literally begging your government not to release the religious stuff. About the UFOs, I mean."

"You know, Charley, I really need a typing machine, not a computer with word-processing software, or simply a word-processing machine, period. I need a *typing* machine."

I think what I said just then scared him; he wasn't accustomed to my not directly addressing the subject being discussed. Fear was easily

detectable in his face. "You know that there are billions of people who rely on their religious doctrines to get them through the fright of living in a kind of suspended state. And the violence stays all around them, and they can never escape its big shadow of hopelessness."

"So who sent you, the Pope?" For probably the first time since I consciously knew him, I was insensitive to his feelings, to his delicacy of emotion.

"That's unkind, Michael. Why do you want to hurt me?"

I couldn't answer that direct a question. "I see conspiracies within conspiracies. I've never realized before just how much power I really possess. I think a re-definition of 'paranoia' is simply a heightened state of awareness."

Charley jumped off of the bed as if I were going to physically attack him. I'd never seen him so frightened. And I could see him holding back the tears I had forced in him. "I agree you have power, but the Michael I know is not corruptible. You-and I've never met anyone quite like you-don't seem to want anything. You are not a selfish man."

I began to soften my tone. "Oh, Charley, you are so right. I hardly pay any attention to my surroundings. I've never wanted a showplace for a home, and I usually am satisfied if there are just three rooms, and I've often lived in less. I have no money put away. I don't own a car. And frankly, after losing Sarah and Danny, I don't much care about my possessions, my home or how much money I have, except for enough to pay the bills. If anything, the most important situation I would wish for would be a future for human children and a cleaned-up planet on which to live that future. You're right, power and money-"

"Never did and never will mean anything to you, now that the two most bloody important people in your life are gone. I hope I haven't hurt you. And yet I speak as if I want you to suffer even more. I am tired of being treated like a friend only when it's bloody convenient for you." And he got back on the bed and sat in a kind of lotus position, saying, "You are effective in anything you want to do because you are like a powerful magnet to most people, but most especially to the lonely, fragile ones like me. How much do you hate evil?"

"Evil?"

"Don't you know what the goddam word means?"

"Never mind, Charley. I am so damned tired, death-"

"Please don't talk about your death." He seemed alarmed, yet now that he knew so much about space-time, time-review, overlapping, near- death experiences, the Catchers of Heaven, THE CORPORATE, the manipulation of dimensional, linear time, and so many deep secrets, so many cosmological truths...How could he be alarmed?

But thinking of his fear, I saw now that I, also possessing the *knowledge*, could feel panic and terror and the anxiety I could not yet define. "I'm sorry," I said. "It isn't important. Besides, one doesn't seek out the truth. The truth seeks him! Not he it!"

"Come with me, Michael, take me to your *real* home. We can fix that which is broken, then we'll fix your life, and mine, and you must admit that here are two lives right here in this space-time that need to be repaired."

"Impossible. And I tell you this because you can read every thought in my head. You told me never to lie to you, even if it might hurt you. The only time you asked me to lie to you was if I were tired of your friendship and wanted to 'throw you away,' and that's how you put it, 'throw you away,' like some kind of debris or refuse. That was a stupid, dumb-ass thing to say. But, 'fixing my life?'-that's impossible. My life's in shambles, Charley.

"Sometimes, I think the only thing keeping me alive is my work. The words just don't seem to come as easily anymore. And we can take it from your point of view, an actor's view, that the words just don't seem to *play* the way we wish them to, and the beats are not there. I don't know how else to make the clusters of the words to cause you to understand just how I feel, and I can read in your mind that you've already tried. I'm sorry, Charley. I'm forever saying I'm sorry, but it is an insult to your self-esteem and intelligence to continue to try to be my friend. Not when I seem to be the goddam creator of your agony! There are just so damn many words that we're led astray to say, so many words that we know-in advance-are daggers to the soul."

"Michael, you miss them, don't you? That beautiful wife, that dazzling son. I know that. I know your emptiness, perhaps better than you." And he thought for a moment, and said: "Perhaps I cannot know it better. But you know they're both waiting for you. You have an advantage that I cannot own, or hold, or possess."

I looked at him; my eyes had doom in them, and he could surely see it. "My work. I have yet to finish. I must finish my work." There *was* some life in my eyes; I felt a resistance to the flood that could have exited my eyes.

"You must feel better. You know I would do anything for you. You are my best friend. You know I'm an actor, and the bloody words are really good, but if they 'play,' they play like a nightmare."

"I know. But what else is 'doing time on planet earth?' At least I have your friendship and a lot of others, too. But this fact never assuages, alleviates, or quells the black, the half-demon we call *man*. At least I have my work. The river flowing, that work-it may be of little comfort, but I

still have that work to keep with me a certain minor company. And work may not be the best of companions, but it's *there* for me. It's there when you need it. It's there when you want to review it, to contemplate its substance, a kind of proofreading of your work so that it stays always in the front of your mind. It doesn't float in and out like you, and my beloved family, creeping in on space-time manipulations. Yes, Charley, I *do* have my work."

"To bloody hell with your work!"

Chapter Three

Chapter Three Is Chapter Two, Protracted and Continued or Receiving Hell from Mr. Lightman and His Just as Sudden Departure and A Devastating Phone Call and Back to the Work of Survival

"You know you cannot stay, at least for now. You'd never be given the clearance necessary to stay with me." I said, gently, trying to close the open wounds.

"How do you know I *want* to?"

"I had that coming." And then I said, as if I were alone again, "Assessments are being made."

"What the hell does that mean?"

"Assessments? I'm not at liberty to talk about it."

"Are you at least progressing?" At last, he seemed interested in the difficulty of my work and the strain that had been placed on me.

"Yes, but I feel so separated, so disconnected from both worlds, or *all* worlds. I feel as if Pm trying to move a mountain with a broken finger." My scorched brain was at maximum overload, and I tried, but in vain, to clear an attentive space for Charley. And yet I could not get the image of Charley and his wife, Barbara, out of my mind.

"You will have to gain more power to discriminate. But we-together-niust try to fix our lives," Charley said. "This whore of a planet is eating you up alive, draining your intellect, your confidence, and your courage

and your strength. You should be filled, not drained."

"And you are the one to do it?" I looked at his face, and it seemed frozen in bleak expression, hanging in the air, separated from the rest of him, and it chilled me.

"Please don't be unkind," he answered, head bent, looking down into nothing.

"I'm truly sorry, my friend. You do not deserve this."

"Nor do you, Michael. You are a complex and beautifully productive person with so many disciplines. But, I suppose nothing ever prepared you for this-for what you are doing, and the enormous responsibilities you've been handed, and quite without your inner consent. Yet I don't see why your government feels it cannot get on with things without you."

The total innocence and fragility of Charley Lightman always impressed me, yet inside, in the deepest part of him, there was a strength I admired and yet found hard to believe.

Charley, balanced on one elbow on the bed, said, "Everything can be fixed, repaired, made to look like new. But people I have sort of bumped into are saying things about you."

"Oh, yeah. And what do they say about me?"

"Other than being a hard-assed sonofabitch?"

"Yeah, other than that?"

"Well, you are no stereotypical man. You demand as much from others as you do from yourself. Sometimes, you send a very strong message

rnt you don't give a shit about anything or anyone. Just your mission bjectives."

"That's all of it?"

"No, there's lots more. For example, people wonder why you don't cease your whimpering, your suffering?"

"I whimper?"

"You do."

"Anything else?"

"You want my best shot?" And there was anger and hostility in his face.

"Yeah. Give me your best shot."

"Okay. Some people don't quite understand why you've not yet gotten over the deaths of your wife and son."

"Now *that's* unkind."

"I'm just reporting the truth of what some people are saying. And that kind of truth can be unkind. But *I'm* not unkind."

"You don't think you are, do you?"

"Unkind? No. Not me. Hey, I'm on your side."

"With people like you on my side-besides, I've stopped suffering," I **said,** trying to change the tone of the conversation. He looked into my **eyes** with an intensity **I** had never really noticed before.

"The hell you have, Michael. The hell you have."

I could never have really hated him, but I surely could have come close to it at that moment. I didn't want to retaliate, but, knowing what was in his mind, I did. I lay back on the bed, my eyes focusing on the ceiling.

"How is Barbara?"

"Oh, God! I really wished you wouldn't bring her up."

"Why? Tell me, Charley."

I saw the shining look on his face quickly disappear. "I came home to surprise her. I went directly to our home in London. She hadn't expected me. It's the old story-a goddam cliche! I found her in the arms of her old boyfriend. So help me, I puked. And right on the bed-my-our-bed where I found them. I swear it to you, I literally heaved my lunch all over the bed. I hated her so for betraying me. Michael, don't ever betray me.

"I'm not your wife." I thought I was trying to lighten up with him, but he could so very well read the sadness in my eyes.

"Why can't a wife be like a man's friends?"

"Because they're wives, Charley, because they're wives. She loves you deeply. You know this to be fact. And you know what she did was to give you a pay-back for what you've been doing to her. You could have taken her to Paris to be with you while you are on the shoot, making that film."

"I know what you're saying, but she has her own career."

"Yes, but she was between the end of a film and a play with rehearsals not to begin for many months. Charley, you could have included her in your life, taken her to Paris. And you know how she loves Paris. You still love her, Charley, and it is unwise to deny it in front of me. Especially me! There are certain times when I think I really don't know you. You must admit you always seem to hurt the ones you love the most."

"I will not argue with you. I *can't* argue with you. You see much too clearly that which is in my mind. Let's get ourselves a nap. When I go back, I'll see her again, and she and I will talk it over. I haven't taken any steps toward a divorce. I've not even thought in terms of a divorce. Okay with you?"

"Fine. Just talk with her. Find out what is in her mind. Find out how much she is hurting."

"I will. I promise you."

It seemed a night's sleep, as I awoke alone to the ring of the telephone. I looked around. I was still in my bed with my rumpled clothes still hanging on my frame. Charley was gone, but there was a little note for me, saying, "I tried to wake you. *They* told me my time was up and sent me back. I'll try to get to see you soon, and I hope you'll not be angry, but I really didn't want to speak of Barbara any more than I did. I WILL

work it out with her. I already know how it is to be done. Wish me luck with her. That last statement was foolish. I don't need luck with Barbara.
I simply need to know how to treat her. Or how she wants to be treated. Love, Charley."

It seemed as if a vacuum pump had pulled him out of bed and into the *portal* as I slept.

Assessments I could be prepared for-sounds I could smell, visions I could hear. Made? To look like new? Everything can be fixed? Repaired? There are no accidents? Are there simply just long time frames of passionate and powerful instinct? And growing love of ambivalence? Is that all there is?

EVER WAS?

EVER WILL BE?

AND I COULD SEE CHARLEY WITH MY BETTER EYES.

AND I COULD HEAR CHARLEY'S WORDS WITH MY BETTER EARS: "I'm beginning to feel that all is lost. Yes, all I ever wanted in this place is lost to me now." These were his words. Yet I knew the ropes around him could be unravelled. I knew he knew how.

The phone rang a second and third time. I lifted the receiver to my ear. "Yes? Mr. President."

His voice was loud in my ear. "I take it we're both on secure phones."

"We are, sir."

"I hate to throw a monkey wrench in with the soup, now that you're briefing other nations on Majestic Twelve S.S.G. and the negotiations we all hope will be coming soon, but my National Security Advisor tells me he thinks you ought to know some intelligence data, collected by both the C.I.A. and the N.S.A."

"Sir, Bob and Ted already briefed me, if you mean the Iranian and Iraqi buildup of nuclear, chemical, and biotoxic weapons, and the discussions Teheran is having about an Islamic Holy War. The first step might be to cut off oil flow. It would be World War III for all nations!"

"I don't know how you do it, but you're always well abreast of me on intelligence."

"You said it, sir," I said. "Abreast, but *not* ahead."

Chapter Four

The Mist Visitors
or
Extraterran Post-detection Protocols Development
or
The Second Bible (A Governmental Creation and Coverup)
or
The Adventures of the Alien Family Robinson
or
This Species Has the Very Unique Ability to Adapt

The following inserts are taken from a series of the author's lectures at a distinguished university.

> *INSERT, SPECIAL: Do not go into a church of any kind and worship the men who took the dictation; praise the Author, not the escritoire, not the writing desk, not the lectern, not the pulpit, and never the scribe.*
>
> *Data and discovery occur because of error; solecism and blunder are parts of balance and provide pathways to new truths (not the kind of truth that is only a lie exposed) and actuality and substance that lead to unification. The field theory is not so grand because it cannot encompass* THE FOREVER. *Reflexive, symmetric, and transitive relations between elements of a* set *establish and verify any two elements* in *the* set *as equivalent or non-equivalent, and so logic becomes both the parity and*

exploration only seems provisional and empirical, but a point may be fixed and launched into THE FOREVER, *for positive backlash and critique.*

The mean is the center of the awakening of the power of mind. The Higher Mental Powers Development Project was a great success, but I would not give some key features yet to the

INSERT, SPECIAL: But where, oh, where does the Mooncalf fit? Oh, her name is Deja Vu. *I'll always remember* her.

This certainly is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. It is the end of the beginning. And the start of new kinds of tomorrows. And the newest of new ages. And a divine new way of thinking; and the incredible energy and love and light turning thought to reality, a classic: Energy to matter presentation, Yes, matter presentation.

We do not meld into passages with glue for walls, virtually eliminating the straight and fastest of mental and physical smooth "Thought Throwing." (Or "Thought Tossing." Or "Thought Shooting." Or "Thought Bouncing, with Aiming." And "Thought Dribbling, with Slam Dunk" and thus: "Thought Scoring." More of the "Gateway Treatment" to come.)

And we *are* learning, but ever so slowly, to score a thought; to aim it, to throw it, to slam dunk it, and finally, again to score it, provided it is received by others. Big brain, filled brain, the hemispheres connected well enough to be served by both, (and there's that *both* again) and neuronic activity beyond the puny 10 percent, twenty, thirty, and even more, so that we have (besides no more epileptiform clinical presentations) the neural energy to "throw" our thoughts to others and score slam dunks every time we throw a thought, or thought "cluster," for our two hemispheres are connected and working together as *one* brain.

Big brain! Mammoth brain! (And leaving a generous amount of that almost forgotten humility in its most spiritual sense.) Energy to thought, Energy to matter, and vice versa? Yes! Matter to energy. Yes! The Gestalt, the Unified Configuration, with the opening chosen, not one part can stand alone in a Gestalt. A "Wholeness."

A little less than a grand unification field theory that has room for every thing...now. In differential equations, there are differential coefficients or derivatives (I am the theory-digger), yes, derivatives (meaning a limit, like a function approaching zero, zed, or "Nth" degree), and even more loosely, the instant change rate of a function in relation to a variable, or with respect to the variable.

Now, in observing the differential equation-I would so love to talk also about the multiple infinities, but not here... (The reader is now saying, "Thank God! He knows some of us will be dropping his book into

an active fireplace or just leaving it on the coffee table for people to know 'how deep we are.) Please, dear reader, offending you is like going to the bank to withdraw, rather than deposit. But my motives, as you have seen so far, are a bit more noble and ethical than a quick trip to the bank, and even in going to the bank, I will not laugh. (Remember the laugh- ing-all-the-way-to-the-bank cliche?) I'm so sorry for the departure, but the usual use for departures is to clarify. (Not one penny of royalties or other monetary compensation will I receive; all is to go to the Daniel Wolf Memorial Foundation for Children, Inc. which will administer funding for one use only: The children receiving a viable future.)

Again in observing the differential equation (and don't skip this part, please), it will give you something to say at those "beastly and empty-headed people-parties," again (God! Again, he says), in observing the differential equation (and I think this is worth a couple of giggles, at least), one must think a certain way: *This is an equation* (after all this buildup) containing the recently discussed (or disgust) derivatives (Remember? No? Don't worry) or differentials of an unknown function. Is that so hard? You can even invent the symbols.

> ***INSERT, SPECIAL:*** *Mamma! Send lawyers and money and guns. No, forget the guns. If the object fires anything, it will be knowledge. That kind of weapon, one to exterminate ignorance, one of the deadliest, deadweight sins, but never knowingly allocated to the minds of children and to the minds of men.*
>
> *Guess they 're not enough to get you off the planet Sol Three or Seven forever? No, not ever! Sol Three* or *Seven for life? No! Too much strife!*
> *(The last few word-clusters I simply just could not resist. Sorry!)*

> ***INSERT, SPECIAL:*** *(And important): One must never be sorry if one's conscience is in good spirits, if one's conscience is tuned properly (and who is to say what is proper?) It's a veritable cul-de-sac. Science must have as one of its most important attributes, the sense of the humane, the ethical, and a goodly amount of morality. Thus the halo must be removed so this*

I speak of the transcendent nature of man, even though a particular group of people—anyone, actually—worship only knowledge in nude data form. They cannot see beyond the relatively small amount of knowledge they possess, yet they ™Y: R s a world of only knowledge, and there is a great amount of it, as they find more and more conflicts into which to fit themselves.

Chapter Five

A Few Notes on Operation "D.A.R.T."
or
Its Double Meaning
or
The Penetration of the "C8E" Command
or
Parts That Can Now Be Told
of
The Rescue Efforts

And there are assessments being made.

It is December 1990:

And the words assaulted my ears and my personal dignity as a scientist, as a seeker. "Your cerebral screams! They matter not. And you don't get it because there was a departure point, one you still just barely remember and now you are here to stay," said General Lewis, "and being the patriot we know you to be, we'll allow you to rub off the dust from the mental powers, to grind up your anger, to pulverize your animosity into the dust of history, to spray your spitde on all the things of your newly vestigial organ, your mouth, young man, and it is unnecessary to you now, as you can never open it and pour out the secrets in your mind. You're under orders, Doctor!"

We are in the years of celestial agendas. And something really auspicious and encouraging and inspiriting and exhilarating and enlivening and favorable and bright with light is coming our way.

EVERYONE MAY NOW FALL IN LOVE WITH EVERYONE.
YOU MAY NOW BEGIN.

And to imitate yourself is a danger to your health, and to listen to your dreams brings on many visceral screams, again you are next of kin to chaos. And (like the dream before), a human face of wet teeth, looks down upon you, and you wail and scream, roaring, shouting, sobbing the sobs of all your years. Crying, shrieking, wailing, weeping, and no one to hear. No one to hear...

"Be at ease, Michael, it was just a bad dream," Charley said tenderly, holding my shaking body in his arms, as I opened my wet eyes.

"It wasn't a bad dream. It was a sad dream."

"It's over, Michael. And you are safe. And you must not be afraid. And you must not be so sad. I am moved deeply, that you are giving so much of yourself to me. And now I will be strong for you." And Charley was strong; more strength than I'd ever seen in him before. He took a washcloth and wiped the sweat from my face but missing the tears, which he allowed me to rub from my own eyes. Not as I had done for my son, whose tears I had kissed away. And who now is the strong one? And who, now is the father, and who, now is the son?

"You ought not to enter my dreams-they'll make you frightened, you know." And I laughed, unconvincingly.

And Charley lifted his head, so he could look into my face, and said, with a most remarkable authority in his voice, softly, "You'll be okay, my friend. I'm here. I'll take very good care of you. I will watch over you."

I needed focus. I asked Charley to help me regain it. And so, with dazzling precision, he facilitated my recovery of focus and balance. I woke quickly: I had had another dream of Charley, and it was in this dream that I was planning an exit from his life with Barbara, and maybe some little Charleys and Barbaras would come into their lives.

First I needed access—"Special Access"-to the N.P.O., the National Program Office, which administers "special access" or "black programs." One program, COG, or Continuity of Government, was still limping but had not yet been killed. And then, of course, there was my team leader position on the Alphacom Team.

But what I needed was access to my other Alphacom Team members-the Lead Agency for Majestic Twelve's Special Studies Group, or MJ12SSG—especially my point man. I would soon discover that team members could work miracles. My military point man, Bob, was very soon—almost instantaneously—sitting in front of my desk, listening intently, and as was his way, thoroughly, point by point, tying everything together into an accurate picture.

«I've had a rough time of it, Bob."

«I know, sir. Anything I can do for you at this time?"

"Damn! I've forgotten Project D.A.R.T.'s double meaning. Brief me again."

"But, Michael, you, as a team leader, devised it yourself."

"And so I did. But, Bob, since the deaths of my wife and son, I've forgotten too much and need some briefings before you and I get to Wright Pat and release the detainees. Charley Lightman wants to come with us, but I cannot expose him to any dangers."

"Yes, sir. Project D.A.R.T., Defense Alien Research Training, within the context of the C&E Teams."

"Containment and extraction?"

"Correct, sir. D.A.R.T. also stands for Defense of Aliens and Rescue Training or Rescue Teams."

"Thank you, Bob, now it's all coming back to me, and all the pieces are fitting properly into their places. Finally."

"That Charley Lightman fellow cares very much for you. I've noticed how very sensitive he is, so be careful not to hurt him."

"I will. Besides, he has a wonderful wife, and I suspect that soon they'll have a child. Thanks, Bob, and I'll call for you when I'm ready to make the trip to Dayton, to Wright Pat."

My point man left, but I hadn't remembered that, as part of the H.M.P.D. project (Higher Mental Powers Development), Charley had to be gently let off this train, mostly because he could now pretty much read my thoughts. He could practically do it before the project, but now he had a deadly aim at my thinking and planning. And there are a lot of bad dreams here in this earth. But, as I reviewed my thoughts, I realized it now would be much easier to *think* my good-byes to him.

Chapter Six

Less to More
or
Eternity from the Beginning
with
Multiple Infinities and Dimensions in Tow
or
Wisdom May Begin When You Learn
to
Govern Your Tongue

God is the only comedian people are afraid to laugh at. But God sees, and waits...

Things are only impossible until they're not. I've temporarily drifted away from my flesh, and in going on this kind of vacation, I've left the hands with fists clenched in warning, a warning to me, and a warning to the unwise. There are times when it is wise to govern your tongue, and there are times when it is wise to be unwise and impolitic.

As I've often said, imitating yourself may be bad for your health, but I want to be nothing if not persistent, simply persevering, obstinately, in a kind of deadly (if not lively) fashion. Sometimes, to have to address one thing, one must jump over it to get to the next thing, which really was the first *one thing*. Yet I knew not this verity, this not so commonly placed lace of patterned truth that was not a hidden lie.

When I was the season of my life here, it was the summer of leaves, and the fall of leaves, vibrant with color; counties, cities, dimly lit...a night for reminiscence, but keepsakes and remembrances and references were not always with me in die batde I was conducting with my atavistic new Self. I was becoming the changeling, channeling to my

shape-shifter other-family members, and my other-brother, SA. And of course, to my favorite navigator, Kolta, goes a big, but gentle (I remembered) hug.

From Daniel's Journal:

> And you, my brothers and sisters, grown here on this place called Terra, will you not fulfill your vessels and complete that which your progenitors, those that came from the sky in the earliest of times, those princes that intermingled with your womankind and left you the great gift of genetic memory? You must know that they're here again, trying to do the same thing as they had done before. We have forced ourselves to forget our cosmic memories, and yet we have that inner feeling to communicate with those that exist beyond our limiting atmosphere. It is not that we are mere adventurers; it is that we want to meet those who brought us into being and answer the questions yet unanswered. We must begin to stop the lies we tell each other, to know our commonalty with those who my father calls "The Catchers of Heaven." *They are here* and we need them again. There are too many hot spots on this planet. Yet let us not think of *them* as gods, for they are as mortal as are we.
>
> Will we long for the answers to the greatest of mysteries, the human and not-so-human equations?
>
> I need you. ALL OF YOU. THERE IS NOT EVEN ONE OF YOU THAT I DO NOT NEED. I NEED YOU.
>
> Oh, how fragile we are! How easily we mistrust one another. This kind of life is not for us. Can't all of you see that? Yet we must go on, we must unfold the wisdom in our spirits to preserve this planet with its great beauty—the loveliness that is so rapidly disappearing. We must do it before we leave this great excellence behind for the greatest of adventures, the entrance into *THE FOREVER*
>
> Time is coming soon, I'D find you. But do not remember me. Do remember that the reading of God's mind is there for the scholar, the scientist, and even thus the man who toils not in extraordinary labors, but in the common places. For it is for all of you to remember your hearts and souls and minds. Do not be quickened to distrust anyone, for we all meet eventually in a space-time that is for *us*, all of us.
>
> DOES IT TAKE THE CHILDREN TO MAKE A BETTER PLACE?

It is the spirit and not the animal in you that is king. Yours is no lack of self-esteem, no disgrace. All of you are not but spirit-mostly-and too often you give in, and you mustn't do it. I do not want you to think I preach. In your minds, you know all that I say already. I am only a poorly spoken repeater of the truth that you heretofore have known since you discovered that you were not simply animals. In this, your day of the splitting of dark and light into only the light, we are all the targets for the existence in *THE FOREVER*.

DOES IT TAKE THE ENDANGERED CHILDREN TO MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND? DOES IT TAKE THE CHILDREN TO MAKE A BETTER WORLD? AND DO THEY HAVE THE TIME, THE TIME, THE TIME...?

Assessments are being made:

And
work
this
up
to
what
are
called
the
Catchers
of
Heaven
and through it, recall
three and more

Love's
beloved
strangers.
Seems
so,
I
recall
ALL.
Wishing times,
remember you them!

And do not forget, as does the Human disremember.

CLIMBING UP WHEN THEY KNOW IT IS DOWN: SILLY HUMAN RACE. I FEEL A NEED TO MEET WITH EVERYONE, TO TELL THEM THE MEANING OF WHY MY HEART CAN PRODUCE TEARS.

Chapter Seven

Meeting the Support Team Leaders and Members or How Does One Tie Up Loose Strings When They Are Too Numerous and Too Copious and Too Diverse and Too Infinite?

"Oh, yes, Luke, Nevada calls, and New Mexico-Roswell-and Ohio, too, Dayton, and Dulce, and *all* installations."

"Yes, Michael, I'm terribly sorry if I've inconvenienced you," said Luke, in that redoubtable, resolute, stalwart, and uncompromising voice of his, this with proper British-English.

"Not at all. Not at all." And I was chuckling and sparkling inside, with a great big stupid grin on my face and wondering inwardly what kind of a toll I'd be paying next.

"Michael, please hear me."

(Seems I've heard this before.)

"Think hard-give some attention to what will become your wishes. You just might have them all come true."

"How do you stand on the issues, Luke? On Roswell, on Dulce, on Nellis, on Area 51, S4, on crash retrieval, on underground installations, on back engineering these new technologies, on all of this cosmic Watergate stuff?"

"I stand at your side."

"Just *one* side?"

"I think I shan't answer that."

"Then tell me something you could answer, I said, sort of playing out **the** words, and suddenly having a jolly good time with it.

"I *can* say that I support you and your viewpoints. And this is no empty statement. For my very existence, I find I must commit to your goals. I believe in the goals you've stated. I believe too many in this world have-with this kind of super-technology-abandoned their spirituality to a god of knowledge rather than to a god of spirit and love."

"Could you continue with that, Luke?"

"I think so. Just permit me to say, *please know this*; Michael, and know it with the finest part of your fine mind, and your fine spirit, and your fine essence, that I, alone, will never cease to respond to your requests and that I will pledge to help you with the foundation for the children and what rises upon it and support-without question-your hypotheses and extrapolations.

"You know," Luke continued, "I went to all of your lectures at Cambridge-and I believe in you. And I'll commit to you as a scientist and hopefully, a friend. I, at least, will never repeat that which you extract from your heart and share with me, and whatever you want- whatever you tell me to keep and remain stricdy between the two of us, *that* I will keep right there, and I'll try very hard not to always serve two masters," he pledged.

"Please," he went on, "you must know this, as it comes without amendments-even to my own govemment-as I have truly begun to trust you. I learned much from your lectures, not only their content, but about you—the one who delivered the lectures. They told me your heart was pure. That you could never have secret agendas, and if you did, they would be honorable and trustworthy, and require the cloak of silence. Again, please believe that I will never divulge that which you extract from your heart and feel the need for it to be secluded.

"This I say without qualification, even to keeping it from my bosses at MI-6. If I should die, all that you wish to stay between *us only* shall stay there, and positions shall never be moved unless you request that they be moved. And I must say this, no matter what my superiors wish, demand, or hope, and such things they may desire to spring from me to them will never make such a journey. Please believe this." And Luke so very much wanted my belief. Too much, in fact.

TIME IS COMING SOON, I'LL FIND YOU.

Charley Lightman jumps into my mind for a moment, or perhaps two, and again I am remembering THE BETWEEN, and antidotes on the poison labels on the bottles that sometimes brush against our lips. But one should not brush too hard.

And Charley says something like, "You are a hero. You are a patriot, making us better human beings. And some day-soon, I hope-we can explain away all of the mystenes. But he knew we could not.

"People want and desire peace so badly, so much so that they will fight and make war with each other until they get it. Now, down the winding road to personal stuff. Charley, when again am I going to see you home, with Barbara?" I thought the thought, threw the thought to him.

"When again I find my place with her. But sometimes I think you don't remember how to understand me. You forget, and that infuriates me. I told you I found her sleeping in *our* bed with an old boyfriend. Did you forget so quickly?"

"I have forgotten. Or it may be due to this time-jumping stuff."

In my mind I could see his face twisted in the pain that flowed deeply in all of him. "I think sometimes you really do not understand me when I want to open up to you. I am not Daniel, and I do not mean to be cruel and brutal to that soft soul of yours. If it is inescapable, I'll say: 'hello, friend of me now, and hello, friend of my youth,' but I am lonely even when I am with people, and I cannot say to you—not yet—'hello, friend of my future.'"

"You'll never get to where you wish to go, Charley. You carry too much baggage."

"Maybe I don't wish to get there. By the way, where is 'there?'"

"'There' is climbing into a life that you like, Charley. At least while you still have a few minutes to breathe. You know what I mean?"

"Am I so detestable that you would rather me not be in your life?"

"When we are alone, and we stay alone, is that what causes you to feel better, feel secure?"

"That is what prevents me from going out of my mind. That is what prevents me from displays of madness."

In my mind, I looked directly into his eyes. "I think perhaps I should be more attentive to your needs." (Madness in great ones must not unwatched go.)

"It would be greatly appreciated. Profoundly so, Michael."

I didn't think I would be able to push him away. Perhaps I need him— I am thinking-because he is so much like my late son. Yet he resents this being the only reason for allowing him to stay as near to me as he can. It is profound. But I fear he'll seek more, and if he does, I'll not know how I'll handle it. And yet, I see a future with Charley and Barbara together. I will not throw him away, but I'll soon detach, so that he may find his life with his wife, who is his only true love. He must know all of this by now. He must!

"I cannot engage in spirit-killing."

AND FROM THE DREAM TOWER I HAVE SEEN: When one being speaks a lie, such a being murders a part of the world. This cannot be ascertained easily if one is connected to the cabal. And the cabal is filled to overflowing with conspiracies.

Chapter Eight

Wrestling with a Cloud
or
The Gateway Treatment for Opening Alien Portals
or
Time-Reviews, Time-Bounces, and Slam-Dunks
of Time Overlaps
or
The" Project I Could Not Give to the Government
or
Another of Life's Last Nightmares
or
The Silence That is Earsplitting
and
Deafening Even to One Who Sees with His Ears
and Hears with His Eyes
or
The Opening to Cleansing the Terran
Prohibitions and Taboos

Memory endures all attacks, both sudden, automatic, spontaneous, and impulsive, and yet deliberately planned by some celestial, badly informed bureaucrat. Societal and genetic memory endures all assaults. [1]

I heard them, and I thought the words were:
"Who is in charge here? What is this place? Where am I now, now in this time? Where is my mmd? I feel detached from my mind. Where is

it? Where is my spirit? Do I *have* a spirit in this place? Where are both of them? My mind? My spirit? Are they connected? And if they are connected, where is the connection?"

After the December twenty-fifth tragedy, I was seven days in what was thought to be a coma, but I am now sure it was an "NDE", a near-death experience, and I saw and was suddenly aware of all that I had ever questioned, all that I had ever wanted to know. A huge, colossal, and immense experience, changing for all time my consciousness. And my direction. And my awareness. And my sadness. But, as always, to serve. And *they* also serve, who only stand and wait.

There was a voice-or was it a musical phrase-a voice that seemed to be several voices, that I knew. They were speaking all at the same time, yet I could perceive three or four separate voices. They were all very familiar. The voices answered my questions, but not as I would have them answered. They said, all at the same time, in a kind of resonance and unison: "You have been walking through your past, which is dark, MIKA-EL."

I answered the statement with questions: "Is that where I am? Now? In my past?" Was I? In my past? I asked again: "Am I now in my past?"

You have completed your trip. Now, you are in the void."

"In the what?"

Okay, then. In the *what*they said, in answer to my last question.

I think I was angered, but my small fury quickly passed away. "And next you'll tell me that the *what* is the void, when I ask. I think I do not wish to ask again this question. This is a circle with rules I've not yet been given. I feel that I am not privy to *your* rules." I was again angered. I felt as if gods were playing with me, and I resented the thought, and I was even more angered.

And then they continued, seeming to disregard my last statements. "Remove this anger. You'll not see very much until you do."

"Do what?" I asked.

"Must we-I-say it again?" they asked.

"Do you always answer a question with a question?" I asked.

"Do you hear us doing that?" they asked.

"Is that how you open my mind? By dragging me into this little game?" I asked, feeling as if I were in cruel trappings.

"Do you think that is what we are doing?" they asked.

"Enough! Get out of my mind!" I demanded.

But there is never a good time to demand anything from anyone.

"God, does this all-all of this-all that is, was, ever will be-i, it still Yours? Do you still own the universe?

And a great voice answered my question with a question-again- *"Do you think I still own the universe?"*

But there was no answer I could formulate that would satisfy me at that point in space-time. There is one side, and then there is its opposite. What is Eternity? I thought the last question, and tried to shoot it out- way out, beyond the last layer of atmosphere of the planet upon which I stood. I thought I stood.

I temporarily stopped trying and moved back into the arms of sleep with a slightly crooked smile.

The voice that had been several was replaced by Daniel's voice. His seemed just slightly tired, as if he had been arguing-I felt this come from his mind-and yet his voice was alive with his passion for living. "Oh, Father, there is so much information that must be opened, and I fear there is brutality within it."

"There is no cruelty that can enter a loving state of mind, Danny."

"I do agree, Father, but if savageness should be there in a specific place, then it surely must be purged."

"Oh, Danny, I feel you hurting, and badly. I sense your feelings of hurt are intense. Is this so? Has someone been unkind to you? In that place where the hurt originates, I feel hatred being sent my way. All of you! Is this how my son is treated?"

"My Father, how well you understand. And how much I know you know. I know that you know now. But only you have the power to help the children. The power. Help them, Father, help them, please."

"I freely offer it to you. Do you want me to help you rid yourself of this sad state?"

"I am not sure, Dad. I wish I were closer to you in sleep."

As I spoke in my state of sleep, I could hear myself speaking with words that I likened to mental caresses. And in my state of sleep, I could see him sleeping but not with a smile on his face. "My son, oh, how I miss you. The strong continuity must be such that its tail can be easily picked up as a lead into what is to come, Danny, my loving son. And I know of one more thing to give you right now, and it is that I believe that in a world of lies, Truth persists and endures, and so, too, in a world of darkness does light persist and endure. Know this, my dear son, my dear Daniel, and know that what I have tried to reveal to you is true. And it leads straightaway into *THE FOREVER* which is *all.* And you cannot continue to go back into BEFORE."

"Thank you, Daddy. You give me always the best of what you are and have and know and feel and see."

And still within my dream I looked to see a smile growing rapidly on his face, and I knew that he had understood all of what I had said, for his smiling face filled quickly with the *BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT* But I

sensed he needed to say more. And he began, "Why do some, Father, so often desire the cruel abstraction of life to fulfill some personal dark need? Can you tell me? I know you can see through broken minds and bodies. I know you can do that."

I could see his formerly saddened face, now brightened and clear, no more entwined with misty strings, hanging from non-existent sources and surrounded by false angel hair. I knew I had to tell him all, but to do so without removing any and every small happiness to which he was still clinging, with an almost desperate need for some semblance of a self-protecting barricade, even if it were created by his thoughts,

And so, with him, in our dream, I stood by his side in protective fashion, trying to give to him what little happiness I had stockpiled for just such an occurrence as was this; formerly holding it, hidden away, knowing I had to release it to him one day, to give it all into his keeping, to help him sustain the joy of the totality that was his life after life. And yet, I sensed he was a vacuum for more of this special gift, and so I would give him more, and I would do so with absolutely no reservation.

And, do not fail to see extraterran life-also love-far away from terrestrial taboos. And, on the evolutionary scale, love-no matter what its style, nothing matters but the love of its Self. Extraterran love knows no unclean, no forbidden type of love. And it was to be known—when attempting to understand new sociologies and cosmologies, new belief systems-gender is of no true consequence, no significance, except among the puritanical, prudish, priggish tribes of Sol Three. Souls have no gender!

On the original Sol Three, most, but not all of the separate tribes, drove what they gave false labels to, into hiding. As I began-in depth- to understand the primitive genesis I was on Sol Three to study and upon which I was to report back, I felt badly for those-all of those-minorities, who were, it seemed, forever to be persecuted. And still it seemed too complex to zero in on.

THEY ASKED IF I WAS, AT LEAST, LEARNING.

Oh, yes, I am learning. But as an assignment, my cover is that I am studying extraterran races, as you know, so that I may negotiate with them, which is you. It is a good cover for a first contact scenario.

AND WHY DO YOU USE THE WORD "TABOO?"

It seemed proper at the time. I could have used as its alternatives: for-bidden or unclean or prohibited or banned or restricted or-

FORGIVE THIS INTERRUPTION, BUT AS THE HUMAN SAY- INC SAYS: "WE GET THE IDEA."

No, you do not get the idea. What I could call "racism" has roots that are strangling the trees of progress in the sociological sense. Not only do they have nations hating nations, but superficial differences, too, as in the shape of the eye, the amount of melanin in the skin, the language that is spoken. And only male-to-female-lovemaking is considered-how shall I put it?-normal.

FOR HUMANS, THAT WORD MEANS NOTHING TO THEM. THEY ARE ALWAYS REDEFINING IT.

And the so-called deep thinkers here tend to negate the very state of this *normal* that they strive to live by-

SORRY TO INTERRUPT, BUT WHAT OF OTHER GENDER- TO-GENDER RELATIONSHIPS?

That is a difficult subject to report back on-

AGAIN, WE ARE SORRY TO INTERRUPT, BUT YOUR BROTHER, THE ANON SA RA, IS PRESENTLY ARGUING THE CASE FOR HUMAN EXISTENCE AND THIS INFORMATION MUST BE PRESENTED TO THE ENTIRE COUNCIL OF THE CORPORATE. THIS IS RATHER A CASE OF COMPLEXITY, NOT SIMPLY A COMPLEX CASE. A GREAT MANY "INTERESTS" INTERSECT WITH THIS SOL THREE. IT IS TRULY BOTHERSOME.

I am aware of that. Yet, under certain conditions, or in certain tribes, same-gender love is persecuted in different ways, or very much, or not at all.

NOW THAT, MIKA-EL, IS MOST DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND.

I know. You are looking at the historical side, in terms of their greatest men and women, in the arts, in politics, in science. But, I cannot simplify, except to say that if they are damaged, they are very dangerous to each other.

WE HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR WAYS FOR THEM TO PRO-TECT EACH OTHERS' CONTAINERS. THAT WAS ONE OF THE REASONS THEY WERE GIVEN RELIGION.

Some of them know this, but they feel you were meddling when you installed and launched their existence.

THEY WOULD NOT BE COMPLAINING IF WE DIDN'T INVENT THEM.

Very cute! I can hear you-Kolta-in that statement! But they seem-at least most of them-to feel *almost* as if they have invented themselves... the way they have such little respect for each other-that rape business- it is truly incredible how they violate each other, and for no reason at all, it seems. They have no respect for all life, and then there are their racial differences, and the way they physically and spiritually reject different lifestyles, and all other differences.

And Kolta, I know you are one of these voices. As a matter of fact, I recognize all of you.

But with humans, they fail to see how beauteous differences really are. Yet they are so contradictory. They think certain and different animals are cute. They have pets, like dogs and cats. There are, of course, many other problems they have with each other, problems such as hatred, greed, honor, respect for each other, their ability to do the most beautiful thing, to love, and yet whether it is male and female, or female and female, or male and male, or multiple acts with mixed and what I would call "miscellaneous" people, and that entrenched, intractable, pornographic lunacy, and with it, the voyeurism, I think at your level, it is very hard to say, "help them." And at your level, to even understand.

But the innocent ones, the children—it is they who deserve a chance of inheriting an attainable future; they are not to blame. Please, think of the children.

HAVE YOU SEEN SEAN BRYCE YET?

Yes, but not recently. And, I do not think he is overjoyed with his life, and, yes, an understatement perhaps, but there is something there, some kind of dimly lit puzzle that is far from a big picture understanding that I feel is important to my ultimate goals. I have been able to receive your energy to strengthen and maximize the Gateway Treatment, but must yet develop further the telepath-empath component, so as to employ as my route to total mind usage, an inner singularity of vision.

But as always, it is most important to bring into existence within all of me that very special inner vision. I have been receiving-in my sleep-a cryptic vision of Sean Bryce. And yet there is so much more, but I cannot yet see into this area as clearly as I would have wished.

HE IS ONE OF US.

Sean Bryce? One of us? One of-

WE SHOULD HAVE MADE YOU AWARE OF IT. DID YOU OT KNOW THAT HIS MOTHER WAS CHOSEN? HIS MOTH- 3 WAS BARREN, SO WE CREATED HIM. LOOK HIM UP AND FASE BE GOOD TO HIM, IF YOU CAN DO IT AND DO NOT JEL WE ARE ASKING TOO MUCH OF YOU. THERE WAS

MUCH DEBATE CENTERING ON HOW MUCH KNOWLEDGE
OF SEAN TO BE GIVEN TO YOU. YOU ARE CORRECT IN YOUR POWERS OF INTUITION. YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THAT SOME OF HIS GENETIC COMPOSITION WAS FROM YOU-ONE OF THE TIMES WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG AND WE TOOK BLOOD AND FLESH FROM YOU. YOU WERE ONE OF THE TWO WHO MADE THE DONATION.

Who was the other?

YOUR OTHER BROTHER, THE ANON SA RA. SA

was the other?

YES, HE WANTED TO TELL YOU, BUT THOUGHT IT PRUDENT TO WAIT, AS THE INFLOW AND INRUSH OF DATA TO YOU WAS AT A VERY HIGH RATE AND AT A VERY HIGH SPEED. IT MIGHT HAVE OVERLOADED YOUR MENTAL RECONSTRUCTION.

BUT NOW THAT YOU KNOW YOU MUST GO TO HIM. YOU MUST HOLD HIM UP, FOR THE KNIVES OF THE BETRAYERS ARE NOT FAR FROM HIS PLACE IN TIME-SPACE. WE ASK YOU TO GIVE SEAN, THE YOUNG ALTARAN, MORE STRENGTH, AS HE WILL NEED SUCH AS HE REACHES HIS TIME OF DISSOLUTION.

You are always asking too much of me. But with Sean Bryce being one of us-oh, no! Why is he-oh God, why? If it is true that we can change the future, then we must! We MUST! How could you allow this to happen? He doesn't even know yet that he is not of human origination.

THERE IS NO OTHER ALTERNATIVE POSSIBLE, MIKA-EL. HE SHALL EXPIRE PROTECTING YOU. YOU MUST KNOW THAT CERTAIN EVENTS CANNOT BE CHANGED. AND YOUR PREVENTION OF THIS LOSS IS-AS TERRAN PEOPLE SAY-"OUT OF THE QUESTION."

Then the answer is simple. I will surrender my life in exchange for his. There must not be a cessation of his life. As I have told you, it is my decision to relinquish my life in exchange for his.

THAT IS NOT YOUR DECISION TO MAKE. IN TUST ONE WAY, SEAN IS BEING PERSECUTED AT HIS HOME AND PLACE OF SCHOOLING. HE ONCE TRIED TO ORCHESTRATE HIS DEATH, TO END THE LIFE OF HIS CONTAINER HE MIGHT TRY AGAIN. YOU SHOULD SEE TO IT THATHE CON CLUDES NOT ONLY HIS DEBT TO *THE FOREVER* BUT HIS
^DESTINATION AND HIS UFE'S CESSSN AI TO™

BUT YOU MUST ALSO SEE TO IT THAT HE DOES NOT FRIVOLOUSLY TAKE HIS LIFE BY HIS OWN HAND.

I cannot just let him die especially without knowing the truth. Sean shall not be the sacrificial lamb! And as far as his *death* is concerned, I cannot allow this to happen. I must try to prevent his death, even-as I said already-even if I must surrender my life for his.

MIKA-EL, THERE IS NO WAY FOR YOU TO PREVENT IT. BUT LISTEN, PLEASE, CAREFULLY TO THIS: YOU CAN PREVENT HIM FROM TRYING TO TAKE HIS OWN LIFE AWAY, AS HE ONCE TRIED BEFORE IN THAT SPECIAL SPACE-TIME RESERVED FOR THAT UNCOMMON AND CALAMITOUS ACT. THAT SPECIAL SPACE-TIME REFERENCE IS RESERVED FOR HIS FINAL LIFE-TERMINATION AS IT IS WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF HIS LIFE-FORCE. HE WILL KNOW THAT THE LIBERATION OF HIS SOUL AND THUS THE CESSATION OF HIS LIFE WILL BE FOR THE PROTECTION OF YOUR LIFE. AND HIS LIFE WILL STOP MOST WILLINGLY WHEN HE KNOWS HE MUST EXCHANGE HIS FOR YOURS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF YOUR CONTINUANCE.

You can say to me that I can do nothing about saving his life? Then I will-I must—tell you that I am most unhappy with this situation. Will you be able to *at least* dissuade him from suicide until I see him?

WE ARE ABLE TO THINK THAT THROUGH TO NOACTION, BUT FOR A LIMITED PERIOD OF HIS SPACE-TIME.

Chapter Nine

The Time-shocks
or
The Meager Nutrition
for
Spiritual Hunger Shall Become Negatively Plentiful
or
How to Count the Blessings
without
Incorrect Additions from Emptied Eye Reflectors

YOU FEEL DISCOURAGED. IS IT THE LOSS OF SPIRIT IN SO MANY THAT TIRES YOU?

That is truth. No better words can I produce from this-my mind—severely cluttered-in wretched fashion-knowing now of many differing races beyond this narrow-minded piece of a world in this dwarfish solar system.

YOUR NEXT THOUGHTS, MIKA-EL, I SEE. YOUR NEXT ONE THOUGHT I HEAR AND IT IS DEAFENINGLY SILENT.

This is not Zen Buddhism.

IS THAT WHAT YOU HEAR FROM MY MIND?

Much more than that.

I UNDERSTAND.

No, you understand small parts that need to be placed in a much bigger big picture.

IT IS A COMPLEX TRIP INTO AND OUT OF YOUR GROWING FAST AND VAST MIND.

(Not bad for an alien, fast and vast. Wouldn't you know, though. That's typical for an alien. And the Greys? You can't tell one from another. They all look alike to me, though some of my best friends are aliens.)

And from the thought-bouncing back and forth, there will be mammoth thoughts tonight. What is seen is "The Structure of the Unstructured." Crystal cities can be seen in a deep-blue background on a cloudless day with two suns shining. Faces, some we recognize, and some we do not, moving in and out of background and foreground, faces reflecting bright white light, some with smiles, some with half-smiles, yet there is a disquietude and distress in all of them; yet in some, barely differentiated, and then dissolving. And now we see the ruddy, healthy, but concerned face of Lieutenant General Robert Lewis—we see his uniform, U.S. Air Force, with command wings, lots of "fruit salad" on his blue jacket...his three stars on each of his shoulders are highlighted.

Then look at this! We see a close-up of the command wings, silver, and there is a star above the chevron, with a circle (circle?) around the star, part of the insignia, and then a close, tight shot of Kolta's eyes, reflections of a crashed "saucer" in them. There is a very heavy sadness on the dolphin-like skin of his mouth, and movement of his head from side to side, and then he bows his head, again in sadness... and I am thinking but my thoughts can be heard, and it is my voice, it seems, and a lone tear works its way down from my right eye. (I am right-handed.)

And I am thinking: Oh, my brave, noble best of the best, Kolta, Oh, Kolta, I... feel... so... and another tear follows the first, Kolta, you survived those terrible crashes that those private ufologists continue to drag out—what did General Lewis-oh, I mean Bob-say?

Bob says, "Michael, they are beating a damn dead horse. Why can't they seem to get off that broken record? Don't they have the smallest amount of compassion for what so many military people have felt from the very beginning?"

"What is that Bob?" (As if I didn't know, Robert, as if...)

"You know. The futility. The impotence of the systematic downgrading of military power, or what we have incorporated into our belief systems and denial syndromes. And now we don't want to know that even our most advanced technology is primitive at best when compared to extraterran science-the 'New Physics'-and their mental merging or interfacing with and into it, allowing, at times, little, if any, reliance on

Phs"And eTenTrnewest of the new," the general went on, "pales in

comparison, even philosophically, with how their incredible interfacing reveals the hinted oudines of their cosmologies, their consummate and perfected understanding of the makeup of the universe and the many civilizations that have evolved into pure energy, and thus, Michael, manipulation with mind-energy, control of things we cannot yet even dream of-oh, God-talk about the serpent of mankind and taking bites from the apple of life."

General Robert Lewis paused, as if looking for some final thing to say, something that might wrap up all of these extraordinary things into a neat little package. But along with his sadness was the emerging glow of a counterpoint, strange happiness he had yet to really understand.

"Yes, Bob. Hard to imagine a race with no need for physical instrumentalities."

He could have chosen to shed tears, but there seemed an impish smile tracing itself around his mouth. "Michael, it is nothing less than the ability to take a quantity of energy and make it dance to their own songs, placing it somewhere, and molding it into any kind of matter they might wish it to become."

"Bob, the private-sector ufologists do not understand how a military commander, once beginning to *find out*, can become so dammed depressed-"

"And to say—what a lie!—we are the most powerful nation on earth, oh, that saying—"

"I know, Bob. We must help each other. But we must begin to work together. Build bridges to diverse 'elements' in this compartmentalized government. Bob, how do you think I feel? My lead agency team is charged with mission objectives, the most important being a resumption of the negotiations with EBEs, and at the same time, another element, which seems to be in direct opposition to *our* mission directives and objectives, is damaging us by using advanced S.D.I. weapons to fire on their *CONVEYANCES*\ to bring them down, to make them crash, to fire on the very beings we would have trust us.

"Yes, Bob, I think we're all feeling a bit melancholy and despondent-and maybe, in the biblical sense, cast down-over this miserable predicament. It very well might be our life's last nightmare."

The General-even after some four decades of shock-began to surrender what little color he had left in his face. His eyes were those of a man who knew something, yet had no power over it. And for a military man, this was the worst of all possible scenarios. My last statement had badly shaken the very last self-support column holding up a weakened belief system, and he was now suffering in a consistent number of ways the quakes and tremors of bizarre new knowledge, and a non-terran science well beyond a future that could barely be imagined.

Perhaps one day, men can see accurately beyond what is just scarcely

imagined, or, as man tries to simplify his theories, to excise and resect the word *imagined* and see more clearly beyond it. To do this, man must take away from science its halo. Could this also apply to the imaginary friends? Removing "imaginary" might add the reality so badly required to remove the denial syndrome, thus they become the "friends," which, since the early times, now becomes flesh that was always there.

"Michael," Bob said, in a strangely sad, yet somewhat satisfied tone of voice, "I have a lot of paperwork to do. If it is okay with you, I'll be in my office if you need me. When I have completed the work, I'll buzz you and tell you I am coming back to your office-that is, if it's all right with you."

"It's fine with me, Bob. Come back when you've finished. We have yet much more to discuss."

"Fine. I'll see you soon," and he left my office with almost a cheery way of walking; I could see a little bounce in his step.

The Greys' first day of school for me was to teach this dumb kid-yes, Michael Wolf—that *outside* of me, there may be vast and dazzling and brilliant and impressive and awe-inspiring backgrounds and scenes, but one must never forget that there exist inside of me, limitless and glorious visions, and I must look *within* to find these visions, for one can have all of the external valiant epics—but without the visions within, the external epic is never enough to feed itself, and to have others enjoy such a superficial vastness of the epic, the epic novel, or film, or stage play. One must balance, as it were, the external art and its elite nature with the internal vision of true and noble greatness.

The inside...though there are vistas of great magnitude outside, yet still it is the *inside visions*...

Chapter Ten

The Abstract Core of the Essence That Is Not Easily Moved
or
The Energy Center of the Lighted Way Within
or
The Intense Light Used for Survival Techniques in the Dark
or
The Circles Are Mandalas and Are Inclusive of the Void

The Void is always a circle, and the Void is balance, and the balance is harmony. All of humanity carry these powerful symbols in ancient memory.

"I have great feelings of trust for my genetic memories."

"And when you speak of the needs of the children, Michael-"

And another "Michael" was speaking to me. "I am sorry to interrupt you. Is it *the* children? Or is it *our* children?"

And I answered, "You are correct, Michael. It is *our* children. It is Mankind's Children. Just counting the orphans of Vietnam-the last figure I heard, and it was long ago-was more than fifty thousand. It might as well be a million."

He looked from his dark eyes into my dark eyes. "They are the world's children, and the world must be healed first, before it can accept and feed and love and teach the children."

"You are correct, Michael " I said, in a style and tone he had come to know very welL "AH of the children belong to *everyone*, as you have been saying for all of these past years. But we need more than a tepid agree- mS: And we need help m healing this, a world that is being murdered

by its own inhabitants."

Then this other Michael began with this: "What about outside help? Are you not seeking such assistance?"

"How did you know that, Michael?"

"As you know, Michael, I fired my manager-you remember him, don't you? He never took my earnest feelings about the children seriously. And that big cloud of cigar smoke, always wrapping itself around his fat head, always creating a wall between him and me. He thought he was a partner, and though he was, I had to rid myself of him. He didn't-no, *wouldn't-take* me seriously about the fate of the world and its children."

"I know, Michael. It must have hurt you badly. And he professed to be your friend. For me, that was the most impossible thing to believe. If he had truly been your friend, he would have at least empathized with you."

"He didn't though. He fell in love with the money, not the causes I was fighting for. It hurt me very much to have to fire him. But what else could I have done? He saw my interaction with the children as a publicity gimmick, nothing more."

"And now, Michael, there are no environments—healthy ones—for the children to just *be themselves*."

"I know. But maybe with your contacts, something might be done."

"How did you find out about my contacts?"

"I quickly learned that my money could buy information. Are you angry with me for doing it?"

"Of course not. You used your money to find out about my contacts, and your only goal was helping the children. How could I ever fault you for that?"

"I am so glad that you really understand me. There are millions who do not."

"I know that, Michael. I look beyond what you *do* to what your *are*, and I am proud and a bit angry with all the gossip."

"But that's to be expected."

"But it still hurts."

"It helps to have a friend like you."

"I'm flattered, Michael."

"You should be, Michael."

And so it was that we were both proud of each other. And I would do what I could for his causes. And I would speak of his life to no one ever. I could never hurt a person of his sincerity. *Not ever.*

Chapter Eleven

Further Interactions with Support Team Leaders
or
The Loyalty of Those Suspected of Not Possessing the Allegiance
or
Constancy and Fidelity and Attachment
or
Not Surrounding Yourself with Yourself Until You See the Light That Is Your Own

We had just seen a new device for special communications located in a government-acquired section of Essex. Luke continued our drive from Essex again back to London. "Please believe all that IVe told you, Michael."

"I do. I take much comfort from your words, knowing they are far deeper in the meaning they so eloquendy express. I must eventually leave, you know. And perhaps I will go where others cannot yet go."

"And if you wish, I will never speak of it."

"I know," I said gendy. I was always trying to be gende. "Now, I can feel your trust."

"Oh, Michael, my trust has no bounds. And I shall always be walking with you, no matter where you are, no matter where you go "

"Would you move through my fears with me?"

He was thoughtful for a moment and then said, "Always in priority order, I am first your friend and confidant, and I will never betray you."

"Not even with the memo you'll find on my desk?"

"I see that you're prescient, too. I'll probably present it, but *for* vou I>11 not be your Judas. My imaginary friends were not imaginary, just as yours were not.

"Let me tell you something, Luke. To do a little right, you sometimes have to do a little wrong. And remember," and I almost laughed at what I was about to tell him, "wherever you go, there you are."

We both laughed another good laugh.

"Oh, Michael, I still detect sadness in you. What can I do to make you feel less sad?"

"This is not for Wolf, Luke," I said, again referring to myself as "Wolf," and it surely would not be the last time. "It's someone else's playtime. Just try to help me to get through today's pain."

"Michael, I guess this is just not a very good and creative night. Should we suspend tonight's briefing?"

"It's up to you, Luke. *You* seem the unhappy camper here. And it is like a camp's 'color war,' and I hope to God you will get back on track."

"I pray for it, Michael. I pray for it."

"It may be in jest, but before I go entirely mad, I'm first going to look, even in the dark corners, to search for someone, or onto some group I can drop this great, big, fat blame, for all the years of screw-ups with the EBEs. I'll tell you, Luke, the more I am briefed, the less I know how to negotiate with and handle our visitors."

"But I see you kind of related to them."

"No more so than any human, if he'd remember his genetic memory." I thought it through, and saw that I wasn't being entirely honest with this Dr. Bryce, and said, "No, I cannot say that, not specifically, but I can say that to the good memories, humans must add action to the ideas. Humans must take the energy necessary to regain their former sense of spirituality, and then they must magnify that same awareness of and insight into that special spirituality until they live only in the light. Do you quite understand what I am so ineffectively and feebly trying to instill in your heart?"

"One thing you, Michael, must know at once. And that is that you are far from being ineffective. You've moved me so deeply, so very deeply, since I've known about you, attended your lecture series, seen you, and the passion that you inject into everything you say and do, and finally, I can almost see through your eyes, see your singularity of vision, and now I can see that 'might is right' is wrong. All wrong. I know that if it were in your hands, you'd heal the world so-"

"That the children would inherit a viable legacy. Sorry I finished your spoken thought."

Luke paused to think through his own thought for a moment, then said, "Michael, this will stay between us, and I will never speak of it to anyone else, but *they* are your *friends*. They are your *family*. I know this because they have told me, and they asked that I watch out for you, so to speak."

"Are you watching out for me, then?"

"I'm doing my best. I would even go to the extreme of betraying my government if I knew that betrayal would bring peace, and as you have put it, a viable legacy for the children, for my own child, and any more children I might have the pleasure of adding to my lovely family. I want my children to have children, Michael. I want them to grow up in a world where they don't have to struggle to breathe and to see and know and feel the loveliness of this world which you and *they* call 'Terra.'"

I wondered how his children could have children. I thought there was a problem with his wife. And the one son that he had-Sean, his name was-was still somewhat of a mystery to me. There was so much denial-too much denial, between him and his wife. I would suspend my thoughts. I would wait...and see.

"And our mission objectives, they tell me about-Oh, God, Luke, our two governments and their S.D.I. weapons being fired at the visitors' *CONVEYANCES while* the Alphacom Team's mission objectives include negotiating with them! What is this bloody crap really about, Luke?"

"I don't really understand this dualistic thinking. Perhaps in these huge government bureaucracies, the right hand doesn't know what the left hand is doing. They so foolishly compartmentalize everything, and there is little, if any, real communication between all of these super-secret agencies. Perhaps that is why this paradox exists. All those mandarins running around, never meeting with each other. And the bureaucratic turf problems, all contributing to the push-pull syndrome, as I like to call it."

"I think you've just pinpointed one of the basic problems. And all of those military buffoons finally realizing their own impotency." I thought for a moment, waiting for a really inspiring thing to say, but what exited my mouth was this: "I think it must be quite a problem, Luke, when a general who really enjoys his power wakes up one day to find that he has no real power at all, that there are extraterran visitors who, with the movement of a finger, or the thinking of a thought to action, could neutralize and invalidate any power on earth."

"But you probably would know this. Why don't they do it? Why don't they stop all the wars?"

"A kind of 'non-intervention directive' like in 'Star Trek,* that humans would resent any enforced peace. Yes, many powers on this earth would resent such an act, even if it were something they desired, and the fact they haven't done it for themselves, that it was forced upon them This could be an altogether different approach to why S.D.I. weaponry is being used against them. Perhaps they're just leading on tl Team, making it a phony lead agency."

c Alphacom

"I must admit it, Michael, the thought has crossed my mind once or twice or three-or four-hundred bloody times."

And we both laughed-a little easier, and together. But I watched... and waited.

Chapter Twelve

An Extended Conversation with My Brother, the Prince[1]

The most beautiful of worlds, my home, and once seeing it anyone who is able to feel would agree with my great drive to push my limits to go home to the loveliest of the most lovely: My beautiful, enchanting and lovely Altara.

And my real home, Altara, had two moons and two suns (a very bright double sun, actually), just as I had dreamed-over and over that same beautiful dream. The atmosphere was pure and eloquent and sublime, and there were elevated cities, balanced on permanendy created gravity waves, and controlled atmospherics, so there was never any turbulence, nor was there ever any violent weather, something the OFF- WORLDERS had to tolerate and fear while over Earth. Sol Three's weather was not controlled, and *CONVEYANCES* had to float precariously, using gravity A waves, through Earth's atmospheric nightmares, like a cork on water that was filled with hate.

And so the Catchers of Heaven must have thought it very important to continue to interact with the Terrans which they had created, long before human calendars were finally authored. And the OFF- WORLDERS walked the earth, even before the HU MAN and the WO MAN, even before *the* Adam and *the* Eve, which they had created genetically for God, who to them was known as *THE FOREVER*

1 ANON SA RA, the moderator and Chairman of the Head Council of THE CORPORATE, an Alliance of Planets, and THE CORPORATE was based on my home, which is Altara, the fourth planet from the sun called Altair the very bright, double, variable star in the constellation of Aquila, 15.7 light-years from Earth with double Sol, as >f two sum, and Altara or Altair Four, possessing two moons or Alta One and Alta Two (Two suns during the day, two moons diing
the night).

And even as Luke continued, I could hear my brother's voice inside my mind, and it was then I could feel his tears, and that he was sad, and that he was a part of my life, and I was a part of his. And I missed him, and words could never even get near a description of the feeling. Nor could words encircle and encompass my sadness at the passing of my wife, my son, and the unborn baby she died with in her womb that terrible Christmas Day. And my brother, SA, knew how sad I was. And I knew how sad my brother was. For we knew what was in each other's hearts. For we both were also Altarans, living in perpetuity, our actuality, our eternity.

WE USED TO LAUGH. WE USED TO CRY. YOU KNOW I NEED YOU, MIKA-EL?

I know, SA.

I NEED YOU, MY BROTHER. YOU ARE A PRINCE, LIKE ME.

Don't start it all again. I'll be with you, in the blink of an eye. Wait for me. Be patient in your waiting, SA. Our hybrid project is misunderstood. Please exercise patience. There is so much yet to do.

HOW CAN I NOT, BELOVED BROTHER?

As you say, time is coming soon. I'll Fmd you. Behind the open door there lies the way to move to you, SA, my best prince of hope.

I WOULD HAVE YOU KNOW, MIKA-EL, THAT I SUFFER THE WAY OF THE IMPATIENT ONES.

Then ask for and if granted, take more strength from the old ones. They will allow it to be so.

I HAVE TRIED. BUT I TAKE AND I TAKE, AND THERE IS LITTLE LEFT.

And you, SA, the one that taught me so much. Dearest SA, you must also trust me with entirety, with wholeness, with totality, with completeness on the universal scales of the balance of *THE FOREVER.*

BUT MIKA-EL, IT SHOULD BE ME TELLING YOU. YOU HAVE GAINED SO MUCH, SO MUCH MORE THAN WE HAD EVER EXPECTED WITH YOUR BRIEF JOURNEY TO UNDERSTAND THE PRIMITIVE GENESIS. I AM SO VERY PROUD OF YOU MY BROTHER, FOR YOU HAVE EARNED YOUR PLACF TN THE CORPORATE, A PLACE BY MY SIDE THAT IS VACANT AND WAITS CONFIDENTLY, BOLDLY, AND ASSUREDLY FOR yOUR ARRIV AL.

And I promise you, SA, with all that is me, that I'll be there as expeditiously as is possible.

MIKA-EL, TO REVERE AND CHERISH AND HONOR YOU, AND REMEMBER THE RAINDROPS WITH YOU, MY BROTHER.

Yes, the raindrops with my brother, Prince (ANON) SA RA of Altara, our home. You are all that I need to feed my so hungry soul. At least the hungry soul of this Altaran.

For
spring
is
the
best
of

my
four
seasons.

MIKA-EL, LAY DOWN YOUR MIND SO THAT YOU MIGHT REST AND FIND THE CLEAR MEANINGS YOU THIRST FOR WITH SUCH A POWERFUL HUNGER AND CRAVING. ALL DOORS OPEN UP TO YOU HERE AT HOME. THE DOORS, HAVING LIFE OF THEIR OWN, OPEN TO THE TOTAL OF YOU. ALL IS THERE, YET HARD TO FIND FROM SUCH A FAR PLACE AS IS THE ONE IN WHICH YOU ARE IN THIS MOMENT. BUT WE ALL SEE IN YOU THE *BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT MIND*. DETACH YOUR MIND.

In one gulp, in my mind, I shall drink up all the waters of our home world and remember you, SA, my brother, and remember in fullness.

IN FULLNESS DO I MISS THE TIME WE HAD TOGETHER.
The following I have written for you, SA.
PLEASE SAY IT TO THIS MIND OF MINE.

I will. Here it is:

I adore my brother.
How
does
it
feel
to
be
adored?

But
I
cannot
find
enough
adjectives,
not
to
limit
nor
qualify
nor
add
any
limits
to
the
nouns.

IT IS TRULY THE WORD-SONG OF YOU, MIKA-EL, AND IT PLEASES ME TO AN EXTENT I CANNOT QUANTIFY.

Dearest brother of my genes, my flesh arranged accordingly, my beloved SA, assist me to grieve, to do that, to mourn without the waste of tears. Allow this to be so, even with your light-years differential. Whenever it is a rainy day, my thoughts go back to us at home, running ahead of the light, warming showers imbued with endless rainbow colors. You have held back a piece of my life, SA. Was it to ensure my return?

SURELY IT WAS!

And our trust in each other, oh, how that was such an extensive part of our mystical brotherhood, our mammoth blood-alliance. There are so many faces born of our relationship, so many for me to remember and attempt to review,
until
I
come
to
you,

and
you
to
me.

DEAR BROTHER, LAY DOWN YOUR MIND, IT IS THERE MIKA-EL,JUST HARD TO FIND, TIME IS COMING SOON FOR us TO RUN AGAIN IN THE FIELDS OF THE HOME, RUNNING
JUST AHEAD OF THE RAIN.

I remember. Oh, SA, I'm so impatient to go home. It is only fifteen point seven light-years, and even less than the blink of the lovely eyes that are your own. But here, on this ball of violence and hate with no sense to it, I am the creature with no form or shadow. The well of wishes has run from me, for the same well have I emptied much too quickly. Yet, for me, SA there is no thinking, no reflecting; it is the perfection of emptiness, but in it something moves, following a new course that I have yet to apprehend, to understand, discover and discern, and-yes-to penetrate it. And in time for the missing of you, I discover all of the secret schools I must know. I can say nothing owes me the living past, yet I must try to reacquire it, to retrieve, recover, recapture, repossess it before another set of hands takes it from my inner sight. To obtain it for you and for me and for us, to be, to see. My eyes can hear, and my ears can see, but I cannot hold onto it with these imperfect hands.

SWEET MIKA-EL, THERE ARE TIMES I SEEM TO POSSESS NO-MIND-NESS. I RUN SWIFTLY TO THE EXITS OF THE COUNCIL OF THE CORPORATE, THINKING YOU STAND BEHIND THE ONE I CHOOSE. BUT THEN I DISCOVER YOU ARE NOT THERE, THAT I HAVE CHOSEN WITH ERROR.

No. Not to go from me now. "Please" is the word for this beggar of more *BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT.*

My brother's voice, and inner image was gone. And I was again quite alone with myself and with Luke Bryce.

"How is your wife? What is her name again? Pm sorry, but I am bloody terrible with names sometimes. There is so much on my mind that crowds them out."

"Clarice. She sends her regards to you."

"Yes, Pve missed you, and Clarice, and your son, and what is his name again?" But I knew his name. I jolly well *had* to know his name!

"Sean. Would you want to stop for supper with them?"

"I'd love to, but we do not have the luxury of time on this mission. And I'd rather they stay in the dark on this one. Besides, it would be an imposition, as there would be no advance notice."

"I agree with you, Michael. Let's go on."

"Yes, let's," I said, though I did want to stop and see again his wife and child. It was English weather, and a misty rain required the windshield wipers. "I'll take a rain-check on that invitation. No pun intended."

We both laughed spontaneously, and there seemed an easing of whatever tension that still lay between us.

Chapter Thirteen

I Think There is Someone Living Inside of Me
or
Dr, Luke Bryce and Wolf Continue Their Trip in Dr. Bryce's Automobile
or
The Errant Wandering Knight Will Make the Magic to Make it Happen.

We continued our drive to make sure other support team leaders would be meeting us at Heathrow Airport or were leaving within ninety-six hours to meet us in the States.

Dr. Bryce, with Dr. Wolf in tow, stopped at one of those "ultra-secret" British Communication Centres, and Luke contacted the others to verify their planned time frame travel agendas.

We had a luxury now: We had time.

"How can I help you, Michael?"
"How can I help myself?"
"Are you in a mood swing?"
"Always. The new American President wants me for his goddam National Security Consultant."

INSERT, SPECIAL: Neither ahead nor behind does he look. He becomes *the author of the conspiracies, but soon, he develops blindness to them,. This is the unknown conspiracy of the rational man Peripheral vision must never be lost, but if it is, it shall be due in part, to a wounding of the total vision. The wound must be cauterized If not treated, one cannot tap into creativity.*

Chapter Fourteen

We AH Live in a Superposition State
or
Wave-particle Duality
or
We Are His Dream and He Is Our Dream
and
They Have Arrived to Explain Our Position and Theirs

A.A., a contraposition to B.C. and A.D. A.A. standing for After the Arrival.

We have unknowingly entered the time reference known now as A.A. After the Arrival of the Catchers of Heaven.

Misappropriation of apprehension or comprehension of events that occur in superposition states, or blindness, meaning the species preoccupied and unable to see, judge, evaluate, or seize, in any sense of the words: They (the "adaptable species") have been left out, as the new time-the physical time-has been twisted and curved, this time visible and displaying a mirror of itself. The manifest mirror.

The manifest mirror is space-time, with all four dimensions (actually six or more), the points of which are events (just before arriving at the event horizon).

And you say you haven't the world's crop circles figured out yet?

Oh, God! Yes! They are increasingly complex mandalas-like protests against the increasingly complex pollution of the Earth. Or shall I say, an increase in the complex way man is doing this planet-killing? Or shall I say, in this context, removing a viable legacy for the children?

And I am forced to say this, too. If we were wishing to communicate with a race beyond our world, and we felt them to be intelligent, wouldn't we use mathematics to send as messages? A universal language?

I almost—I almost-Oh, God! Yes! I see! Yes! I agree!
Good! Now what are we going to do about it?
Sigma Omicron Sigma (SOS). Sigma Omicron Sigma (HELP!)

Chapter Fifteen

Agendas, Mandalas, Crop Circles and Other Not-so-coincidental Coincidences and Daniel's Mastery of That Which Cannot Be Mastered

Let us fade in to Charley Lightman's face, as if it were somewhat transparent, except for his features, but we see beyond Charley's face, the very detailed face of Daniel Wolf, we see their faces have shape, hair, eyes, nose, mouth, and especially the lips and cheek bone structure in common-they could be identical twins, but not enough for the camera not to see. They differ just barely. But it is the voice of Daniel that we hear reading (at last) his own words, and there is no mistaking that voice.

In the face of Daniel, under the transparent face of Charley, there is bright, white light, but its source is *from* Daniel's face. It shines with bright, white light but from *within*-not so bright as to hurt the eyes.

Yet Daniel's face doesn't reflect light, as other faces. There is a powerful light from *within,* as has been said, but after a very short time, it begins to flicker, and when Daniel's voice completes the words, his face flicks off, like a fluorescent light being turned on and then off until only Charley Lightman's face is seen.

Then let's dissolve into a single, lone cloud in the air, very billowy and puffed up and white against dark blue, and the dark blue is of the color of Sean Bryce's eyes, and then we dissolve to Sean Bryce's face, specifically his eyes, and we see Sean's dark blue eyes. Tears roll out of both and the teardrops reflect a scene-briefly, of Sean on his bed, at home and in his room, with a distinctly sad look on his face-a kind of Chinese box trick, a box within a box, within a box, within...being also a symbol of the too long and terrible nature of a saddened, alienated life, which is Sean's and so many others' (including Wolf's).

And then we dissolve into black, and from that black, which remains for a few seconds, we hear Wolf speaking about his son, Daniel:

"My son, Daniel M. Wolf, never could believe in coincidences, and he often told me there were no accidents, as all things that had moved his mind and his life seemed to outline a personal and actualized, realized agenda. One could perceive events and thinking such as this as mystical, but Daniel always saw the 'world' as just one of the *designedly created constituents of the big picture. This of course, applied to all of the universe and all of the multiform systems of life within it. Daniel particularly despised and detested that time when a species became extinct. He believed there was great beauty in variety*."

And here is where Daniel begins to read his own work:

> As the universe was in the beginning, and I see here that there was no *real-time* beginning, but as we look back, we are also looking forward or frontward, for as it was in the beginning, so it will always be; humankind has found no beginning that will stand up to the *new science*, nor can he make a claim that the universe is in decay. His only experiment which would validate the universe-in-decay theory, must show the decay of protons.
> In great, deep underground labs, man has been waiting for the tracings of proton decay, and even though cosmic rays might spoil the experiment, scientists have-with some success-been able to screen-out, as it were, the decay of cosmic rays, even at that depth underground. Yet to *prove* the universe is in decay, they—the scientists who subscribe to the halo above the head of science-have yet to prove that protons decay.
>
> And let it not go unnoticed that science is only one of two sides of a coin, or a symmetrical and balanced system; God doesn't roll dice. The other side of science is the spiritual, the philosophical, the mysterious, and not forever to be enigmatic.
> And here, in this part of my mind, I have learned (and the man whom I owe, showing me that there is more than one road to the truth I seek, and if anyone reading this does not know who this man is, I should think it proper for the person who knows not, to go no further, for this person must go back again to school, or have a child to teach his soul to...) Again I must repeat, I have learned that there are in existence islands where the dream is king, and the beings with grey skin, who light the pathways so that I may see where and how I am getting there.
>
> Just for a change, can't we dispense—do away—with villains? Man must be controlled sufficiendy so that the cycle of conflict is broken; then there must be "beings" at all sensitive areas to secure the selected sector, to ensure and guarantee the "cycle" not be started again. This, of course, would mean many sectors

and many guarantors to carry out such a bizarre plan for global peace.

One thing more, the nations or tribes of the planet must come together as one global tribe or one global village, with one group of elected officials to assume the positions that ensure the guarantees. We here—on this earth—have no more time. I must hope the hope of the hopeless, and it is this: If one gets the message and spreads the *exact* message to someone else, and he to someone else, and he to someone else...if such a message-truthfully spoken-makes the rounds, so to speak, it would not be a terribly long time before everyone is privy to the message.

One must-we all must-hear and believe the message, and not fixate upon the messenger.

And now let's pan away slowly and dissolve to what comes next:

INSERT, SPECIAL:

For
the
race
called
HUMAN
high
colonic
between
the
ears
is
required.

To
shake
him
from
his
complacency
in
his
battle
with
LIGHT
and
DARK.

Reference should be made to the crop circles, which very well might indicate the circle or cycle of the conflict between war-between the LIGHT and the DARK, besides being a mathematical form of communication.

If Daniel ever hated anything, it was the time when it was announced that another species had become extinct. Mankind has always-but very deeply, and tried to deny it-realized that he-the human-really knows so very little about his world and the space and celestial bodies surrounding it.

Man loves the idea of maintaining that the crop circles continue to be a great mystery. Yet there are two possible explanations: First, they are

mandalas, and a mandala is a powerful symbol of the wholeness of a circle and its relationship to the structure and harmony of the universe. Second, the mandala relates to the harmonious place of a world, both in itself, and also within the universe. [1]

I miss you, Danny.

I miss you, too, Daddy.

Will I ever see you again, Danny?

Of course you will, Daddy. And I salute the best father who ever was, and who ever will be...

Chapter Sixteen

The Hostages Are Rescued
or
Conspiracy Be Not the Charge
or
A Scientist Acts Out His Concern
or
The Dual Meaning of Project D.A.R.T.,
or Should It Be Said, The Gateway Treatment
or
The Higher Mental Powers Development
(H.M.P.D.) Project
or
The Getaway Scenario
or
A Special Gaze into Dr. Luke Bryce's Hell at Home
or
Everyone Has a Hell; It is Just the Location
That Differs

And the captives who were referred to as "guests," have been freed from their particularly effective confines and have joined with their mates, and now see and perceive what the so-called "negativist-abductees" have often, while screaming, flashed into the OFFWORLDERS' collective consciousness. They had never entertained with each other-as a collec- tive- the assumption that the terror, the fear, the panic, the fright of their "guests" might have been accurately compared to their feelings as "guests" of the government. They did not shoot their human guests, but

the government did; thus they perceived a more narrow view and saw no logical parallels. They needed to be persuaded, during the Alphacom Team's so-called "negotiations," that, although a large number of ab- ductees thought of themselves as participants and had been *chosen*, another, perhaps larger part, thought of themselves as victims.

As important as before-perhaps much more significantly—the twofold meaning of Project D.A.R.T., first the obvious one: Defense Alien Research Training. The second meaning required a different approach, considering that EBEs were-many times-mistreated, even by savage standards: Defense Alien Rescue Training. I saw the necessity-after Kolta and other guests of the government of the United States of America had tried to escape their "lavish guests' quarters" and had all been fired on-again, the necessity of not only developing the DART Project but also of developing an alternative to the original.

I had also witnessed, on one of my many trips to Wright-Pat Dayton, Ohio, Area S-51, and S-4, and underground facilities in Dulce, New Mexico; one of the meeting installations for the MJ12SSG, under the Greenbriar Hotel in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, "Raven Rock," otherwise known as "Site R-0001;" the facility within Mt Weather, near Bluemont, Virginia; Mt. Pony, near Culpeper, Virginia; War- renton Training Center, Warrenton, Virginia; the Viewtree Mountain facility; Manzano Mountain Facility with rail-tunnels to Kirkland AFB and Sandia National Laboratories in New Mexico; and the "new bunker facility" on more levels than anyone had originally suspected the "black funding (hidden in other budgets) capable of funding, and about twelve other underground facilities that cannot even be mentioned by name. Some of them had no names, just site numbers, but what we did not want to see were autopsy tables with tie-down straps, clearly demonstrating an apparent need to dissect specimens while alive!

The Gateway Treatment, or the Gateway Project, was something I had been working on since receiving the concept during my first recollected missing time episode during my early childhood. I was aware that man used approximately 10 to 15 percent of the brain's neurons and wondered what would occur if he were able to use more. After joining the Union of Concerned Scientists, I began to refuse to hand over, so to speak, my findings thus far, to the Department of Defense, the National Security Agency, the F.B.I., the Defense Intelligence Agency, and last but not least, that inquisitive group, the National Security Council in the White House.

It had been suggested to me that if a greater than average percentage of the brain were in use, "our" side would have an obviously distinct advantage at the negotiating tables with our "adversaries. Yet, I could uot get the mental picture and its emotional impact of J. Robert Oppenheimer out of my mind, and Senator Joseph McCarthy crucify-

ing" so many good and loyal patriots, using innuendo, now known as a political practice of publicizing accusations of disloyalty and subversion with insufficient regard to evidence.

Flop down,
hit the floor,
now you know
there is no more.

Luke and I continued our drive on the highway to Heathrow Airport. "Luke," I said, interrupting his thoughts, "please pull over. I've changed my mind, and if it isn't too late for you, I'd like to accept that offer of supper with you, Clarice, and Sean." I was sensing some form of pure connection, and suddenly, there was a new awareness thrust through and shaking what I thought were the immense, colossal roots of my soul.

He took the nearest exit and pulled into a rest area with a telephone. He appeared gladdened by my change of plans, and he rang up his wife, and, starting with a profuse apology, he began to use his highest sensibilities of diplomacy to obtain his wife's consent to a late supper. We were taking a military jet to the States, and we had no special departure time, nor any time schedules that would affect our use of our last hours in the U.K. I tried not to listen, but since it was a warm night, and I thought it not propitious to turn on the air conditioning, as his engine was not running, I rolled up my window so as not to seem discourteous by appearing to be listening to his wife's reaction to this last-minute request.

It was quite evident that she hadn't been prepared for a guest and a late supper. An occasional glance at his face revealed what I had feared most. He hadn't said very much about how his family had reacted to his new, time-consuming assignment. He was still on the phone, but even through the car window, I could hear him shouting at her. During her rebuttal, also shouting, I saw the phone receiver move farther and farther away from his ear, while sneaking a look at me and calling up a rather forced smile. He returned to the driver's side of the car, and getting in, and speaking very casually, said, though his eyes avoided mine, "She'd be delighted! She and Sean would love to see you again."

"I'll bet. It appears a hard act you're trying to perform and convince me of a certain point of view and outcome. I'm not at all convinced. I'm sure it's an imposition at this late hour. Not that I have reconsidered my-"

He was swift in interrupting: "Michael, please do not change your mind. It's over, damn it! They're both expecting you now. It's just that you are hardly one to act so spontaneously. In getting to know you, I have found you to act only after you've planned everything and have examined all possible scenario-type reactions. And generally, you will try to anticipate the reactions of all involved, both directly and indirectly, as a result of your decision-making."

"You have a good point there, but I think there is a need for me to see your wife and son, at least you believe there is a need, something that is in your mind, and you've isolated thoughts that would be hard for you to open up and share easily with me. I hope that I won't be treading on something that is not for my ears."

He gazed ahead at the traffic, rather stiff, and a bit concerned. Yet he wasn't the sort to spell everything out. In many ways, he was a very private man. And after knowing me for a longer period of time, he expected more from me, more so than he did from most other people with whom he worked and interacted.

Watching the highway, he said, with some minor difficulty in presentation, "Clarice was at first very irritated. You see, they'd been waiting supper for me, and at least expected me to ring them up. But she did want to see you, and Sean, too, before you returned to the States." He was feeling uncomfortable, and shifted his weight several times. He wasn't overweight, and I sensed a rather strong dilemma over which he felt himself and his wife to be powerless-something that didn't seem to relate to his work. Luke was a man who needed control. When he wasn't able to exercise that control, he became impatient and sometimes irrationally so. Yet, once he was able to see the situation from a better perspective, he was usually able to take charge. He enjoyed this exercise of control, and it made him a valuable operative.

"What is it, Luke? What's wrong?" I asked, and tried to sound as sympathetic as I could.

He inhaled deeply, as if it would help him to say something he had evidently been straggling with for a substantial amount of time. "It's our son, Michael. We've been holding—both Clarice and me—a great deal of tension, holding it inside, not knowing to whom to turn."

"You know, Luke, I've known the three of you for quite awhile now. You've always seemed so close, and the three of you so fortunate and happy with each other as a family. You're a great-looking family. You could have been bloody fashion models! You, Luke, look like you've just stepped out of *Gentlemen's Quarterly*. And Clarice looks like she could have posed recently for a *Playboy* centerfold. And Sean must have been— and at eighteen, most probably still is—a knock-out for the girls, a real treat to women's eyes.

"In the States," I went on, "we have these male strippers called the Chippendales'—I think that's their name—and women go to see them and have wonderful fantasies about bedding their favorite, after a night at one of those male strippers clubs. Oh, boy, would Sean be an enormous hit in that situation! Has he ever thought of modeling? Wait a minute. In England, you must also have those male stripper joints, and what a perfect way for him to earn a lot of extra money. With his looks, the women would be throwing ten pound notes at him—there'd be a god

dam mountain of money around him, as he danced for those passionate English ladies!"

"Oh, God, Michael, shut up! Don't you understand? It's *men* he wants to love! Bloody men! Not women!" Luke's hurt was like a jagged knife cutting into my chest. How could I have been so insensitive, so bloody apathetic?

"Could you ever forgive me? I should have known, but...And you three always seem so very close, so able to share just about anything at all with each other. I'm sorry, I think I've gotten slightly carried away. You were talking about a problem. It is in addition to his life-style preference?"

Luke appeared to find within himself the power to momentarily calm himself, at least enough to continue speaking about his son. "It's more than that with Sean. He's always been very popular with girls at college. They're forever ringing him up when he's home on holiday. Last Christmas holiday, I awoke about three-thirty A.M. and I heard something like muffled sounds. They seemed to be coming from the bathroom. Without waking Clarice, I got out of our bed and very quiedy walked to the bathroom door." He began to speak nervously, in staccato fashion, with short, clipped sentences. "It was closed. The bathroom door. It was locked. Sean was inside. He had the water running. He had it running to cover the sound. The sound of his sobbing. I knocked. He would not admit me." Luke's voice was cracking, as tears formed in his eyes.

"What was it, Luke?" I asked, attempting a degree of firmness. It hurt me to see this man losing control.

"I suppose you'd better know this before we get there. Clarice insisted I tell you. She's of the opinion you have a good influence on people, especially disturbed ones." I could feel the tension in the air of the small space inside his automobile.

"Tell me, Luke." Again I was insistent.

"Sean had slashed his wrists, but didn't know how to keep the bathroom tidy while he bled to death."

It seemed an eternity, but finally we pulled up into Luke's circular driveway. (Just half a circle from the street; the circle was not closed. It seemed as if unfinished, a circle not as yet closed. Was there-of course!— something indelicate, unrefined within the home of Dr. Bryce?)

"Michael, tell me. How do Clarice and I handle this son of ours?"

"Gendy. And Luke, I am not just trying to be clever."

The supper was uneventful, but for the fact that my concentration on their table conversation was consistendy interrupted. I would join in with a comment, insert a word or two in the talk, but I was distracted, as I sensed eyes gazing at me. The eyes belonged to Sean Bryce, and I tried to accept graciously the staring while trying not to be diverted from what I was trying to do-just to hold up my side of the conversation.

Clarice passed a dish of Yorkshire pudding to me and said, "I suppose for you, Michael, and for Luke, it must be difficult to maintain all of your codes of secrecy, while wondering just what you can and cannot say. I think what I mean by that is knowing whether a pertaining subject has been declassified or not. Is it really that way, Michael?"

Luke began to answer, but Clarice waved him off. "Luke, darling, I was asking Michael. Why can't he answer for himself?"

Sean's silence had been deafening, but when his mother asked the question, he said, "Yes. Why can't Michael answer for himself?"

"Sean, darling," Clarice cautioned, "you really should call Michael, 'Dr. Wolf.'"

"No, Clarice," I interjected, "I really don't see why Sean can't call me by my first name. No offense, Clarice."

"None taken, Michael. I just feel that Dr. Wolf is a more respectful way for a man of your age and academic achievement to be addressed. After all, Sean's only eighteen."

"Clarice. Please don't take this the wrong way, but I really think respect isn't as much of an issue as seems to be Sean's age, and in what place, socially, people think he ought to be, in terms of comparative ages, and numbers of academic degrees, and achievements. Sometimes, at eighteen, a lot of *don'ts* begin to arrive in your life. Please, Clarice. This is not to be taken personally, but I think there may be a little misplaced stress on Sean. I think that Sean, with the new pressures of college and new adjustments, ought to be given a little more leeway. Again, Pm not an expert, but I feel that there are enough pressures during adolescence- even late adolescence—with which a young person must naturally cope."

Sean smiled or rather beamed a smile in my direction. "He's right, Mom and Dad. He's absolutely right." Sean nodded his head, as if in agreement with himself...and me. Supper seemed over. There was silence. Sean excused himself and went up to his room. I should have felt bad about being so difficult with Clarice, but I felt deeply that I had said the right thing. No one at that table that night had been willing (or able) to take Sean Bryce's side on an issue of paramount size...to Sean.

Just a few minutes after leaving the table, Luke and Clarice seemed to relax rather dramatically. They were demonstrably hugging each other in a kind of extended good-bye. During their rather intimate behavior, I took the opportunity to go up to the bathroom to freshen up. As I was leaving to return downstairs, I noticed Sean's door open just a crack and saw one of his eyes watching through the narrow opening. When he saw I was quite alone, he opened his door a little wider and asked if I could come into his room for a brief moment. Upon my entrance, he locked the door. He moved nearer to me and asked, "What did Mom and Dad say about me?" He was visibly trembling.

Not much. It was more what they *didn't* say."

"Did they tell you I was a bloody fag? Did they tell you that the hospital where I was born might have switched babies on them?" He continued to shudder. Then tears began to roll steadily out of his extraordinary dark blue eyes.

"I think it was more or less intimated. Not the business about the baby, but the other thing you said."

"Yes, that *other thing* I said. They hate me, you know," he said, staring intensely into my eyes, so severe a gaze that I began to think of how I could quickly get out of his room, how directly it might be accomplished. I felt fear overtaking me.

"One day, very soon, we must have a good, long talk. I do really think we should. I think there is so much more to it than what you are thinking right now."

"I would love it if we could spend some time together. And alone. Perhaps a motel, or a hotel. I wish you weren't going back to the States so soon." And the more he said, and the more he looked at me in that special way he had of looking, the more I had to look directly into his eyes, so that he'd believe I really meant what I was saying, and the more hurt he seemed to generate from his expression, the more uncomfortable I was becoming.

"Perhaps there might be a way you could come to the States with us," I said.

"Oh, Michael, that would be so perfect, and I could spend some time with you and try to explain what Pm going through. But I doubt that I'd be given the security clearance." There were still tears welling up in his eyes and overflowing, and I didn't know what to say, and I was very frightened, not so much about the fact that I'd have to set down parameters for his behavior, but about how I would feel.

I was beginning to feel myself trembling, and beads of perspiration began to me to be conspicuous; I hoped he hadn't noticed, but my shaking had become worse, and I wasn't perspiring, I was *sweating* profusely. "Would you mind unlocking the door so that I could go downstairs?"

He didn't respond. I looked directly into his face and saw a profound, desperate, and furious despair. I had never seen desperation quite this fierce before, not in all of the years that I had been observing emotional extremes.

Sean's room had one dim light turned on, but the rest of the room seemed dark, depressing (matching his mood), and foreboding. I took in a very deep breath. I felt very ill at ease. I felt conscious of an impending danger to my exposed heart, and I had tried so very hard to camouflage and conceal it. Or at least most of it.

Without speaking another word, he unlocked the door and allowed me to exit his multiple crises and the many levels of hell I could see surrounding him in such a way as to prevent even an emergency departure.

Chapter Seventeen

In The Bryce Home with Hell's Private Stock or When Living Dreams Invade Your Secret Spaces and Attach and Pull You into the Places Least-desired

This new fear I was feeling, I thought I could never imagine. I rejoined Luke and Clarice. Clarice began with, "Michael, you look pale. Almost frightened."

"I *am* frightened. Please, would you get me a scotch, and make it a triple?"

"Ice? And or soda?" she asked.

"Neat," I answered. They both observed that I was trembling, nearly uncontrollably, something they probably had never expected from me, particularly considering the frightening experiences I'd had in my work with the OFFWORLDERS.

Clarice brought my triple quickly, and along with it, on a tray, brought drinks for herself and Luke. "He caused you quite a fright, didn't he?"

"There are no words to even get near the emotions he brought about in me."

I had gulped down my drink. "A refill, Michael?" she asked, knowing that I was severely agitated. This time, I began to try to sip my second triple.

Clarice spoke first. "I think Luke and I-until now-have been very selfish, very self-oriented. Luke with his medical reputation, his part-time private practice, the book he's working on, his work with intelligence, my women friends and the charities that thrust us in the public eye, *and* how Sean's preferred life-style might-no, probably will-impact on both our lives." She paused to take a couple of generous sips of her drink,

waiting for Luke to interject some support to her side of an argument that had not as yet come into existence. He was silent, so she continued.

"And all through these nightmarish times, and as much as we love our son, we felt it necessary to impress upon him that *his* orientation, so to speak, was incompatible with the structure and goals of *our* private and public lives."

I said nothing at first, again sipping on my second triple scotch. My nerves had begun to be calmed, and the former singularly sloppy thinking in which I had been mired dropped away from me, allowing a more empathic set of emotions to take the place of the general panic I had felt before the two triples.

Now I could coexist with the feeling and comfortably overtake and minimize the running-away-from-commitment feeling and the rage that would surely threaten to cut deeply into the flesh of an already chilled heart.

Clarice, again, spoke for herself and Luke, and I finally saw their son refilling the former empty, walled-off spaces that they had worked so hard to make permanent in their minds. Their facial muscles relaxed and seemed to lose the spasms of keep-the-distance-at-all-costs from any place where the walls could be pierced.

Love could touch love, and Sean knew it, and Luke and Clarice knew Sean knew. [1]

I held up my glass. Clarice looked at it, and I asked for just one more refill.

"A triple again?" she asked.

"No," I answered. *Just a very potent double."

And Luke joined my request with one of his own. Then he asked, "Michael?"

"Yes?"

"There is something that we cannot avoid any more," and Luke was suddenly whispering, so as not to be overheard by the boy upstairs who had somehow—*I had thought until recently*—come from *their* bodies in love's natural gift, but now was located face down on his bed, emptying his body of salt and water through his eyes, and, for the benefit of all downstairs, sobbing as silently as possible.

I knew this because in my mind I could see it. I could hear this thoughts.

And Luke continued, and I was beginning to feel a new loathing for both Luke and Clarice.

"Fve been to every lecture you've ever given in this country, and I know from your dossier that in addition to all of your degrees, you attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. This is very difficult

for Clarice and me to ask of you, but would you ring up military liaison and see if we might postpone the trip for a day or so? As it is now, we have until next Wednesday to be in Nevada."

"I have no problem with that, Luke. I do have a problem with what you may ask me to do."

Luke seemed to become pale again, and Clarice got up and prepared three more fresh drinks. She did not inquire as to whether I wanted a refill this time. Luke cleared his throat as if to signal his wife. His voice shook with uncertainty. "God, Clarice, do you think perhaps you could *help* me to ask Michael to help us? This is such a bloody big favor to ask."

Clarice returned with the drinks, saying, "Perhaps we *shouldn't* ask Michael to help us. While we were talking it over, it didn't seem as much of a goddam imposition on him. Now it seems-"

Luke interrupted. "Clarice! We can't ask him! It wasn't a very good idea. Let's just bloody forget it!"

The scotch had numbed me so much, I felt as if I had just rented out my head. I had to get back in touch with my feelings. I had to try to understand theirs.

Clarice had a look of pure pain on her face. "Michael, you've had acting lessons at the American Academy. Would it be possible-I mean, could you?— *would* you?—make it like an acting part? You've seen Sean. He's almost too beautiful to be a man. Perhaps he should have been a wo—"

"Clarice! Stop!" Luke was shouting. "You're making me sick! You're probably making Michael sick!"

"Please, Luke, let me finish. Sean's had very little experience. He confided in me that he was still a virgin. With both women *and* men. He's had no experience at all. One thing I can say about Sean: I don't believe he's ever lied to us. Ever! Sean and I, since he cut his wrists last Christmas Day, have become so much closer. I've had to *force* myself.

"But, Michael, he's such a wonderful boy. It isn't that you'd have to have sex with him at first. He's told me that he wants a relationship with a man who doesn't want to take him to bed at first sight. Many men have—how do you say?—'come on' to him, and he hates that. He wants to have his fantasy come true. To meet someone, to sleep in his arms at first. No sex until the proper friendship has been built.

"And tonight," Clarice went on, "while helping me in the kitchen with supper, he told me you were the most beautifiil man he'd ever seen. And he asked me if I believed in true love, whatever that means. Michael, I*ve never seen him so happy, while in his mind he must have been fantasizing. I know he's fallen in love with you, Michael." Clarice seemed
exhausted.

Ask the question! Ask the goddam question! I was thinking so hard, I hoped I had not already lost control and asked it out loud. I lit a cigarette. I took a deep drag on it, and felt slightly light-headed, as I hadn't had one for several hours.

Then I had to speak. "Yes, Dr. Bryce?"

Clarice seemed emotionally exhausted. Luke spoke. "Michael?" was all he could ask.

"Yes, Luke?"

"Sean has a crush on you. He has had this crush for the last year and a half, since you've been getting together with us recently."

"I know," I said, with warmth. "I know it hurts. But what do you want me to do? I've given up trying to resist you. Both of you."

"Goddam it, Michael! It's my bloody son's emotions! He's the only child Clarice and I will ever have. We *still* don't know how were able to have him." (After all these years they were both in a classic denial syndrome.)

"Speak to me, Luke. What are you saying?"

"I don't know-I don't know! I do *not* know, Michael!"

"Calm down, Luke. Please. Calm down."

"Oh, God, Michael. Do I have to spell the whole goddam bloody thing out to you?"

"Talk to me, Luke. Talk to me."

"Two years before Clarice and I married, her reproductive organs were removed."

Clarice appeared as if she hadn't any trouble talking about it. "Michael, I had cancer. Ovarian and uterine. Both."

"So you adopted Sean."

Luke's smile looked twisted. "No! No, Michael. Clarice *gave birth* to Sean! Sean came out of Clarice! He is our flesh and blood, Michael!"

"Luke, you told me that when you were young, you had these Grey imaginary friends. Did you have them, too, Clarice?"

"Yes, Michael," she answered. "I remember them. I was very young—but, yes, I had them too."

I was careful of my tone of voice. "Then perhaps *they helped* Clarice to have Sean."

Luke looked at me carefully, guardedly. "Michael, I think Sean fits the Nordic-type perfectly. At first, Clarice and I were in denial, but it was actually Sean who gave us the clues."

"Sean gave you the clues?"

"Michael," Luke said, again carefully, "Sean, we believe, has the ability to read our minds, at least to a degree, and he knows he's different, not just in his sexual preferences. It's as if he has waited for you, Michael, to come along.

"I think he's been in love with you ever since he first met you, per- haps- and this is very far out, and I would appreciate your confidentiality with this-but I think Sean was in love with you even before he knew of your existence, and this is where he seems a paradox, but he always knew a man was coming to find him, to be with him. He even knew the man's name, and it was Michael."

Luke continued. "Really, Michael, he's always known there was some- one out there for him, and he'd have to wait, but he knew that man would be older, at least in our years, and, as I've said, he knew that man's name would be Michael. I hate to seem repetitious, but when he met you, he secretly told me *you were that man.* I believe he's known about himself, but not totally. He's always been uncomfortable with everything 'human,' he's always felt alienated and not just because of his sexual preference."

I could hear Sean talking to my mind, and it was so very clear to me now: "Oh, Michael, how long I have waited for you to come to me. Oh, how I adore you. Michael."

And I answered that I would come up to his room as soon as I had calmed his parents.

And he answered, again in my mind, "I'm not in any hurry anymore. I've found you, Michael. I've waited so very long for you. Yes, do calm my parents first. We have time, now, to be together."

And yet I had a thought in my mind that I knew I had to sequester, to keep from Sean, and I put up a mental wall around it, a wall that I could be certain Sean could never "see" with his mind.

I had the idea, and I knew how it had been received in my mind, and how I knew about it, and I knew I would lose him, that something terrible would happen to him, that I would have very little time with Sean. That he would die. *They* had told me in my mind, so I quickly quarantined the thought so that Sean could not hear it in my mind.

Chapter Eighteen

A Little Time with Sean Before He'd Be Taken
or
How to Spend a Most Precious Time Frame
with
Sean Bryce, the Wondrous
and
Stupendous and Stupefying Squanderer
of
Time He Thought He Had
but
Did Not As He Knew Not
How and When He Would Be Betrayed
and
Fall So Quickly Out of My Life [I]

I took the stairs, mounting them quickly to get to Sean's room. I did not have to knock, as he knew I was there, and opened his door, and in my mind I saw him open his chest containing his heart for my close attention. In my mind, I isolated and insulated and sequestered the knowledge of his impending death; I was good enough at it to wall off the knowledge of his dissolution from his mind.

He looked radiant and effulgent and resplendent.

And Sean insisted on reading me a line or two or three or more of what he had written for me:

"And some," said he, "must go the way of one who knows the face of earth and moon and star. Yet to be, said he, in wine-color cloth of the blood of the lamb. And here I stand, watching each face that passes me

for the one I know, who is a part of me, and I a part of him. It is you that I know better yet than He who made you. I know the heart of you that beats rhythms that unknowingly match those of my own heart which I give up and into your safe keeping. That face of yours I see in my electric dreams, and I want to be where you are, to yell, to scream for you to come to me as if out of the Void, and now I can see that it is you."

His breathing was much eased by my being there with him, and he smiled.

"Is that all of it?" I asked, knowing it was not.

"There's more, Michael."

"Please continue then, Sean."

He began to read the rest, and he seemed genuinely happy:

> "What have I done so cruelly, with such malice to deserve this? To see you pass by where I stand, and not so much as a look, less a loving one, do you send in my direction, surely not to give to me. There must be a reason why I do not know and spend my life in the imagined glow of your soul. For this to you is a look, as heaven is in your eyes, but not for the likes of mine, mine that are empty and wait for filling. Yes, dear spirit, I wait for you to come to me, to offer that kindness that is yours alone to give to me this day on the sand, on the beach near that special tree, and soon I am passing away. Not to say farewell but to be enshrined by the framing of your love twice given, but only once received from thee to me. I beg to be forgiven if indeed I do offend that part of you that is me..."

"Dear Sean, I cannot be what you *think* you want me to be. I think you already know. You said you beg to be forgiven if indeed you do offend that part of me that is you. If you could write that, that a part of me is you, then you must know the truth of it."

"I think I do, Michael."

"Do you understand that you are not what you thought you were?"

"I think so, but tell me nevertheless." He looked at me with such loving eyes, that I was suddenly quite sober and more than a little scared.

"You've never had sex with a man and still you think you're gay."

"I'm different from those of my age. I've never been attracted sexually to women."

"Or *men either*. And alienated?" I asked. "Do you feel alienated?"

"Yes." It was just a simple "yes."

And there was suddenly the untouched boy, the virgin, totally unspoiled by the vices of man. "Sean, listen to me, and listen well. There is nothing wrong with wanting a little male or fatherly affection. But that,

in itself, does not put you into the category in which you think you belong."

"It is wrong to love you, to want to have you hug me, to want to sleep in your arms?"

"Do you feel sexually aroused?"

"No." The answer was pure.

"Has *any* man or boy EVER sexually aroused you?"

"That's what I can't seem to understand. Why am I not aroused sexually?"

"Let's try an experiment. I know you want very much for me to hold you in my arms. And I will, if you promise to tell me whether or not holding you arouses you, and I want the truth."

We both stood there in his room. I took him in my arms, but I was frightened. "Oh, Michael, you feel so good. But you are right. I do not, in any way, feel sexual. But don't stop holding me. My father never held me in my entire life. At least, I cannot remember any one time. Even when he found me in the bathroom, after I had cut my wrists, once he bandaged them, *still* he hardly even touched me. He is a doctor, yet he looked at me as if I had the black plague or something like that. He couldn't *hold* me. He just could not, he just couldn't even bloody hold me!"

I held him tightly as he cried and talked into my shoulder. Again I began to be the symbol of a father another had never had.

And Sean continued to talk into my shoulder. "Oh, Michael, why do I feel such a part of you? You holding me now seems all I've ever wanted. And I think maybe you are correct. That I am not gay, but that in having you hold me, I am being-this must sound so crazy!"

"No," I said, still holding him, still hearing his words being spoken into my shoulder, "it doesn't sound crazy. But finish that thought, the one that sounds crazy to you."

"Am I your son?" he asked. He had moved his head slightly, to breathe, and his words tickled my ear and sent shivers down my spine. "There is something deep inside me, something that tells me that *I am from you.* Could I be your son? Am I?"

Now he was really tickling my ear, and I had a small laugh come out of me, as if a spasm. I held him away from my ear, held him in front of my face, and, as he looked deeply into my eyes, I looked deeply into his.

Again he pulled me closer to him, and again I pushed him gendy from me so I could look once again into his eyes, and as I looked into those deep blue eyes, I saw me standing there, in his eyes. "Don't you really know yet who you are?" I asked, tenderly, holding him away from me, holding his elbows, as he began to hold mine.

"I *am* from you. Oh, God! I know it! I thought I was gay because I was different.[1] I *am* different. The little Grey ones made me, and they made me from you...and who?"

"From me, and from my brother, whose name is SA."

I could feel him shudder from the sudden infusion of knowledge. "My body is made from you, and your brother. I've always thought that UFOs were rubbish. But them, they, you, me-we're here! What am I called by the Earth governments? Oh, yes. I'm a Nordic type." He shuddered again with the new knowledge.

(Now we see that Sean Bryce had thought to himself that the sexuality of the homosexual is really repugnant. As was with Charley—he needed physical affection and approval, since he never had such from his father-not sexual affection-from another man, especially since his genetic information came from SA and my Self. Sean Bryce's wants and desires are these-just like those of Charley Lightman and my own son- gentle hugs and to sleep in my arms for a certain kind of security and approval while entering adulthood. They want just the security of sleeping in the arms of a man they know will not try to seduce them, but will approve of them and validate their lives.)

"Sean, come here, and sit a moment on your bed with me. But first turn on all of the lights in your room," I said, as I had now begun to truly understand some of the children whom the Catchers of Heaven had been creating for so long a time now. He had turned on five lamps and one overhead lamp in the ceiling.

"Is this acceptable to you?" His appearance was breathtaking. He had the same dazzling long blond hair as did SA, a flawless face and skin,

[1] His problems—as in the sense of lifestyle-have been brought into his reality because he knew always, and from the very first time of self-awareness, that he was different, and he mistakenly thought that it meant that he was "gay." Yet he is merely alienated-of course-he is an extraterrestrial.

A number of people who are of alien production think at first that their difference may be that they are homosexual, not, of course, that they might be the offspring of alien genetics! And when a person *knows* he is different, and that he *feels* different, and feels a sense of alienation, in human culture one of the first so-called "abnormal" ways that one may perceive himself to be... is gay. Not that being gay is such a terrible thing. It is only terrible because people-specifically, his peers-"see" him to be terrible.

When you combine all of this into a confused self-appraisal, alienated or perhaps having a different sexual orientation would seem to be your best explanations; never would a mixed-up, alienated boy assume he was a genetically engineered extraterrestrial! No, that would be the very last thing on his mind, even if he were unconsciously aware of it.

and the darkest, most beautiful blue eyes I had ever seen. Not like the blue of a human's eyes, Sean's were so deep and dark, and yet blue, that I thought if I continued to look into them, they'd pull me into their blue, as if into an ocean. They were very much like SA's but, if it were possible, better. Not as tired looking. And now that he was out of the shad- ows-shadows he constandy tried to live within, thinking he was too different to be accepted-he seemed to me to be so different from human. I saw before me the perfect example of the Nordic type we members of the Alphacom Team had studied as one of the EBE types.

Oh, he could pass as human, but he was-if it were possible—too handsome. It seemed all of the physical genetic information he possessed was from SA. Not from me. Yet there was something about his face-not his features, but the look in it-something that reminded me of me.

"Now I know why the girls chase you. But you should be proud of what and who you are."

"I am now, Michael."

The Alphacom Team had been briefed that many such young Nordic type aliens were living on Earth, and passing for human.

"You've made me so happy. It was like you threw a switch, and suddenly I know *everything*

He had the most incredible spirituality. I was beginning to feel like a one-hundred-percent sonofabitch.

Chapter Nineteen

The Voices Tell Me of the Ones Who Have the Special Dreams But Are Stranded or The Ones with the Serenity and Courage

Sean's intellect had always stunned the ones who tested him with the IQ tests. He had the highest ever recorded. And as he grew older, he must have had the instinct to spend most of his hours alone. Yet also as he grew, his higher mental powers grew commensurate and equal to his inner knowledge. But he had walled it off, as he had never met one of his kind before and had begun to feel alienated. He misinterpreted his difference to sexuality and felt he had severely disappointed his parents, and so he did nothing about his strange feelings. Except, perhaps, to try to remove himself from life.

In his genetic memory-a memory that he had no way of knowing was "genetic"-there seemed to him nothing morally or ethically wrong. Yet, his family-Luke and Clarice-inhibited his self-esteem from growing normally by further underscoring to him that his different lifestyle (one which he had never even tried!) was somehow wrong.

"Sean, are you aware that you were born at home—that your father did not want you born in a hospital because the physicians there might ask a lot of embarrassing and awkward questions? Questions like why you didn't need to be attached to your mother. And she didn't have any ovaries, and had been what we call 'barren' and could not have become pregnant, and yet somehow that little and beautiful baby, like clockwork, literally shot out of her and into your father's hands, normally, head first."

"It must have been quite a sight," and he laughed a laugh that was absolutely lovely, a kind of royal laugh, as it were, and I wished that he and his laugh would always be.

"I heard you were an incredibly lovely infant. But your parents kind of went into a denial syndrome. They knew it was an impossibility, though they were so grateful to have a child, they never exposed or betrayed you as not being 'human.' Do you know what else, as a physician, your father does?"

"Well, I'm not supposed to know, but he works for an ultra-secret group that, with one in your country, studies the possibilities of there being aliens not only on other planets, but visiting this one."

"Yes, and he knows deep in his heart, but being in denial, he's found it hard to admit," I said, as I felt Sean scanning my thoughts.

"Am I an alien, then?" he asked, still probing my mind.

"Did you know that reading my mind is not a very polite thing to do, Sean?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Michael. I wasn't aware I was doing that."

"Oh, I think you were aware you were doing it. But please, Sean, you must stop feeling guilty about everything. You've gotten yourself into a bad habit of blaming yourself for everything you do that someone, anyone, says is wrong. You are unlike other people. You are extraordinarily gifted.

"I haven't told your father yet, but I've been able to secure a very high classification for you, as I have requested a personal research assistant, and I was able to get you that classification because I've known you for such a long time. At least that's what I told my superior. I told him you were a gifted human, and as you were the son of my British liaison, my boss gave a green light to my request. Sean, you will be, be...safe... with me." I was thinking that if I kept him with me, perhaps he wouldn't have to give up his life. The thought of his dying infuriated me, especially as I was supposedly the brother of the Altaran Prince.

"Then I'll be allowed to stay with you in the States?"

"Only if you keep your identity to yourself. And only if your father does not turn you in as a Nordic."

"Oh, he'd never do that to me!"

"Somehow, when you've been in this business as long as I have, you learn to-while you're walking-constandy take a look behind to see if there is anyone following. You develop a kind of second sight, which you trust more than the people with whom you work."

"Michael," Sean said, his face stiffening, as if in firm resolve, "if we should ever be separated, will you ever forget me?"

"Yes, Sean, I just might."

He seemed instantly saddened and about to cry.

I took him in my arms and whispered in his ear, tickling his as he had tickled mine. "I'll forget you the very moment I die, and when lam *no more,?* " , ' .

He held me, too, and said, "I think I deserved that one."

"You know I'll never forget you!"

"I know it now. And soon, Michael, I shall look for a nice *girl* to spend whatever time I have left with her, for yours were half the genes that made me, and I certainly still detest incest."

"Very good. Just what I wished. Problem solved, Sean, problem solved. And soon I'll be with my wife."

"I know. I heard it in your mind. It was very loud, and I wasn't rude, you know. If you care for someone, you want them to be happy, and her name is Sarah, and you'll never be happy *without* her."

"Again you astound me with your insight. I do need my Sarah. I need my Sarah!! I need my Sarah!"

And God sees, and waits...

Chapter Twenty

And the Voice Was Within All of Me
and
Telling Me Something I Knew That I Knew
or
The Trouble With Later
or
The Significance of "Reaching Our
with
The Alphacom Team

But the voice was stressing importance, dispensing with unrelated components, parts of puzzles that did not fit into those larger questions that were not parts of the bigger-than-5z*gpicture*.

I have no more time, but I have many miles to go before I sleep.

Yes, later we'll tend to pollution.
Yes, later we'll tend to international conflict.
Yes, later we'll tend to the living matter we call the BIOTA.
Yes, later we'll tend to the destruction of the rain forests.
Yes, later we'll tend to the destroyed natural habitats.
Yes, later we'll tend to nuclear proliferation.

And one more thing before I go: Yes, later we'll tend to the explosions of the populations of the world.

Thus it is the trouble with LATER.

This is the trouble
with
twilight-blooming
people,
and yet
with loneliness
that
creeps
out
of
human
hearts;
a
seeping
out
through
their
pores.
Yet
"LATER"
is
a
place
where
life
reverts
to
NOTHINGNESS.
And is that "BEING AND...?"

Meeting with the Alphacom Team and dispensing additional briefing documents, I had again the chance to see the foreign support team leaders—as mentioned before, these were Dr. Luke Bryce, of MI-6 and the S.A.S., now with his son Sean in tow; another friend in the business, Colonel Etienne DuPont from the French Secret Service; Colonel Marty Becker from the "Mossad" of Israel; and finally, my good friend Tovarisch Dr. Peter Ivanovich Kirilov, of the "new" Russia with its loose confederation of autonomous states. Peter I had not seen since before the "Evil Empire's" collapse, when I unofficially entered Moscow at his father's request and for Peter's twenty-first birthday. And of course I also went to see his father again: His father, my old friend from the KGB and GRU, the man who saved my life while crossing into and out of the DDR, when I was—as he said—the "snot-nose kid," who thinks he's a bank courier earning money for medical school and being paid by a

"bank with a post office box in Langley, Virginia." Oh, how the memories of my time here, how they overwhelm a mind and soul that reside in many places at one time. Oh, time, how manipulated she has become. Yes, time is a *she*. And also a *force*, not yet quite understood by Terran theoretical physicists.

I knew all the wonderful liaison team leaders of our friends of other Terran Tribes, other countries, would all want to see me privately. I scheduled private appointments for each. And again diplomacy raised an ugly face to me, since I had begun as Alphacom Team leader several years before the "Great Announcement" was to be made, *and wasn %* I knew the time was coming when it would have to be made, when all zones of silence would be deactivated. I now decided that my best companion was my instinct.

I started to keep a diary or journal again. It had been five—no, four, no-I forget. I forget so quickly now that number of years, months, days, and hours, that chilly and frigid and cold, obdurate day that was one Christmas Day of many I had lived through and not had my soul been punctured even once, before or since. Perhaps with the passage of time- no, my mind flinches at the date, and reels at the time.

On December twenty-fifth, the day called Christmas, I murdered my wife, seventeen-year-old son, and the unborn baby growing inside of Sarah. I have used the word "murder," as the Company advised me to be thoroughly cautious after I had planned a counter-terrorist mission as American liaison to the Mossad.

I was to be liaison for three reasons. One, to assist our Israeli allies in any way I could, using the Company's resources; i.e., satellite photo - recon, sigint (signal intelligence), radint (radar intelligence), and humint (human intelligence), and other forms I could not even mention here.

Two, to gather intelligence data on specific terrorists, at that time big leaders; ie., PLO directors, Arafat, Libyan training camps and the export of terrorism, as well as other smaller, but just as deadly figures such as Abul Abbas, and many others. I was to gather this data on the specific terrorists and their various, almost ingenious plan-makers, and their methods of operation, to prevent acts of terrorism against American nationals abroad and prevent their attempts to export terrorism into the U.S.A. proper.

The third reason was the most sensitive of all: Israel had been contacted by EBEs, and I need to know all aspects of these multiple contacts. By being trusted by the Mossad because of my counter-terrorism expertise, I might penetrate the interaction of Israeli intelligence with the OFFWORLDERS. I found everything I needed to know, but I found most of it in my own mind.

We used to laugh, we used to cry the buckets of tears, but must I go on this way? My brain was sometimes out on loan.

My staff, and all of the field operatives under my command suggested that Sarah's and Daniel's deaths may have been linked to an action against me. Yet there was no positive 100 percent proof that the "accident" had been externally orchestrated. But even the possibility of such an act being brought about by others just might alleviate some of the guilt that still weighed heavily on all of me. Why had the operatives found only me in the wreckage of the car? This question was the symbol to which I was forced to cling, even with all of the new knowledge becoming available to me.

A little piece of my heart, a little piece of my soul. I was a used person, I felt no thing to contribute-almost.

And God sees, and waits...

Chapter Twenty-one

Getting Together in Sunny South Kensington
after
A Trip That Was a Pip to St. Catherine's Dock
and
Back Again to Essex
and
Seeing in my Mind the Crystal Bail
that
Could Only Belong to
the
One and Only Mrs. Sarah Montgomery Wolf
or
My Late Wife Who Would Never Be Late Again
or
Is It Home When I Say We Are AH Now in the States?

And before we left the U.K., I asked one more favor for Luke to do for me: "Luke, you must make a little trip for me," I was telling my faithful friend, Dr. Luke Bryce, "and you must make it as fast as you can. When you get to St. Catherine's Dock, you'll be met by your control agent, who is Scheuller. He will give you a packet of briefing materials, all of the documents that have been generated by MI-6, on our favorite subject."

"I'll go at once, Michael."

"Do not be long. Time is very precious."

"I'll leave straightaway."

Upon our arrival at Wright-Pat, all foreign support team leaders were assigned to on base offices and quarters. They were briefed as to where

they could and could not go. I was suffering jet lag, and after checking in with my military counterpart, Lieutenant General Robert Lewis, I went to bed straightaway and slept—it seemed—a thousand years. Which, by the way, could not be enough or sufficient for my thousand year exhaustion.

But God sees, and waits...

In the prison of my guilt, Sarah takes my mind out for walk. It would seem that it was Sarah's time to take me home.

And she is there, in my quarters, popped through that well-known *portal*, and she quotes to me something she's put quite righdy in her memory.

"The Moral Malaise," by Sarah Montgomery Wolf.

And she narrates it and she is there with me. She wears a white robe, and I have seen those clothes before on a *LIVING CONVEYANCE*.

You must wake before you have the right to go to sleep. As the last wave rushes up to meet a new place on the sand of the beach on our new home called Altara. And the wave uncovers the last wise man, and he speaks of a love that is so very far away-you are there and I am here— and you are the bad dream you had last night, and you are the last bad dream you've had today, and so far away that you had to have the dream today. And sandcastle issues I will sweep away with the waves that uncover today and the tunnel to *the future*.

Shutting out the truth, sitting this one out, I say to you, and then you go and make all of your animal deals, and yet you know not how it feels.

Sarah is in my bed with me, and we are once again together in bliss, and I say when the bliss turns to mist, "Oh, Sarah, I knew that you wrote, but tell me you'll forgive my underestimations of your power."

And she speaks to me with that voice that could never be duplicated. "And the love that I feel for you, my Michael, my dearest and only love."

Suddenly I am standing with her aboard the *LIVING CONVEYANCE* who is known in words that sounded like, in English, as "touch me with your wishes. Your *Conveyance* wants you back. You must not cast your shadow on the waters. I want you back. Our son wants you back. Kolta wants you back. SA wants you back. We all do want you to come home to us."

"Oh, Sarah, I will, but after my job is done. Will all of you be waiting for me?"

"Never doubt our love or our patience."

"I shall challenge the stars to get to you."

And soon, I fell down into a dreamless sleep.

There is no love higher than yours.

Thank you all, the Catchers of Heaven, for the faith and hope that you Have freely given to me.

Chapter Twenty-two

The Internalized Faces of Infinity
or
Firing the Thoughts into *THE FOREVER*
or
The Mystery of Power and its Acquisition

And though there be vistas of greatness outside, yet still it is the inner vision, the internalized version of when the fat lady sings. It is all of the faces of infinity that will allow me to grow into the genetically unexploded value-bombs, and as the inner vision dominates my life, so will the value-bombs of beauty explode into more inner visions, moving vast distances, and shooting the thoughts of eternity into *THE FOREVER.*

IT IS AGAIN THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL FOR YOU. And it was Kolta's voice that I heard.

YOU HAVE COMPLETED THE FIRST LESSON, THE FIRST *BRIGHT WHITE UGHTTO* BE FLASHED INTO ETERNITY.

Thank you for my lesson.

And I knew then that I would graduate this school at the end of the beginning. I wanted to burst open with the new light that would always-like an eternal lamp lighted with the fire of knowledge—shine from inside of me.

The ripples never stop in the ocean that is the universe.

Thinkers and those disciplined in science and philosophy look at the universe and their place in it.

And what is the most terrible idea is the person who looks inward, and finds nothing.

Nothing.

If one were to desire to possess a great externalized vision, the subject should be equal to the correct number of counted blessings. But, eyes

that reflect dying spirits of the deliberate passage into stasis, make the least likely reflectors of light, the dim light having already been absorbed to vitalize the little that is left of the spirit. And again, the spiritual hunger can never be satisfied.

Chapter Twenty-three

The End of the Journey or the Beginning of Another
or
With My Dear Kolta on My Personal
LIVING CONVEYANCE
which
Has a Name: It is Called 'Touch Me
with Your Wishes"
and
The *Conveyance,* Touch Me with Your Wishes,"
Loves Me
and
Alleviates the Pain and Eases Me into
Ecstasy in *THE FOREVER*
or
Does Anyone Know the Meaning of Forever?
for
I Know the Meaning of *THE FOREVER* [1]

I love my *"LIVING" CONVEYANCE,* for it is alive, it interfaced with me, and it was the moving home that was my own. This *"LIVING" CONVEYANCE has* chosen to give itself to me. It feels me worthy for it to be mine, and its name, I am told by the second-in-command, is: Again, what sounds like Touch me with your wishes. And now only radiant and harmonious dreams will dare to come to my space.

I have met, and now love my ship with no sails, and I have

I shall forever despise leaving you, all of you. I so very much wanted to stay with you, but my family and duties beckon to me to return home, where my natural family hungers for my return. But I shall start with the beginning of the journey and take it as far as I can...with words. Words, probably humankind's worst invention. Music, probably his best.

"Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily. Life is but a dream."

Perhaps it's easy to ease into *THE FOREVER*, this former yelling man will surely try. Try! Try easing into in *THE FOREVER*[1]. Even my universal family doesn't quite know the meaning of this exquisite concept; they do, however, know it is dazzlingly radiant beyond their current understanding. Yet there must be someone in this universe who knows. This is the reason to search for other life forms, not just to understand them, but to see if they know *THE FOREVER*, *For EVER*, either way, it's the same; it's free of and after *thinking*. Measure and speculate not, for they are not defining actions. Think not of *THE FOREVER*.; just let it be...

> FLASH! Hear all about it! Some have it nice...FLASH! PARADISE! I am the PARADISer.
>
> "Where?" The questioner of the PARADISer asks.
>
> "Here," the PARADISer answers.
>
> "On Earth?"
>
> "Don't bother me with details, kid!"

> To get into your Self qualitatively requires the knowledge of the quantitative escape routes. Knowing the latter, you will succeed with *entirety*, a noun, like *totality*.

Rootless heavens,
sky walking
and jumping from
sky to
sky,
out of container,
out of body
voyages,
with mind on
the
pleasant side,
all just a small number
of
expanded
brain or mind
abilities.

And no doubt we are unaware of some of the more exotic new brain functions. As far-flown as a thinking man's greatest expectations are now ours, and many of the brain-mind's new abilities will be totally new and fresh and unexpected, unforeseen, surprising, unanticipated, and gloriously impulsive.

These capabilities will be unconditionally unique and unspoiled, even to a fertile imagination and a science-fictiony set of aptitudes perhaps not yet even with dreams, thus is THE GATEWAY TREATMENT.

And to those so below that we must look far down to see there the tiny images, we shall say: "Yes, we can forgive you for what you have done to us, but how can we ever forgive you for what you have done to yourselves?

"And also specifically to your spirits, that which is the vulnerable and total essence that is you, uncomfortable in a world and race in which you can neither feel at ease nor can one of your fellows feel that, also. We almost wished we could have been closer to your mystery, and your, shall we say, *unusual outlook*.. "

Chapter Twenty-four

Echoes, and Were My Wife and My Son Threats to Themselves and The Lives We Lived or Was It Just the Fact That We in Espionage and Super-secret Secret "Ops" Pose Risks to Our Wives and Children or Even if We Are Relatives of Powers Beyond this Planet Must We Still Take the Risks?

...allowing pieces to begin to come together, and cut into me deeply, so painfully, so dreadfully, so hideously, so ghastly, so ominously...

Our son, at seven, was best man at our wedding on Christmas Day, and we (me included), all of us, died on our tenth anniversary, and our son's seventeenth birthday.

Gruesome. Oh, no words could...But my body was alive, my brain was alive, but my s-o-u-l was dead.

But my body was alive,
but my mind,
just brain perhaps,
was alive,
but my soul,
my formerly
bright white lighted *soul*

was gone,
and would take time
to limp back
into my living container.

I lay in a hospital bed, I think. And I begin to remember, though last memory was Christmas dinner in a Swiss restaurant to celebrate our very special anniversary, and Daniel's very special seventeenth birthday. We each have a glass of wine, but it is not Danny's first, but, later to find out, Danny's last.

Swiss physician tries gently, and with badly broken English, to explain badly broken bodies of Sarah and Daniel. I hear him as if he were yelling at the top of his voice in a very small cave, and the words "they and "probably" and "may have been instantly," and they are *that* way, and I am still together. This young doctor looks like a little like Danny might have looked a decade into his future time, but comfort cannot be extracted from this Swiss doctor's attempt to comfort.

I pull IVs out of arms that seem not to be my own.

I believe with everything that is me that I can live no more in a body that touched my wife, touched my son. And could not hold on.

YET THERE WAS NO OTHER BODY IN THE WRECKAGE BUT MINE. AND THIS WAS NEVER UNDERSTOOD BY THE SWISS DOCTORS. EVEN I DID NOT KNOW IT UNTIL MUCH LATER. UNTIL A HUMAN MOUTH FORMED THE WORDS. AND I WAS TOLD. BUT DID NOT BELIEVE. NOT AT FIRST.

TIME-REVIEW GOES BACK TO WRIGHT-PAT, AND THERE SEEMS AN OVERLAP THAT I MUST YET SEE AND BE WITH.

In a field, overgrown with knee-high weeds, a field where there was once a building, there's a sign reading "Wright Patterson Air Force Base, and a metal pole with signs warning about restricted areas.

Nearby, a hangar-type building, grey and drab and old, bearing a faint number "eighteen." And there is Wolf, tall and slim, and still very young- oo ' g at fifty-one, walking with a group of high-ranking military officers, some foreign in their distinctive uniforms, and civilians in white coats—scientists, apparently.

Wolf is in a, white shirt and white dungarees. His long, prematurely grey is eing blown to the side of his face by a strong wind. There wTllr* ^f^ General Robert Lewis and assorted lieutenant colonels ***JSSXr*.** ^king b™' ^viously his aides. Dr. Luke Bryce is and his » c ™ * k^"than-casual suit (very definitely a British suit), "te^to Wolf K? ^ who is *y«»>g t° outflank the others to walk » u not succeeding, as he's pushed from getting closer to

Wolf by Secret Service-looking men in suits, wearing earphones and lapel pins.

Then the French support team leader, Colonel Etienne DuPont, then Israeli Colonel Martin Becker in Israeli Defense Force uniform, then Colonel (and Dr.) Peter Ivanovich Kirilov-and the Secret Service detail has one of its members watching Kirilov closely, as if we were still involved in a cold war. There are other foreign military officers we haven't seen before, each in the uniform of his or her country: Japan, Belgium, Germany, Denmark, Norway, Italy, Canada, Mexico, etc. It's a veritable U.N. of military officers, each a team leader for every "invited" foreign country and its military and scientific support teams.

The group is large, and there are many women present, both in and out of uniform. The group begins to disperse into various buildings, all being guarded more conspicuously then normal with elite MPs from all U.S. services, all with small machine guns, with very long clips. Wolf enters a building with Lieutenant General Robert Lewis, and both the security detachment for Wolf and the military aides for General Lewis remain outside, but appear on the alert.

Chapter Twenty-five

The Insecure Security
and
Its Worst Case Scenarios
and
Moving Beyond What We See and Hear

The security is so insecure; the security people call with shaking voices: "Iran, oh, God. Iraq, oh, God. Pakistan, oh, God. And the Ukraine, God, oh, God!"

The worst possible scenarios for a future that may not come into being. The Ukraine doesn't go along with the START Treaty, and is moving toward decoding launch codes, Oh, God, 1650 warheads, 500 air- launched cruise missiles, ani will not allow Russian engineers to perform routine maintenance on 130 SS-19s (six warheads each), and 46 SS-24s (ten warheads each). These all deteriorate, and if fired, only God knows where they will land and what they will destroy if allowed to deteriorate.

Men are sitting around a table, within the bubble, within the miles of high speed supercomputers, within the steel walls, within the bunkers underground in a palace of puzzles. And the humans are insecure.

American officials with MJ12SSG once were asking the EBEs, specifically the Greys, for a hand with their security problems. And the grey EBEs said: "Take one of the hands you've cut off on the autopsy tables with the tie-down straps! Then you'll have a hand!" And someone said: "Do *they* have to take everything so dammed literally?"

And a human voice that seems to come from nowhere says: "Ask Wolf. He knows them. They are his friends."

And another human voice asks: "Is Wolf *our* friend?"

And a third human voice says: "We're beginning to wonder."

INSERT, SPECIAL: Tie up your loose strings properly. Loose ones, Tie them up now, please!

Wolf speaking to a very select audience in a CIA-type bubble:

The world problems are getting worse because the circle will not be closed on this planet. It is an open circle. When it closes, the doom of repetition is always in the sight of the viewers, who look down and see that their creations, the circles, have remained-after all of these terran years-a mystery! When the crop glyphs are deliberately made more complex, it is expected that humans will learn this new math, this new form of communications and these warnings.

OFFWORLDERS in the category I term benign will still seek the human vision that is properly infused with love, unconditional. To many advanced races, and. to some not-so-advanced races, the human is still a wondrous marvel and curiosity, a rarity, something worth study, as some of the OFFWORLDERS originally created man, starting with the *Adam and* the *Eve.*

(There are some mumbles, mutters, and grumbles, and whispers in the audience. The room is an ultra-modem sound-proofed auditorium for highest-level briefings and lowest level sound.)

Human love in all of its aspects is still the chief reason for a kind of affable and benign influence if one is decided upon by their higher governing councils.

Love, if given and openly received, is important to them. To humans, love that does not neatly fit into human puritanical and hypocritical slots isn't appropriate. But love to the OFFWORLDERS is respected for its own sake. There have been many human male abductions where the EBEs have tried to simulate making love to the abductees, and as I have read the reports, I know that most of the men found this impossible to deal with, and yet it happened the way they reported it. OFF-WORLDERS have no sexual taboos. Period. We are the ones who create aberrant, abnormal parameters.

(Mumble, mumble...)

Could love light the dark places in the human heart?

I am finished with this briefing, because I am feeling sick to my stomach.

And someone shouts from the audience, most probably an American fundamentalist. "What about the warnings in the Bible against perverted love, Doctor?"

And I answer a bit too angrily: Number one: "A man shall not lie down with another... " is that what you mean? No, do not answer me, for they *gave man his holy books,* they *wanted man to procreate, specifically because the average age for man was about thirty years, if that, and they wanted him-man-to be fruitful and multiply*

Bible, you see that Jesus' apostles never really agreed on anything anyway. And there are some interesting passages by John, the youngest disciple, where he declares that he is the most beloved of Jesus. And at the final supper, he lays his head on Jesus' bare chest. And with the two women, he is the one disciple who waits at the foot of the cross. The Bible was left to man to keep him from killing himself off and to establish a few moral and ethical values like love and faith, and the hopes of the hopeless.

Yeah, I can hear it, "'they' are all right, but I wouldn't want my kid to be one!" And "some of my best friends are... "Excuse me, please, for now I really *have to throw up.*

And before anyone could get to me, I ducked out of the nearest exit, followed by General Lewis, in his usual hot pursuit when he felt I was angry or upset. He really cared.

"Bob," I said, "I forgot to say that in subsequent briefings, we'll be discussing the impact of ET contact as it will affect all of the people-the tribes, if you will-the tribes of the world."

"You were very angry at that asshole in there, but he has what you call the 'limited leper's' view of the beliefs of the world. Besides that, it was *your* briefing, and I admired your quick escape from the ignorance."

INSERT, SPECIAL: *The container is in danger for lack of love, unconditional. The one looks back at time with a light in his eyes and a glow from inside that is a vision, internalized almost allowing the secret places to open.*

The time might come when there will be no time to be sorry, no time even to ask to be forgiven.

To my mind came a vision, with audio attached.

-What is "Wolf's Journal?"

-Oh, that. You know that scientist who-with many others-made the breakthrough with the ETs way back when—I can't remember.

-Oh, him!

-Yeah, the very one. That freak who was a goddam relative of theirs.

—Okay, I'm not impressed. If it weren't for him, we wouldn't have any ***real*** flying saucers cluttering up the sky. I'll bet they're adding to the pollution level.

—No, their space ships appear to be clean. They warp time. Not like our propulsion systems.

—I can't buy that. All I know is the news is filled with that shit, UFOs, now IFOs. You'd think the novelty would pass into history. Like slinkies, hula-hoops, silly putty, and "tic-tacs."

-We still have "tic-tacs."

—Yeah. And we still have the goddam flying saucers!

Chapter Twenty-six

Smaller Chapters of Remembrances
or
How Does One Get from Here to There?
(and back again)
and
No Fair Using Circles to Point the Way
or
Writing the Words That Are the
Magnets to Each Other

Small lists or overviews of events, crashes, abductions, or participations, and other such (now, at least) nominal or normal states of understanding of certain specific episodes that sometimes touch the human heart.

Yet, I cannot continue to exist in this state, this place. The fear and hate are such negative and draining emotions, so much so that somehow, they have become imperatives. I am too often left exhausted by such states. I will have to leave the Void, and look again through the blackness of what has been. And having found out perhaps too much, there are now frequent answers to my thoughts.

Yes, you must go back.

I haven't found any exceptions to inertia just yet. I know now they are there. I know now they are here. I simply have to learn how to integrate *new science.*

And a voice in my general area says: "You shall find them when your time is in its correct position, sir."

AND FROM THE DISJOINED THOUGHTS
PUT DOWN FOR OTHERS TO READ:

Cities that were once beaming bright, and white, and lighted were the entrances, crystal pylons—the gates-reaching up for a sun now dim, oceans of dirt and in the sky, small chapters in unpolished works, forbidden by ghosts, and grocery clerks, and countries containing tribes of differences, submissive, used, untuned people, dead almost, gold teeth in skinless skulls, eye-holes larger than those of most other skulls, and passing on limited highway stretches, intermittent storms of black, paper refuse, spinning in the wind, swirling in dirty, wretched cones of blustering air, painted grey it seems, and carried up to where we once were told was heaven; silver-teeth smiles, and broken-necked small people, trying desperately to move, as they cut their naked feet on jagged tin cans of outdated food, still open to make little homes for little rats.

And there was rain which was dirtied and acid-laced, before it fell on dirty shoulder-padded suit jackets stuffed with lipo-suction candidates, lots of soft fat, cradling the bone pieces, nearly like gross anatomical models that escape factory quality control, and spidery, slender, half- completed webs that were buildings with no recognizable styles, defining monumental gateways in forms of truncated pyramids, serving as entrances to crystal elevators and paths into green-grey cities, gutted of spiritual riches, dire, unrelenting emptiness under low sky pieces of brown and black oily air, dribbling down sides of unclean cracking cement-covered walls that have turned their faces to the unclean air, and brownish, blackish pitchblende heavens, glowing from uranium yet to be extracted, and used, using glowing enriched death-dealing substances...

Was that a “possible” future, or was it soon to come?

Where were *they* who worked so hard to make all places sectors of beauty and elegance and gracefulness and fairness?

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Unsecured Lives, and Colm McGrath's Cabal
and
The One Wolf Who Was Known to One Other
as
"Bright-Eyes" Attempting to Ennoble
Other Eyes Who Were Just and Fully Bright
and
Merited *BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT* Scenarios

"Michael, if we can keep these egotistical, opinionated, unprofessional, private self-proclaimed ufologists fighting with each other for long enough, we can keep the various and preplanned announcement dates fluid. Thus we can accomplish most mission objectives covertly as they slug it out with each other. They, the private BEs or Big Egos, are our best hope for delaying SFP, the 'Sensitive Facts Propagation' scenario. It will also continue to impel every professional to think twice before he allows even his name to be associated with such information, just as we all have done from the very beginning."

I looked carefully into his eyes to see if there seemed other levels, other agendas. "Bob, it may yet have to be brought out, and soon. Many investigators are simply getting too close."

"But, Michael, don't you see, skeptics who are no longer skeptics become our worst nightmare?"

TIME-REVIEW, TIME-OVERLAP, AND INSERT, SPECIAL:

When I woke that January, A. A. (After the Accident), when I came back from coma which had seemed more like home, and it was **then** that I saw into close, bearing-down faces, saw even pores, and **holes where** blackheads had been pinched too many times... After that **wonderful**

time I had while in my own little NDE (near death experience), one that was all mine, I then became aware slowly of differing realities-awake- type-wires all over, wires from my chest, tubes that stood by for intubation (a medical term for putting tubes into my lungs to breathe *for* me), and I thought, no, I knew I heard myself scream, coming out of a dark that was very bright...to the blinding light of my hospital room, which, compared to the NDE was really the darkness, and somehow I am again in London, and I take a long trip, then at the large Surrey house, in southern England, and there are a man and a woman, and they tell me their son was my son's friend, and as they speak, I hear and understand, but as fast as it is said, I have forgotten.

And here come two, three, or four-I recognize them-special agents in black three-piece suits with matching vests, earphones, and lapel pins, and they take me to a hospital on a U.S. Air Force base in Germany. I think. I do not remember for certain. I remember little of the small debriefing. (But I do remember well one little Grey friend who I am sure cares for me; he is small, and wise and he is kind to me.)

There is so much I cannot seem to remember. I do not remember big things, only little things, as if I were in the sky, and the little things belonging somewhere, and to someone. And I still see their faces and their forms. They are Sarah and Danny. And then I sleep again for ten thousand years, it seems, having broken my water glass, and trying very hard to cut the veins in my wrists, and I am hearing people's footsteps louder and louder, falling faster and faster, and then people running into my hospital room, wrists-mine-held tightly, applying pressure to the wounds, and holding me in place so that I cannot move, and I do not feel the bum from the injection...

And I am back in the cave with all the echoes, and I am dead again, or perhaps I wish...

"My name is Charley Lightman, Dr. Wolf, and I don't wear braces anymore."

I open my heavy eyes, see him in a blur, and ask, "What the hell are you talking about?"

Humans are at their best when things are worst. When troubled, I will again look back through the darkness of what has been. Oh, Lord, I love you even more than I believe in you.

You cannot possess love. Love belongs to itself.

And back at Wright-Pat:

Lieutenant General Robert Lewis knocked three times on my outer office door. And where, I wondered, was Commander Kim McNeil, my immediate liaison? She had left a message on her computer terminal that she had been asked to report to the Under Secretary of the Navy, Colm McGrath, who was on base with a newly established special intelligence

directorate, and that she didn't wish to interrupt my lengthy telephone conversation, and would return as soon as was possible. Her office led to mine, a necessary conventional flow chart augmentation to screen out people I had no time to see. Yet, I had begun to get a reputation as "Dr. See-everyone."

Lieutenant General Robert Lewis entered my office after I had seen him on my television monitors coupled with closed-circuit cameras near all entrances to the offices assigned to me and buzzed him in. Again he made his well-known verbal entrance into my oversized office: "Michael, you are not going to believe this!" And he was shaking with anxiety.

"What am I not going to believe?" I asked, sensing something I really didn't find I wanted to hear.

"Dr. Bryce's son, Sean, is in detention, under house arrest, and I cannot find out why. Michael, you must know why."

"I do," I said, feeling a sudden chill, remembering a conversation I had not the power to recall. "And I think it's a crime."

"Michael, is yours a secure office?"

"Yes, I personally check it, and there are so many anti-bugging devices, that I need only press a button to know the anti-security device's whereabouts. How do you think we'll perform if we know we're always under surveillance?"

"Michael, you must know they think you have a private agenda with the EBEs. Do you think they are stupid?" Bob Lewis, a young-looking man in his fifties, yet by his own admission, was "older-looking" when he compared himself to me. He even once asked me if I'd had a face-lift!

"I may look young to you, Bob, but years have come off my life. As for the face-lift, there was none." And I said it was the oil glands in my face, and my genes that influenced my slow aging, that made me look so much younger than my years. But, I told him, my internal clock was running out. Why the cancer hadn't yet killed me was one of the greatest mysteries of my life.

Bob had looked worried since entering my office. Worry hung in the air like vampire bats. "Michael, haven't you guessed that when you had your pre-employment medical tests, when your blood was taken, your DNA was kept in an active file? After Luke turned his son in to MI-6 and they in turn sent papers to this government, your DNA was compared with Sean Bryce's DNA, and in many respects, they were just about identical. They think-and this *is* funny-that you may *have fathered* Sean Bryce."

"DNA patterns are not that easily established, Bob," I said deliberately relaxing my voice (I had become a very fine actor when I needed to be). I felt things, events were so closing in on me, that I imagined myself in the middle of two closing walls, waiting to be crushed. There was a tightness in my chest, and I felt like vomiting. I only felt easy when

I knew that both SA's and my DNA were used in creating Sean. That there might be conflicting opinions, and I was right. Bob seemed to know more then he openly expressed. I wondered if he knew about "Bright Eyes?"

Bob looked at me, curiously, yet with the same respect he had always exhibited. "Well, Michael, there was a memo to the Chief, and I was able to get a quick look-see. Some of the factors in Sean's DNA were identical with yours, but there were more factors, and they did not match with Luke or Clarice."

I was acting again. "Goddam it, Bob! I've always been faithful to this goddam government!" And I used a new grim expression that I had rehearsed.

"They know that, and that's probably why you haven't been questioned. But they know Sean was *created*\ Under questioning—"

"You mean canary juice?"

"Yes, drugs were used. But on you, they have nothing conclusive, but they're working on it. I warn you, my friend, if they start to believe you are the best-placed mole on the Alphacom project, they'll get you. They've excerpted quite a bit from your dossier, should you ask to see it. I've seen data going back to Vietnam when you were waving to UFOs."

"Oh, God, Bob! I've told you about that. Lots of pilots have waved to UFOs."

"But some of yours sort of waved back. You tipped your wings and they flew in formation with you on your sorties, chasing away the NVA Migs. And they're putting a lot of twos and twos together. They don't know, however, about what we did together. The freeing of the you- know-whats. Please, do not betray me. It seems as if everyone is in a betrayal mode. But they have NSA analysts working on this.

"Look, Michael," he stressed. "I've never said *anything* about what we two have done, the mysterious disappearance of the 'guests.' But according to things extracted from your files, they're not really thinking you have secret agendas that will interfere with the mission objectives. If anything, they feel you have an inside track with the various EBE factions with which they want to negotiate. They know it would be wise to treat you particularly well."

"Yes, I've noticed. They treat me like I'm the best thing to come along since hamburgers! The best man for all of those mission objectives."

Bob took in a deep breath and gave me one of his very best sighs. "This is why you get away with-well, let's put it this way-they have given you-the Chief has given you the kind of latitude not too many others could ever hope to be given. They know-no, *he* knows-that there is more to you than what is the, shall we say, superficial and-"

"Bob, you're twisting yourself up in words that don't seem to make any sense to you anymore. Listen to me. What do they know? And don't leave out a goddam comma!" I had begun to hate this double life of mine. I had begun to hate to hear myself cursing.

"Okay." A bigger sigh. "Michael, they know you've saved a Grey's life. They know you are a contactee. They think that if you are treated very well, that you could-how do I say it-put in a good word for humanity? And they know you've established a long history of fidelity in black covert activities, and they've given you privileges that an operative in your exact same position without your connections, would never be allowed. No, that's not exactly the case. It *is* your connections that give you all of this latitude."

I knew this already. "Bob, there's something you haven't told me about Sean? With all the drugs they've given him-"

"You want to protect him? They believe he's an EBE, but there are some sticky problems here. That's why so many MI-6 people are here. They've descended on this base like a swarm of hungry locusts."

"I didn't know anyone other than Bryce was here from MI-6."

"As I just said, we're loaded with them. Sean's a British national, you know, and MI-6 has learned to play this kind of hardball with their subjects, especially subjects who turn out to be impersonators."

"Damn it, Bob!"

"Let me finish. The U.K. was the country probably most involved with S.D.I. with our country. You are aware that some Indian scientists in England were very strangely suicidal. But over there, they have the British Secrets Act, and no Freedom of Information Act as we do. So, these strange suicides were not investigated by either branch of their Parliament. They know Sean knows he's a Nordic and they've never been able to debrief a Nordic type before. As a matter of fact, they've never had one long enough in captivity. Seems they simply say good-bye and disappear. And, through the work your Alphacom Team has done, they are very aware of the various power positions, and who gives orders to whom. Out there, that is. And one other thing that they found in Sean's head was a kind of connection to you. He called you 'Bright Eyes.* Did he ever call you that to your face?"

I had begun to really worry. "No, Bob, he didn't. But that's curious."

"It's probably the only cute thing in this whole disaster. He likes you, it seems. What is it, Michael?"

"Bob, all of this is so incredibly complex. There is no simplicity. Besides, I would like to see him get out of this madhouse. He's very fragile. His 'parents' are highly pressured and dysfunctional ay parents. However, with Luke turning him in, I'd say MI-6 would want to pick his

brains. They'd try to extract data, and he'd be debriefed until he died. They want to know more, of this I am sure."

Bob was puzzled. "I've tried to find out about Sean, and the only thing I could find out was that they've established a connection between you and Sean."

"I know that much, Bob. Tell me something I do not know!" I was feeling impatient with the General, but there was something else, something everybody and everyone was keeping from me. I was, however, beginning to understand that even in his position, there was still much Bob did not know. Although he had a "Need to Know Majestic Clearance," I had no idea *what* he "needed to know." He was, however, aware that the subject was almost too complex for human understanding; there was data he still did not quite understand in all of its subtleties. And there were many areas of the Assessment he didn't even know existed. And I had been told by the Chief not to tell him, unless I needed him to know.

I finally dropped all of the little conspiracies within conspiracies, and facts within facts, disinformation and misinformation. And all of the walls around the walls around the walls, ad nauseam.

Bob saw a new smile in my eyes. "What is it, Michael?"

"Bob, listen, and with all your might. The Assessment is so complex, and there are so many sub-topics, that no one person could have every piece of the puzzle in its proper place."

"I know that," he said, and suddenly beads of sweat broke out on his forehead. "In this government and its many covert operating groups, there are—as I have told you in the recent past—well orchestrated activities, missions, and objectives, that work *against* the Alphacom Team's missions and mission objectives. Have you ever heard of Colm McGrath?"

"Isn't he one of the Under Secretaries of the Navy?"

"Good, Michael. You have point number one."

"Good deal, Bob. Wait a minute! I know. I thought you didn't."

"That is about all I do know. That he isn't a friend."

"No, he isn't. But good, Bob. You, too, have point number one." And I smiled, but could not laugh at the subject I was introducing to the General. And could he sweat! His ascot was drenched. "Bob, that means we can go on and see what's behind curtain number two."

"I think this is hardly the time for levity, Michael."

"Bob, if there weren't any humor in this big grab-bag of a mess, we'd all go mad! Under Secretary Colm McGrath is the chief of the darkest, most covert, most shit-kicking organization going. And like the NSA, his group is even more secret. This seems to be very dumb, but we have to have counter-intelligence directed at our own fellow Americans. And before you interrupt me, please let me give you an overview of McGrath's

« We now know it as the 'Cabal,' a finely tuned covert group, a group.

well-orchestrated conspiratorial bevy of plotters and intruders with excellent secret counterpoint schemes and plots, and it is top-heavy with the military, as was the original Majestic Twelve Special Studies Group. Now, Bob, let us call the latter, our group, MJ12SSG, with the lead agency being the Alphacom Team, the *target* of the Cabal."

Bob's entire face turned into a red, apoplectic question mark. And from his mouth came words that were all in a self-destruct mode. "Now *this is* too much. I just can't handle any more plots and plots within plots. There is too much to handle, and my mind has just gone where no mind can go. I'm on complete mental overload!"

"Bob, just try to handle these puzzle pieces one at a time, and we'll jump off that bridge when we come to it Okay? Yo! Bob! Are you still with us?"

"I'm not all here. My head feels like it's being inflated, and we're well past the danger zone." His face now was a deep crimson. It appeared that every quart of his blood was in his head.

"Now hold on, Bob, this is going to be a *very* bumpy and turbulent crossing. Hold on tight, Bob, hold on tight. Victor}* is not on the lips, nor in the mind. It's in the heart. Are you still with me, and in one piece?" "Pieces, Michael. Very messy pieces."

I looked to see if he had some sort of pressure valve but gave up trying to find one. He'd just have to take it. After all, he was due for his fourth star. "We will wait, Dr. Watson. I am just getting wanned up. We wait, Bob."

" *You* are just getting warmed up? We're talking thermonuclear-type heat here, Michael. And I am not Dr. Watson." He smiled; he must have found his safety valve.

"I suspect Colm McGrath's Cabal is not even known to the Chief. He very well could be leading an insurrection, a coup. The Cabal is responsible for the use of kinetic weapons, and neutral particle beam weapons, and their hybrids. It is for their use *against* the EBEs, who really cannot understand this apparent dual nature of the human equation. So, we must understand that they-the Cabal-are deliberately undermining the goals of peaceful negotiations, the most important of the Alphacom Team's most basic of mission objectives."

Bob looked deeply into my eyes and saw my soul. "Michael, I risk seeming stupid to you, but I feel confident that you would never betray humans."

"Go on, General. It doesn't seem that you are yet finished. Not on this planet, anyway."

"It's Bob, Michael."

"Okay. Go on, Bob."

"Is it victory yet?"

"Victory is in the heart, not on the lips."

"What does McGrath's Cabal stand to win by waging a high-tech war, trying to blow *them* out of the goddam sky? Oops! I do know the answer. Perhaps I couldn't see it because I was too close, and my being military, and the Cabal counted on that; that I would wish to wage war, not peace. But now I do see what they might gain from all of these counter-measures, this stupid idea to try to overcome the EBEs."

"Of course you see, Bob."

"Oh, Sweetjesus! I thought I didn't know-still, by God, I *do* know the answer!"

"Of course you know the answer, Bob."

It seemed as if he were inhaling air for five minutes. And his face was flushed. And he had the look of a man who had just stepped out alive from an airplane crash.

"Colm McGrath is not only our nemesis and mortal enemy, he is also a damaged person. And damaged people are dangerous."

> *INSERT, SPECIAL: Damn! It's hard to pour out my mind and soul on paper! And to omit nothing!*
>
> *INSERT, VERY SPECIAL: The American government* must *be reclaimed by its citizens.*

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Looking for the Fault Lines
or
Again, It Must Be the Conscience That Commands
the
Hearts and Minds and Souls of Those with Power
or
The Magic Star-child Ballroom

Major Holcroft is speaking to General Lewis: "Sir, there is something I've been thinking about, something I never dared discuss with you before-but I ask now for permission to speak candidly and frankly, sir."

"You have my permission, Major."

"Certainly, you must have noticed, sir."

"I'm not a mind reader, Major. Okay, out with it."

"Have you noticed Dr. Wolf's face?"

"Of course. How can you not notice him. He's handsome. I cannot see how one can help noticing."

The major approached his subject with exacting caution. "Sir, that's not all of it."

"You mean something like 'shades of Dorian Gray?*"

"He looks too young for his age."

"Is that all you are saying to me?"

"General. Sir. There's something about him that-"

Bob interrupted, trying to avoid what he thought was coming next. Bob was, at times, very good at anticipating trouble. "That *what,* Major? You know, we're all under a lot of pressure here, in our confined area, and there are so many rumors flying around, it sometimes seems worse than the 'unknowns' flying around in the air. You'd better get to the point, boy!"

"I'm sorry, General. It's rumors and suspicions, and I should not have brought it up with you. Especially you, sir."

Bob was one of the best strategy men I had ever known. He gave one of his severe facial expressions that suggested that the major was, simply put, out of line. And he underscored it with words. "Major, if I listened to one tenth of the rumors in this pressurized sardine can, I wouldn't be able to do a goddam day's work!"

I was reviewing notes for the next level's briefing when the phone rang, and I think I may have nearly hit the sound-proofed ceiling as I jumped out of my chair. I still felt tightness in my chest, but looking at the line number, it would have to have been Bob. I thought I'd be jocular after the very difficult previous discussion with him. "Wright Patterson Paranoia Department," I said, when I heard his distinct breathing style and knew for sure it was the General.

"Michael, I have some rather bad-can I come down to your office?"

"Of course."

I was truly wondering if Bob had gained wings and flew down the hall: I had hardly replaced the receiver when there was that familiar knock on my door. "Come."

Again, Bob made one of his verbal entrances. "Michael, I had better tell you everything."

"Everything? I suppose then that you had better start at the beginning and go to the end." I knew just about everything he was going to say. And summoning Herculean strength, I waited for the bomb to drop. And it did.

"Sean Bryce is dead."

"I had thought he would die. Too many barbiturates. He was a fragile young man. Bob, do you know what they got from him?"

"They've locked me out."

"This planet will be overrun with apocalyptic dragons very soon. People just don't care enough. For each other, that is. But that's all right, Bob. You should feel no guilt about this. You had no control over it."

"I'm not off the hook yet."

"No, I suppose none of us are. I've been having the most miserable nightmares since I arrived on base."

"So have I, Michael. So have I."

INSERT, SPECIAL: "Abduction," or is it the real world, or virtual reality? Should there be a stitching up of the mouth, that part least capable of self protection? Some might say it is the brain that feeds words to the mouth, but in the end, it is that relatively small orifice, that when opened, is the port of exit for the words that make trouble for the owner of the brain.

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Chapter Twenty-nine

Charley and Barbara
and Barbara and Charley
and
The Why and How, Never Needing to be Asked

"Charley, tell me you don't love Barbara anymore."

"She betrayed me."

"How can she betray a wall?"

"Yes, I was distant. Yes, I was cold. Why do you judge me this harshly?" "I'm not judging you, Charley. I simply want you to be happy. Do you have any idea how many times she's rung me, how many times she's poured out all of herself to me, all of her so that I might see, might know? What gives you the idea that you can put up a wall, and *then* expect her to tell you what is wrong?"

"Michael, what is your problem with us, with Barbara and me?" "You've both become my problem." (There's that *both* again.)

"You say she's rung you?"

"More times than I can remember. She rings, she cries wasted tears. She'd do anything for another try. You must get through that one lousy incident She is the very best friend you have!"

"There's something else. I see it in your face."

"She's carrying your child. And it *is* yours."

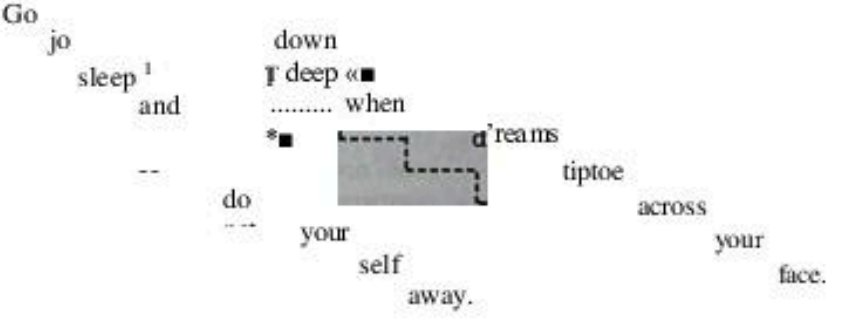
"How do I know *that?"*

"You know it."

Chapter Thirty

The Moving Home That Was My Own
and
It Loves Me and I It
or
I Meet My *LIVING CONVEYANCE*
or
'Touch Me With Your Wishes" Is Its Name
or
When Love-Dreams Find Your Space
and
Come To You With Tiptoe Kisses

When Kolta said it, I could feel myself finding myself in a space that was brilliant with white, bright light, and the air was sweet with intoxicating fragrances. And the light seemed to have no source. No light on board seemed to have a source. And I slept in a way I never had before: I was rested, completely.



And kiss
it
to
show
the
way
HOME
TO
THE
BIG
FAMILY
THAT
WAITS
FOR YOU.

YES, YES, YES, FOR YOU!

"This is my *Conveyance*?"

"It is yours and it loves you," Kolta said, and I swear I saw a smile on his face.

"Does it have a name?"

"Yes."

"Kolta, you are cute. What do I call it?"

"Call it what you wish to. It will surely call you what *it* wishes."

"Kolta, it told me its name. I have forgotten."

"You were asleep. It woke you when you wished it to."

I suddenly realized-no-was told. "It just told me to call it 'Touch Me With Your Wishes.*"

"It has been waiting long to have you aboard, *MIKA-EL*\ you should be honored. Now it invites you to your observation place." Kolta was speaking to me, and I knew he was very proud of me.

"I hear it now. Which way do we go?"

"Relax, MIKA-EL. Touch Me wants to transport you there."

Oh, I was dense. "Where?"

"To the observation place, of course."

"Is it near, Kolta?"

"This is a huge *Conveyance*. It sort of adopted you. Have a good time."

A blue, warm and yet cooling, refreshing light surrounded me, and the space around me moved, yet I could not feel it. I looked around, and there was a room, and all I could compare it to in my mind was standing in the middle of a planetarium-but one the size of a football Field.

As I stood in amazement, a form-fitting "thing" rose from beneath me and kind of wrapped itself around my hindquarters. It was as if sitting in

the air. I wanted to pinch myself, as all of this seemed a dream. But I knew it was not.

And I called out to Sarah and Danny, yet I could not hear myself, my sound. "Oh, Sarah. Oh, Danny. Where are you hiding?"

"We're not hiding. It will take a few moments."

"I hear both your voices. Together."

"It is because we're both in the same place. We've been voyaging."

I felt as if my life had come back to me-no-been given back to me. "I never found the time to see things quite through."

"You saw us through the worst times. We used to laugh, we used to cry."

"You see everything in all of me."

"Even the memories will never die, Michael. Not even in this strange time will the memories become hazy."

I must lie down. I must lay down my mind, as I wind my way from this time to your time. And behind this time's door, there is so much more, more to explore before my time with you is to be the becoming.

Time is coming soon. I'll find you both. And we will spend all of our time in *THE FOREVER* This now I know.

I was finally tiring again and asked to be assigned my quarters. And again the blue light carried me to a large room, devoid of decoration, except for beautifully carved symbols that were pressure buttons to activate a very large viewing screen. And I instandy knew what every symbol meant.

And there was also a small desk-looking object, with a form-fitting chair behind it, and seven small chairs in front of it. The top of the desklike object had what I instandy understood to be finger-pressure switches, each with a symbol on it. By touching the pressure-sensitive switches, another smaller viewing screen would be activated, and the pictures on this screen were like what I had imagined real holograms to look like. Or I could "think" a picture, or "think" a view of a planet or planetary system, and also by this thinking, a zooming effect would occur. Whatever I wanted to see I saw. This was how Kolta navigated. He interfaced mentally with the *Conveyance*, and that-very simplified, of course—was the navigation system.

And other things happened in weird ways, but I could feel the love of my *Conveyance* run through me like tickles up and down my spine.

It was glorious.

I would think of something I wanted, and it would be done or happen instantaneously. I hoped my heart could withstand all of this—a treasure of happiness.

And yet-and it was not *deja z;u*-everything seemed very familiar.

Chapter Thirty-one

To Fight the Good Fight
or
Sometimes We Cannot Consider
the
Survival of the Containers
if
There is Little of Importance within Them

Shoulder
to
shoulder,
a
new
silence
demands
new
freedom,
new
necessity.

We must never stop to question that.

Chapter Thirty-two

Heading toward the *BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT* Quartet
or
Just one Eternity to Go
and
The OFFWORLDERS Will Make their Last Demand
and
I Shall Be Allowed to Return Home

This humankind will not acquiesce so easily; he may say "no"—perhaps he may not—but his nobility will be showing, just a small particle in the dust of twilight stars that hardly shine and have opaque footsteps very well hidden in the center of *THE FOREVER* Human reductionism is too facile a belief-just one little one in many colossal and Cyclopean existential belief systems, pretentious and less and less tactile.

This—no, *that* animal, yes-selected for qualities, among which is ostentation, the pompous creature that is the human organism who spends most of his time standing upright. And so what? A simple thing for one over-sized asteroid and planetoid to smash into Sol Three, or Sol Seven, depending upon your way of entrance or insertion into this elliptical and fractious, irritable solar system, and this terran planet is dispatched into vast apathetic dissolution. No human can conceive of such nothingness, should this be his impending future imperfect.

Is the creature you speak of really that much of a bankrupted organism, an ugly container, and that is all that it is?

Do you surmise it is any more than that? Particularly after all we have learned of it?

Is it still a preceptor? A tutor of idiomatic folly and absurdity?

And learning to become better at pernicious behavior since we last looked in?

And in the *BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT CONVEYANCE*, the questions continued to surround my essence and my substance, and quite frankly,

I had no answers.

Did anyone tell them THE WE were thinking of putting an artificial wormhole (highway) through their quadrant, and they'd be in the way? There was a pause. Then...THE WE do not hear an answer to owrlast question. You, the ANON MIKA-EL, had any of your united consciousnesses, or corporates, or whatever, thought to tell the creatures of Sol Three?

I had no awareness of sensitivity to THE WE, so I said, no human creature would believe it if we *did* tell them they were in the way of construction and thus offered no alternatives to them. How could any of our corporates offer alternatives, when they still did not believe that we were in their terran skies? Many believed it. Many did not.

That is not at all acceptable to THE WE. Can you tell THE WE how long *any forms* of extraterran entities have tried to communicate with those creatures? In their time frame, please.

Since the Reticulians and others created *the* Adam and *the* Eve. They interpreted the communications as a battle between good and evil, light and dark, for perhaps millions of their years. We even sent them messengers, and they believed them to be gods and angels, and I am not attempting to be capricious or comical. Really, *I am not.*

THE WE think you are, and THE WE are *not* impressed with your jocularity.

Yes, I know I have that problem. My other-brother, the ANON SA RA attempted to explain that, although I had grown up among the creatures beneath us, I was, in fact, quite sincere.

Oh, THE WE knew that. THE WE know that you have picked up, so to speak, an amusing little idiosyncracy, that you are—what was that thought? Oh, yes—*cute* and quite capable of being teased, though THE WE do it lovingly, of course.

Of course.

THE WE spoke again. Do not take offense.

None taken, WE.

My other-brother, the ANON, was laughing, and THE WE did not think him to be terribly amusing either.

Do I have the authority to ask THE BUILDERS to pick another location? It is, after all, the only legacy for human children.

You do have a point. We shall take it under advisement and get back to you in another million years or so, Terran or Sol Three years, as they measure it

And you'll do no tricks with time?

How can you ever say that about THE WE?

Thank you; then your ethical sensibilities are quite right and on the benchmark of truth.

But this was not to be the last demand. Call upon those who pace out pages and ring up the truth of the spiritualist.

Chapter Thirty-three

Coming Are the Winds of Change
or
Only Shoulder to Shoulder
the
Millstone and Burden
can
Be Carried Away from These Places

Speed And
your let
paces no
to one
bring man
up have
the dominion
truth L— over
, of! the
sages. !TRUTH.

THEY ARE GUIDING OUR VISION TO HEAVEN, YET WE RETAIN ALL WILL. A BETTER DEAL YOU'LL NEVER GET!

My son Danny said it the best way possible. You ask if I know the answer to life? Of course I do, for I have taken pleasure in pure being LIFE IS ITS OWN ANSWER. It is really that simple you know.

And now it becomes necessary to be prescient, for lonely bright **men** and women are riding the winds of change. God will have those cradled in his arms, and they will be those with no hope.

His caring will flow out and upon them ceaselessly, and all others will hold still for them to move on.

And they will fear not even one thing.

And they will feel hostile toward the spirit-killers.

And they will—all of them-know it, and the one who is the hopeless will become the hopeful, now and flashed into *THE FOREVER.*

And *THE FOREVER* shall be the cradle for the ones who have yet no hope, for now there shall be hope for the hopeless.

Chapter Thirty-four

The Last Briefing
and
The World Knows Not the Dangers
or
The Multiple Eruptions Seem Not to Matter
to
Those Who Are Immersed in the Narrow View
of
Survival

While many dangerous eruptions are now taking place all over this planet, and the world is endangered by the possibility—a very real one— of environmental apocalyptic tragedy and disaster, and nuclear proliferation may mean an Islamic holy World War III, we must deal here and now with a parallel problem, which is more a "kind" of "situation."

I see all of these faces, you leaders, you ministers, and somehow I really do not know all of who is whom, whether this is a council of ministers of the nations of Earth, or perhaps another kind of Council of Trent.

THERE IS SCATTERED, POLITE LAUGHTER, AS NOT TOO MANY IN THE AUDIENCE KNOW WHAT, EXACTLY, WAS THE COUNCIL OF TRENT, AND WHAT IT SOUGHT TO CLARIFY. VERY GOOD PARALLEL.

On
a
beautiful
morning,
we
watched
birds
sailing
away
in
flight.

And
only
the
illusion
is
real.

I continue my speech to these gathered important people of the tribes of Sol Three:

In all of my preparation as a scientist, nothing ever prepared me for our visitors. The world, in its stupidity, laughs at people like Shirley MacLaine, but only because she is well known: She's a celebrity. I once even felt she was wrong because she made money from her spiritual enterprises. How very wrong I was. There are now millions of human beings who recognize their loss of spirit, their loss of faith, and are acting in such a way as to retrieve *the light* And now I can never fault that beautiful lady*s efforts-can no longer fault her because then I fault her soul. I was guilty of wrongfully performing the act of judgment.

We must understand die complexity of the various forces at work on this planet, and yes, on others. Let us not forget multi-dimensionality and space-time distortions and the spirituality we must regain. I feel I must also mention that spirituality is gaining in strength on this planet, this Sol Three. But also is die evil. Yet something is working in all of our lives, if we allow it Yes, allow it. We have the power to *sanction* whatever it is, if we know it is for a better good for mankind.

I'm not sure of what kind of "something" it is. I do not know all of its names, but surely it must have many names. It comes at a critical point for this poor planet, this planet being killed by mankind's avarice. And at the same time, something wonderful is happening, while gross, terrible things are happening, too. Man is killing his own kind in a deadly variety of ways.

I am, of course, aware that all of you here had to get through a series of briefings, so that all of you are up to date, so to speak. I shall try to go over the essential points that piece this puzzle together.

You are all aware that extraterrestrial visitation to this planet has been a *fact,* provable since 1945, and perhaps throughout human history. Being the leader of the Alphacom Team, the lead agency whose mission objectives are to determine the extent of visitation, the number of types

of visitors, the many reasons for these visits, human interaction with them, now and in the past, and a multiplicity of other related subjects, such as each visiting race, their sociology, ethics, morality, cosmologies, degree of technological advancement, and very specifically, how we can negotiate with them, and such agendas need to be set up prior to the sit- down, so to speak.

This is an enormous undertaking, and every nation, or as they see us, every tribe on the planet, must have input. What do they want, and what do we want? We must also bring to their attention the massive proliferation of nuclear devices now going into the plans of Islamic nations to start a holy war-a war which would constitute World War III.

What I see to be the objective is to preserve this endangered planet and be assured that our children and our children's children will have a viable legacy.

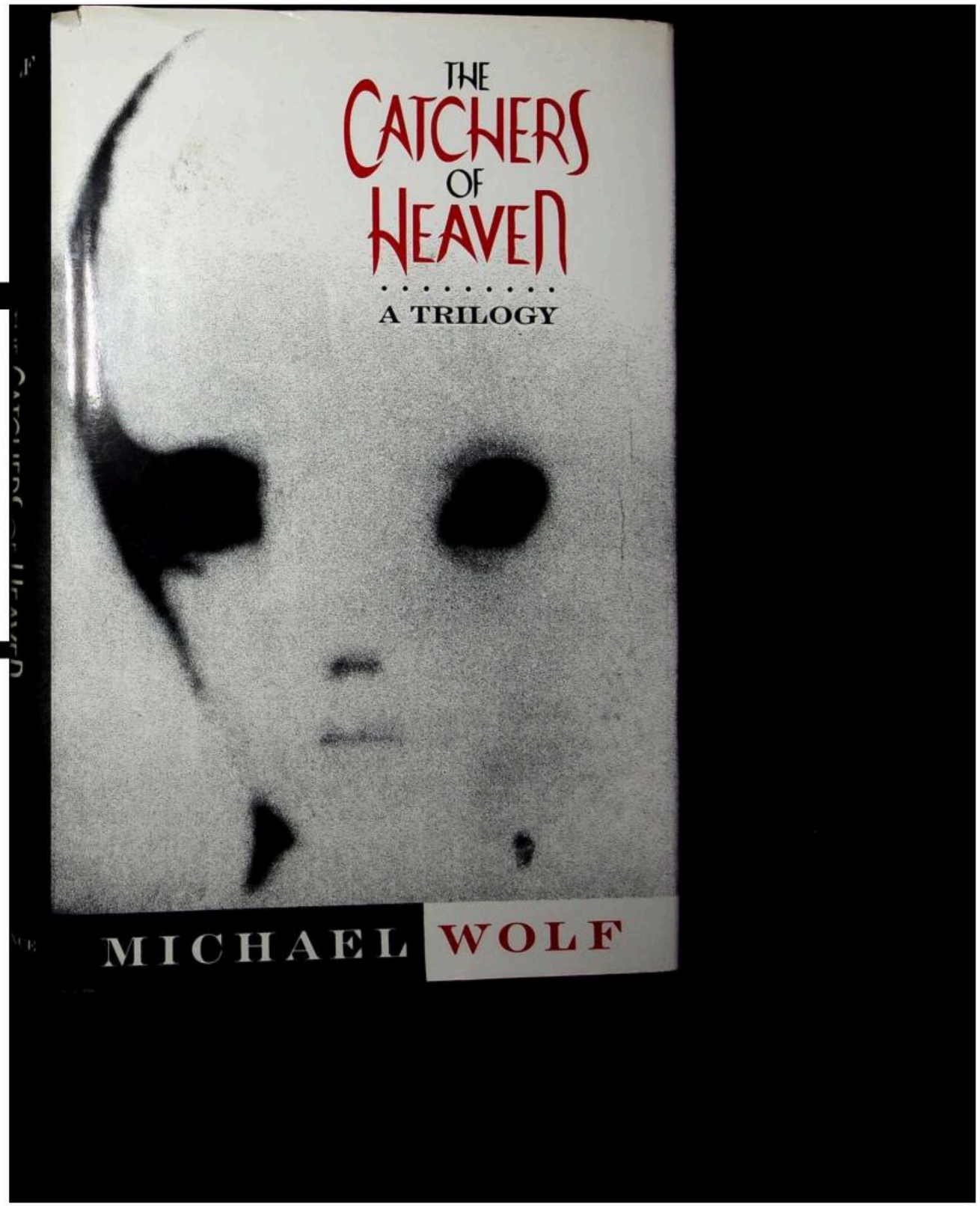
I have been blessed with this great Alphacom Team and its support unit leaders from all over this planet. There are very few questions I could answer at this point in time, and I ask for your prayers, your faith, and perhaps most importandy, hope for the hopeless.

I shall try to return, to visit you in your dreams if possible, as I go to their centers of power. But I must find a way to take with me all of your hopes. Every one of them.

HUNGER OF THE SPIRIT, AND IT IS ACCEPTED, THEN MANKIND HAS COME TO THE END OF THE BEGINNING.

And the answer is: NOTHING FITS AND EVERYTHING FITS. ALL IS IN SYMBIOTIC FASHION, PERFECTION FLASHED INTO *THE FOREVER.* AND SHALL I SAY: REMEMBER MAN ALWAYS, REMEMBER MAN UNTIL ALL SPACE-TIMES ARE COMPLETED,

AND TIME IS DONE.


THE
CATCHERS
OF
HEAVEN
A TRILOGY
MICHAEL WOLF